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THE

POEMS OF OSSIAN

THE

POEMS OF OSSIAN

In the Original Gaelic

B 737

WITH A

LITERAL TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH

AND A

DISSERTATION ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEMS

BY THE

REV. ARCHIBALD CLERK

MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF KILMALLIE

46725

TOGETHER WITH THE

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY MACPHERSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

	PAGE
FINGAL—	
DUAN IV.	1
DUAN V.	45
DUAN VI.	91
TEMORA—	
DUAN I.	169
DUAN II.	233
DUAN III.	281
DUAN IV.	327
DUAN V.	367
DUAN VI.	405
DUAN VII.	445
DUAN VIII.	483
CONLOCH AND CUHONA	559

EXPLANATION OF PROPER NAMES AND NOTES AT END OF EACH POEM.

TEMORA

DUAN IV.

ARGUMENT.

"The action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Everallin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar, who had been sent in the beginning of the night to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son, and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king rises, calls his army together, and, as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul the son of Morni, while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins; the poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point of retreating in the other. Fingal sends Ullin his bard to encourage him with a war-song, but, notwithstanding, Swaran prevails, and Gaul and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again. Swaran desists from the pursuit, possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and waits the approach of Fingal. The king, having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. Cuthullin, who, with his friend Connal, and Carril his bard, had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill, which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy. He, being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who was himself upon the point of obtaining a complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that hero on his success."—M.

DUAN IV.

Co 'thigeadh le fonn do'n bheinn,
Mar bhogha Léna nam braon mall?
'S i òigh a ghuth-ghràidh a th'ann,
Nighean Thoscair a's gile làmh.
Is tric a chual' thu fonn uam féin;
'S tric a thug thu deoir na h-àille.
An tig thu gu còmhrag nan treun,
Gu gnìomh Oscair a ghorm-mhàile?
C' uin' shiùbhlas an duibhre o Chòna
Nan sruth mòr a's àirde fuaim?
Chaidh mo làì seachad 's a' chòmhrag;
Tha m' aois fo dhòghruinn 's fo ghruaim.
A nighean nan làmh mar an sneachd'
Cha robh mi cho brònach 's cho dall,
Cha robh mi cho dorcha gun bheachd,
'N uair thug Eimhir-àluinn a gràdh—
Eimhir-àluinn nan ciabh donn,
Nighean Bhrano a' bhroillich bhàin.

Who comes with her songs from the hill, like the bow of the showery Lena? It is the maid of the voice of love! the white-armed daughter of Toscar! Often hast thou heard my song; often given the tear of beauty. Dost thou come to the wars of thy people? to hear the actions of Oscar? When shall I cease to

DUAN IV.

Ossian addresses Malvina;

WHO comes with music to the hill,
Like Lena's bow of slow soft showers?
It is the maiden of the voice of love—
Toscar's daughter of whitest hand.
Oft hast thou heard from me the song,
Oft hast thou shed the tear of beauty.
Wilt thou come to the combat of strong ones?—
To the deeds of Oscar of blue mail?
When will darkness pass from Cona,
Of great and loudly-sounding stream?
My battle-days have passed away,
My age is in pain and in gloom.
Daughter of hands like the snow,
I was not so sad, or so blind;
I was not so dark and sightless,
When Evir-Allin gave her love[1]—
Evir-Allin of brown hair,
Brano's daughter of bosom fair.

relates his courtship of Evir-Allin, daughter of Brano, and mother of Oscar.

---

mourn, by the streams of resounding Cona? My years have passed away in battle. My age is darkened with grief!

Daughter of the hand of snow! I was not so mournful and blind; I was not so dark and forlorn, when Everallin loved me! Everallin with the dark-brown hair, the white-bosomed daughter of

CAN IV.

'N a déigh a bha mìle sonn ;
Do mhìle sonn dhiult is' a làmh :
Chuireadh laoich nan lann air chùl ;
B' àille 'n a sùil-se 'bha Oisian.

Chaidh mise dh'iarruidh na h-òigh
Gu Légo mòr, a's dorcha stuadh.
Dà ghaisgeach dheug a bha 'am chòir,
Sìol Mhòrbheinn nan sruth 's nan cruach.
Thàinig gu Brano na dàimh,
Brano na màil' 'an robh fuaim.
" Co as," thuirt ceannard an àigh,
" Na h-òig-fhir fo airm 's fo chruaidh ?
Cha-n fhurasda géill' a thoirt o òigh,
'Dhiùlt triath' Éirinn nan gorm-shùl.
Ceud fàilt' air ceannard nan slòigh,
Mac Fhionnghail, a's mòr cliu.
Is sona 'n òigh a ghéilleas dhuit féin,
A ghaisgich thréin nan gnìomh còrr ;
Ged bu leamsa dà nighean dheug,
Bu leatsa do rogha, a sheoid."

Dh'fhosgail e talla na h-òigh,
Eimhir-àluinn nan ciabh donn,
Dh'éirich aoibhneas 'an anam an t-slòigh
Chuir fàilt air nighin Bhrano nan long.

Branno !) A thousand heroes sought the maid ; she refused her love to a thousand. The sons of the sword were despised ; for graceful in her eyes was Ossian ! I went in suit of the maid to Lego's sable surge. Twelve of my people were there, the sons of streamy Morven ! We came to Branno, friend of strangers ! Branno of the sounding mail ! " From whence," he said, " are the arms of steel ?

DUAN IV.

A thousand heroes wooed her:
To thousand heroes she refused her hand;
The sworded warriors were set aside;
Fair in her eye was Ossian.

I went to woo the maiden,
To mighty Lego of darkest wave.
Twelve warriors were by my side,
Sons of great hills of rivers and of crags.
To Brano the strangers came—
To Brano of sounding mail.
"Whence," said the gracious chief,
"Are the youth in armour of steel?
No easy task to win the maid,
Who has refused the blue-eyed chiefs of Erin.
A hundred welcomes to the leader of hosts—
The son of Fingal mighty in renown.
Happy the maid who yields to thee,
Warrior strong of dauntless deeds.
Though daughters twelve were mine,
The choice were thine, thou brave one!"

Accompanied by twelve warriors, he went to Lego, Brano's dwelling-place.

Brano welcomes him; and his companions greatly rejoice on seeing the beauty of Evir-Allin.

He opened the bower of the maiden—
Evir-Allin of dark-brown hair.
Joy uprose on the souls of the men;
(They) greeted the daughter of Brano of ships.

Not easy to win is the maid who has denied the blue-eyed sons of Erin! But blest be thou, O son of Fingal! Happy is the maid that waits thee! Though twelve daughters of beauty were mine, thine were the choice, thou son of fame!"

He opened the hall of the maid, the dark-haired Everallin. Joy kindled in our manly breasts. We blest the maid of Branno.

DUAN IV.

Gu h-àrd air fireach an fhéidh
Bha Cormac, e féin 's a shluagh,
Ochd gaisgich do 'n triath 's a' bheinn;
Bha dearrsa na gréin' air an cruaidh.
'N sin Colla 'us Dùra nan lot,
Taog agus Freasdal 'bu shàr,
Daora nan gnìomh nach b' olc,
'Us Daola, fear-cumhainn a' bhlàir,[a]
Bha lann 'n a thèine 'n a làimh féin;[b]
Bu ghlan a dhreach 's a' bheinn fo 'chruaidh.
Bha ochdnar aig Oisian, fir threun,
'Thàinig thairis gun bheud air chuan.
Bha Ullin, mac a' chòmhraig, ann,
'Us Mulla nan lann 's nan gnìomh;
Scallag uasal 'bu shuairce làmh,
Òglan feargach, Càirdeal gun ghìomh;
Bha Dubh mac Rònne, mala 'bhàis
'N a sheasamh 's an àrd ri m' thaobh.
C'ar son air dheireadh, 'Ogair shàir,
'Fhir chliùthair air Ardbheinn an fhraoich?

Thachair Ògar air garbh Dhaol',
Taobh ri taobh air réidh nan sonn.
Bha còmhrag nan triath mar ghaoith
Air chuan baoth a's cobharach tonn.
Chuimhnich Ògar air a lann,[c]

[a] Lit. *strait-man*, or *man of straits in battle.*

[b] In Cormac's hand; Gael. *in his own hand.*

[c] Gael. *lann*, blade of any kind. As they seem to have been engaged with swords, some other weapon must be meant by *lann*, and this was probably a *dagger* or *dirk.*

Above us on the hill appeared the people of stately Cormac. Eight were the heroes of the chief. The heath flamed wide with their arms. There Colla, there Durra of wounds, there mighty Toscar, and Tago, there Frestal the victorious stood; Dairo of the happy deeds: Dala, the battle's bulwark in the narrow way! The sword flamed in the hand of Cormac. Graceful was the look of the hero! Eight were the heroes of Ossian. Ullin, stormy son of war.

DUAN IV.

Cormac, a suitor for her hand, accompanied by eight warriors, resolves to give battle to Ossian.

High on the mountain of deer
Was Cormac, he and his band.
Eight warriors (were) with the chief on high;
The gleaming of the sun was on their steel.
Colla and wound-dealing Dura were there;
Ta-og and Fresdal, warriors true;
Dora of not unworthy deeds;
And Dola, good in battle-straits:[a]
A flaming sword was in Cormac's hand;[b]
Bright his bearing on the hill in steel.
Eight were with Ossian—valiant men,
Who came secure across the ocean.
Ullin, son of war, was there,
And Mulla of swords and of (brave) deeds,
Noble Scallag of freest hand,
Fierce Oglan, fearless Cardal,
Du-Mac-Roinè, brow of death,
Stood on the height by my side;
Why last (shouldst thou be) Ogar true,
Renowned one on Ardven of heather?

The battle described.

Encountered Ogar and mighty Dola
Face to face on the field of heroes;
The combat of the chiefs was like a blast
On raging sea of yeasty wave.
Ogar bethought him of his dirk,[c]

Mullo of the generous deeds. The noble, the graceful Scelacha. Oglan and Cerdal the wrathful. Dunaricean's brows of death! And why should Ogar be the last; so wide renowned on the hills of Ardven?

Ogar met Dala the strong, face to face on the field of heroes. The battle of the chiefs was like wind on ocean's foamy waves. The dagger is remembered by Ogar; the weapon which he loved

Ball-àirm 'bu deise do 'làimh;
Naoi uairean reub e 'nàmhaid thall.
Thionndaidh stoirm-chruadail a' bhlàir.
Tri chuairt do bhris mi a sgiath;
Tri chuairt bhris an triath a shleagh.
Thuit a cheann àill' air an t-sliabh;
Chaidh càirdean an triath fo ruaig.
C' air bith am fear a dh'innseadh, 'òigh,
'S mu 'n còmh- stri' nan slògh 'an soills'
Gu-m bithinn dall dubhach 'am bròn,
'Cur thairis, 'an ceò, na h-oidhch',
Bu chòir dha 'bhi 'm màile treun
Gun choimeas 'am beum nan lann.

Air fraoch Léna, 's duirche gruaim,
Dh'islich toirm nam fonn gu làr,[a]
Gaoth a' caochladh làidir shuas,
Duille 'fuaim fo ruadh-chraoibh thall.
Bha m' bheachd air Eimhir a b' àille,
'N uair thàinig i 'an solus 'bu chòrr,
A gorm-shùil fo dheoir 'bu tlàth.
Sheas i air faobhar a neoil,
A guth-beoil gu faoin 'us mall.

"Éirich, 'Oisein, éirich gu luath,
Saor mac mo luaidh o chruaidh nan lann;

[a] Died down in silence; lit. *lowered to the ground.*

Nine times he drowned it in Dala's side. The stormy battle turned. Three times I broke on Cormac's shield; three times he broke his spear. But, unhappy youth of love! I cut his head away. Five times I shook it by the lock. The friends of Cormac fled. Whoever would have told me, lovely maid, when then I strove in battle, that blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now should pass the night; firm

DUAN IV.

The weapon aptest to his hand;
Nine times did he gash his foe.
The danger-storm of battle turned;
Thrice I broke the shield (of Cormac);
Thrice the hero broke his spear;
His goodly head fell on the hill.
The friends of the chief took to flight.
He who would have said, O maiden!
While I fought amid hosts in light,
That blind, and sunk in sadness,
I should pass the night in mist,
Had need to stand in mail of proof,
And be unmatched in stroke of brands.

Cormac is slain, and his surviving comrades retreat.

On heath of Lena, darkest in frown,
The sound of song died down in silence;*
The fitful wind was strong on high—
Leaves rustled under russet trees.
My thoughts were of Evir fairest,
When she came in a wondrous light,
Her eyes of blue in gentle tears;
She stood on the edge of her cloud—
Faint and slow (was) her voice:[2]

The narrative returns to Fingal and the war in Erin.

As Ossian at night was thinking of the wife of his youth, her spirit appears before him,

"Rise, Ossian, rise with speed!—
Save my loved son from the brands of steel;

ought his mail to have been; unmatched his arm in war!

On Lena's gloomy heath the voice of music died away. The unconstant blast blew hard. The high oak shook its leaves around. Of Everallin were my thoughts when in all the light of beauty she came, her blue eyes rolling in tears. She stood on a cloud before my sight, and spoke with feeble voice! "Rise, Ossian! rise, and

Saor Oscar, òg-cheannard an t-sluaigh
'S e 'còmhrag ri Tuathaich 's a' ghleann."
Air taobh Lùbair nan sruth gann,
Thuit i gu h-ealamh fo 'nial.
Thog mi sgiath 'us màile chruaidh;
Bha sleagh 'am làimh air an t-sliabh,
O m' lùraich chiar do dh'éirich fuaim,
Bha fonn mo dhàin air tréith a dh'fhalbh,
'G a mhùchadh, mar b' àbhais, 'am bheul.
Chuala Lochlin an toirm thall:
Theich, 'us lean mo mhac 'bu treun.
Ghlaodh mi mar shruth mòthar mall,
"'Oscair, thig a nall thar Léna;
Na lean-sa na 's fhaide 'n ruaig,
Ged tha mo làmh 's mo chruaidh 'ad dhéigh."
Thàinig, 's bu taitneach 'am chluais
Fuaim Oscair 'n a chruaidh shàir.

"C'ar son a chaisgeadh, m' athair, mo làmh,
Gu 'n aomadh am bàs iad gu léir?
Dorcha, baoth, aig sruth nan càrn
Chas iad ri m' lann, 's ri Fillean;
[Bha m' aire air fuathas na h-oidhch'.
Dh'fhàg soillse cuid dhiubh 's an fhrìth."]

Mar ghaoith oidhch' air aghaidh 'chuain

---

save my son; save Oscar, prince of men! Near the red oak of Luba's stream he fights with Lochlin's sons." She sank into her cloud again. I covered me with steel. My spear supported my steps; my rattling armour rung. I hummed, as I was wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old. Like distant thunder Lochlin heard. They fled; my son pursued.

I called him like a distant stream. "Oscar, return over Lena;

DUAN IV.

Save Oscar, young leader of hosts—
He fights with the Northmen in the glen,
By Lubar of scanty streams."
Straightway she sank into her cloud.
I donned my shield and mail of steel,
Grasped a spear on the hill.
My dusky harness rattled loud;
The burden of my song on warriors gone,
Was muttered, as wont, in my mouth.
Lochlin heard the sound afar;
They fled, and my brave son pursued;
I called, like a slow soft-flowing stream:
"Oscar, come across o'er Lena;
No further follow the rout,
Though my hand and my steel are behind thee."
(He) came, and pleasant in my ear
(Was) the sound of Oscar in steel of proof.

warning him of the danger in which their son Oscar then stood, fighting with a numerous band of the Lochlin army.

He instantly sets forth to the rescue;

and his approach drives off the enemy.

He recalls Oscar from the pursuit.

"Why, father, is my hand restrained,
Until they all had bowed in death?
Gloomy and fierce by the stream of cairns,
They rushed against my sword and Fillan's.
[I watched the terrors of the night;[3]
Some of them fell darkly in the wood."]
Like the night-wind on face of ocean,

Oscar complains of being stopped in his conquering course.

---

no further pursue the foe," I said, "though Ossian is behind thee." He came; and pleasant to my ear was Oscar's sounding steel. "Why didst thou stop my hand," he said, "till death had covered all? For dark and dreadful by the stream they met thy son and Fillan! They watched the terrors of the night. Our swords have conquered some. But as the winds of night pour the ocean over the white sands of Mora, so dark advance the sons of

'Taomadh luath air gaineamh Mhòra,
Cho dorch' thig Suaran 's a shluagh
Thar Léna nan cruach gun chòmhradh.
Tha tannais fhuar a' screadail thall,
Chunnas tein' a' bhàis air Lòra.[a]
"Dùisgeam o 'chodal an treun-fhear
Fiamh-ghàireach 'am beum nan toirm.
Tha esan mar ghrian anns na speuraibh,
Do 'n géill mòr ghaillionn nan stoirm."
Mhosgail o 'aisling an triath,
Agus dh'aom e air sgiath Thréunmhoir,
Sgiath mhòr leathann nan dreach ciar,
'Thog 'athair 'an sliabh nam feadhna.
Thàinig 'n a chodal do'n ghaisgeach
Aghaidh 'n t-sneachda 'n a cruth faoin;
Thàinig i o astar a' chuain;
Bu ghlas a tuar a réir a bheachd,
Mall a' gluasad 'n a h-aonar o'n stuaidh,
Dubh-dheoir a' ruith luath o 'leac.
Leth-fhaict' thog i 'làmh o 'h-earradh,
O 'h-earradh de neoil na fàsaich;
Thog 'làmh thar ceannard nam feara.
Thionndaidh i 'sealladh, 's i sàmhach.

"C' ar son fo dheoir, a nighean Stàrno?"
Thuirt Fionnghal le spàirn a chléibh,

[a] *Lora*, apparently a misprint for *Lena*.

Lochlin over Lena's rustling heath! The ghosts of night shriek afar: I have seen the meteors of death. Let me awake the king of Morven, he that smiles in danger! He that is like the sun of heaven rising in a storm!"

Fingal had started from a dream and leaned on Trenmor's shield —the dark-brown shield of his fathers—which they had lifted of old in war. The hero had seen in his rest the mournful form of

DUAN IV.

Swaran's army is heard approaching, and Oscar hastens to awaken Fingal.

Swiftly pouring on the sands of Mora,
Darkly came Swaran with his hosts,
And silently over Lena of cairns;
Cold spectres are shrieking afar:
The fire of death is seen on Lora.[a]
"From his sleep I will rouse the strong one,
Who smiles amid crashing blows.
He is like to the sun in heaven,
To whom the stormy tempest yields."
The prince awoke from his dream,
And leaned on the shield of Treunmor—
The great broad shield of dusky shades,
Which his father had raised on the hill of hosts.
To the hero in his sleep there came
Agandecca, in spirit-form.

Agandecca had come to him in a dream,

She came from ocean wide;
Pale was her visage in his view:
Slow, and alone, (she) passed from the wave,
Dark tears fast streaming down her cheek.
Half-seen, she raised her hand from her robe—
Her robe of the cloud of the desert;
She raised her hand above the chief of men,

uttering no words,

(And) turned her eyes away in silence.

"Wherefore in tears, daughter of Starno?"
Said Fingal, with labouring breath;

Agandecca. She came from the way of the ocean. She slowly, lonely, moved over Lena. Her face was pale like the mist of Cromla: dark were the tears of her cheek. She often raised her dim hand from her robe—her robe which was of the clouds of the desert; she raised her dim hand over Fingal, and turned away her silent eyes! "Why weeps the daughter of Starno?" said Fingal, with a sigh; "why is thy face so pale, fair wanderer of the clouds?"

"C' ar son gun tuàr a rùin nan garbh-threun,
A's àille siubhal 'an neoil nan speur?"
Dh'imich i air gaoith o Léna;
Dh'fhàg i 'n treun 'an iomall oidhch':
Bha 'bròn mu 'sìnns're 'an Éirinn
Gu tuiteam 's a' bheinn ri soills'.
Ghrad-bhris an laoch o 'shuain;
'N a bheachd bha ainnir nan cruth faoin.
Thàinig ceuman Oscair gu luath,
A sgiath chruaidh 's i liath ri 'thaobh.
Bha dearrsa 'g éirigh o 'n ear
'Cur glaise air lear a' chuain.
"Cia maitheas 'th' aig nàmhaid fo fhiamh?"
Thuirt ceannard nan triath ag éirigh;
"'N do theich iad gu cuan o 'n t-sliabh,
No 'n d'fhan iad fo 'n sgiathan air Léna?"
"C' uim an iarradh an rìgh mu 'n t-slùagh?
Cluinneam an guth air fuar-ghaoith."
"Imich thar Léna gu luath,
'Shàr Oscair, 'us gluais na laoich."

Aig crom-chloich Lùbair sheas an rìgh;
Trì chuairt thog e suas a ghuth.
Chlisg féidh air Cromla nam frìth,
Chrith carraig, 'us cruach, 'us sruth.
Mar thoirm ceud sruth mòr o 'n aonach

She departed on the wind of Lena. She left him in the midst of the night. She mourned the sons of her people that were to fall by the hand of Fingal.

The hero started from rest. Still he beheld her in his soul. The sound of Oscar's steps approached. The king saw the grey shield on his side: for the faint beam of the morning came over the waters of Ullin. "What do the foes in their fear?" said the rising

"Why, love of warriors, art thou pale—
Thou of bright path on clouds of the sky?"
She passed from Lena on the wind;
She left the hero at the close of night.
Her grief was for her friends in Erin, (doomed)
To fall on the hill with morning light.
Soon started the hero from his sleep;
The maid, in airy image, was before his sight.
Oscar drew near with hasty steps,
His hard grey shield (was) by his side.
Brightness was dawning in the east,
Dappling the plain of ocean.
"What boots a foe in fear?"
Said the leader of heroes, as he rose;
"Have they fled to ocean from the hill?
Or tarry they beneath their shields on Lena?"
"Why should the king inquire for the host?
On the cold wind I hear their voice."
"Pass over Lena with speed,
Brave Oscar, and rouse the heroes."

but mournful for the overthrow which she saw awaiting her friends of Lochlin on the approaching day.

Oscar awakens him in the morning dawn.

He orders Oscar to arouse the whole army;

At the curved stone of Lubar stood the king.
Thrice he lifted up his voice:
The deer on Cromla of forests started;
Ridges, rocks, and rivers trembled.
Like noise of a hundred great mountain-torrents,

and he himself gives three shouts which startle the deer and shake the hills.

---

king of Morven; "or fly they through ocean's foam, or wait they the battle of steel? But why should Fingal ask? I hear their voice on the early wind! Fly over Lena's heath: O Oscar, awake our friends!"

The king stood by the stone of Lubar. Thrice he reared his terrible voice. The deer started from the fountains of Cromla. The rocks shook on all their hills. Like the noise of a hundred moun-

DUAN IV.

A leumas fo chobhar 's a bheucas,
Mar thionaileas gu stoirm 's a thaomas
Neoil chaochlach air ghorm nan speuran,
Thachair gaisgich nam fàs-bheann
Fo ghuth 'us fo lann an rìgh.
Bu taitneach do shluagh a thìr féin
Guth rìgh Mhòrbheinn 'bu treun làmh;
'S tric 'lean iad gu làrach nam beum,
'S a thill iad le faoibh o'n bhlàr.

"Gluaisibh gu còmhrag," thuirt an triath,
"'Chlann Shelma a 's àirde fuaim;
Gluaisibh gu bàs mhìlt' air sliabh;
Chi mac Cumhail an strì o'n chruaich;
Bi'dh mo lann r'ar cùl 's a' bheinn
A' cumail o bheud mo shluaigh.
Na faiceam a chaoidh 'ur feum,
'S mac Mhorni 'n a ghideadh cruaidh,
Sàr cheannard nan treun-fhear 's a' bhlàr,
Mu-m bi nà fir-dhàn a' luaidh.
'Chaol-thannais nan triath nach beò,
'Tha 'marcachd air ceò 's a' ghaoith,
Glacaibh na thuiteas gun deò,
'Us togaibh gu Cromla na laoich;
'Fhuar osag Léna, iomraich thall
Thar aigein na tréin gu 'n tìr;

---

tain streams, that burst and roar and foam! like the clouds that gather to a tempest on the blue face of the sky! so met the sons of the desert round the terrible voice of Fingal.) Pleasant was the voice of the king of Morven to the warriors of his land. Often had he led them to battle; often returned with the spoils of the foe!

"Come to battle," said the king, "ye children of echoing Selma! Come to the death of thousands. Comhal's son will see the fight.

DUAN IV.

Which leap and roar in foam;
As muster for a storm, and pour
The fitful clouds on azure of the skies,
Mustered the heroes of the desert Bens,
To the voice and brand of the king.
Cheering to the men of his native land
The voice of Morven's king of stalwart arm:
Oft had they followed him to field of gashing blows,
And come back from the battle with spoils.

The host speedily muster around him.

"Advance to conflict," said the prince,
"Ye sons of loud-resounding Selma.
Forward to death of thousands on the hill.
Cuhal's son will view the battle from the height;
My blade shall back you on the height.
To guard my people from harm.
(But) let me never see your need
While Morni's son is clad in his steel—
True leader of brave ones in battle,
Whose praise the bards will sing.

He commits the care of the battle to Gaul, according to the promise of the preceding evening; but charges them all to fight valiantly.

Light spirits of departed chiefs,
That ride on the mist of the blast,
Receive ye those who fall in death,
And bear ye the heroes to Cromla:
Cold blast of Lena, do thou waft
Over ocean the brave to their native land—

He calls on the spirits of departed heroes to receive the spirits of those who might fall, and on the winds to waft them across the sea to their native land.

My sword shall wave on the hill the defence of my people in war. But never may you need it, warriors; while the son of Morni fights, the chief of mighty men! He shall lead my battle; that his fame may rise in song! O ye ghosts of heroes dead! ye riders of the storm of Cromla! receive my falling people with joy, and bear them to your hills. And may the blast of Lena carry them over my seas, that they may come to my silent dreams, and delight my soul in

DUAN IV.

Thigeadh iad air m' aislingean mall
'Chur aoibhneis air m' anam 'an sìth.

"'Fhillein, 'us 'Oscair nan ciabh donn,
'Og Ròinne, nach lom cruaidh,[a]
Gluaisibh le cruadal fo 'n t-sonn,
Mac Mhorni a's mòr 's an ruaig;
Biodh 'ur lannan mar a lann 's an strì;
Faicibh a ghnìomh nach clìth 's a' bhlàr;
O bheud cùmt' 'ur càirdean 's an fhrìth,
'Cur cuimhn air an ti a dh'fhalbh.
Chithear air uair mo laoich shàr,
'N déigh tuiteam 'an Éirinn 's a' chòmhrag;
Chithear tannais gun tuar 's a' chàrn
Air neoil agus fuar-ghaoith Chòna."

Mar nial ri stoirm a's duirche gruaim,
'Us 'iomall a lasadh le dealan,
Gu h-iar le gath madainn fo ruaig,
Mar sin ghabh rìgh Shelma am bealach.
Mar fhuathas bhà solus nan arm,
Dà shleagh ro gharbh 'n a làimh.
Air gaoith bha sgaoileadh a chiabh glas,
'S a shealladh o' thaobh air a' chòmhrag.
Lean tri bàird am mòr thriath

[a] Ryno of well-fleshed steel; lit. *of steel not bare—i.e.* often sheathed in the body of his enemies.

rest! Fillan and Oscar, of the dark-brown hair! fair Ryno with the pointed steel! advance with valour to the fight. Behold the son of Morni! Let your swords be like his in strife: behold the deeds of his hands. Protect the friends of your father. Remember the chiefs of old. My children, I will see you yet, though here you should fall in Erin. Soon shall our cold pale ghosts meet in a cloud

DUAN IV.

Let them slowly dawn on my dream,
In peace to gladden my soul.

He charges his sons to imitate the prowess of Gaul,

"Fillan and brown-haired Oscar,
Young Ryno of well-fleshed steel,"
Dauntlessly follow the hero,
Morni's son, who is great in pursuit:
Let your brands be as his in the fray;
Mark his valiant deeds in battle:
Let your friends be kept from harm on the hill;
Be mindful of those who are gone.
My heroes true shall yet be seen,
After their fall in the war of Erin;
(Their) pallid ghosts shall be seen on the cairns,
On the clouds and cold winds of Cona."

and withdraws to the hill, whence he was to view the battle.

Like cloud in darkest frowning storm,
Fringed round with lightning flame,
And westward chased by the beams of morning,
The king of Selma took the mountain-pass.
Like spectre dread was the glare of (his) armour,
In his hand (were) two rough spears;
His grey hair floated on the wind,
While intent he gazed on the fight.
Three minstrels followed the mighty chief,

---

on Cona's eddying winds!"

Now like a dark and stormy cloud, edged round with the red lightning of heaven, flying westward from the morning's beam, the king of Selma removed. Terrible is the light of his armour; two spears are in his hand. His grey hair falls on the wind. He often looks back on the war. Three bards attend the son of fame to bear

DUAN IV.

"Thoirt 'fhocail thar sliabh gu sluagh.
Air Cromla shuidh an rìgh gu h-àrd,
'Us ghluais sionne mar ghluais a lann.

Dh'éirich aoibhneas air Oscar an àigh,
A ghruaidh dearg, 's a shùil fo dheoir,
Mar ghath teine a lann 'n a làimh,
'S labhair ri Oisian le fòil.
"'Cheannaird còmhraig nan cruaidh-bhleum,
'Athair theoma, cluinn -sa mo ghuth;
Gluais gu rìgh Mhòrbheinn, an treun;
Thoir dhomh féin mo chòir de d' chliu:
Ma thuiteas mi 'n so 's a' bhlàr,
Çuimhnich -sa uchd bàn mar shneachd,
Gath-gréine 'n a h-aonar, mo ghràdh,
Làmh-gheal nighean Thoscair nam feachd.
Tha 'gruaidh dhearg air carraig thall
Ag aomadh gu mall thar sruth,
A ciabh bhog a' taomadh m' a ceann,
'S i 'togail mu Oscar a guth.
Innis gu bheil mi 's a' chruaich,
Mo thannas gun tuar 's a' ghaoith,
Gu-n tachair 's an nial 'tha luath
Mo luaidh, nighean Thoscair nan saoi."

"Cuir, 'Oscair, cuir mise 's an uaigh;

---

his words to the chiefs. High on Cromla's side he sat, waving the lightning of his sword, and as he waved we moved.

Joy rises in Oscar's face. His cheek is red. His eye sheds tears. The sword is a beam of fire in his hand. He came, and, smiling, spoke to Ossian: "O ruler of the fight of steel! my father, hear thy son! Retire with Morven's mighty chief. Give me the fame of

To bear his word o'er the hill to the host.
On Cromla sat the king on high,
And we moved as moved his sword.

Oscar begs of his father, Ossian, to retire with Fingal, so that he (Oscar) might obtain his due share of renown;

Gladness rose on generous Oscar—
His ruddy cheek and eye in tears;
As a flame of fire (was) his sword in his hand,
And gently he spoke to Ossian:
"Ruler in conflict of hard-gashing strokes,
Skilful father, hear my voice.
Get thee to the strong king of Morven—
Grant me my due of thy renown.
If, in the battle, here I fall,
Remember the bosom white as snow,
My love, a sunbeam lonely—
White-handed daughter of Toscar of hosts.
Her red cheek rests on a far-off rock,
Bending slowly over the wave;
Her soft hair flowing round her head,
While for Oscar she raises her voice.
Tell (her) that I am on the hill,
That my pale wraith is on the wind,
That on the fast-fleeting cloud I will meet
My love, the daughter of heroic Toscar."

and, in the event of his fall, commits Malvina to his care.

Ossian entreats his son

"Lay, Oscar, lay *me* in the grave.

Ossian. If here I fall, O chief, remember that breast of snow, the lonely sunbeam of my love, the white-handed daughter of Toscar! For, with red cheek from the rock bending over the stream, her soft hair flies about her bosom, as she pours the sigh for Oscar. Tell her I am on my hills, a lightly-bounding son of the wind; tell her that in a cloud I may meet the lovely maid of Toscar." Raise,

DUAN IV.

Cha ghéill mi 'an cruas do threun,
'S mi 'n toiseach na strì fo chruaidh;
Gabh eòlas nam buadh uam fein.
Cuimhnich, 'Oscair, cuir mo lann,
M' iubhar càm 'us cròc an fhéidh
Air taobh cloich ghlais a tha ri ceann
Caol, thall, a chùirn gun leus;
'Oscair, cha-n 'eil rùn dhomh fein,
Gu 'fàgail, a mhic, fo do làimh,
O thuit Eimhir-àluinn nan treun,
Nighean Bhrano nan geur lann."

Sin mar bha 'r focail 's an t-sliabh,
'N uair thog Gall nan sgiath gu h-àrd
A ghuth mòr mar ghàir a' chuain
Air gaoith nan cruach a' fàs.
Thog an triath lann 'athar gu mall,
'Us ghluais sinn gu bàs nan lot.
Mar thonn ghucagach air sàil—
Bàn, atmhor, gàireach, beucach shuas,
Mar charragh dubh 'us stuaidh gu 'bàrr,
Thachair naimhdean 's bhuail an sluagh.
Bha fear air fear, 'us cruaidh air cruaidh,
An sgiathan 'fuaim, 'us daoin' air lar.
Mar cheud òrd le spàirn 'us luath

Oscar, rather raise my tomb! I will not yield the war to thee. The first and bloodiest in the strife, my arm shall teach thee how to fight. But remember, my son, to place this sword, this bow, the horn of my deer, within that dark and narrow house, whose mark is one grey stone! Oscar, I have no love to leave to the care of my son. Everallin is no more, the lovely daughter of Branno!

rather to lay him in the grave; and resolves to engage in the battle.

I yield not in daring to the brave;
In my steel I foremost lead the fight—
Knowledge of victories learn of me.
Remember, Oscar, lay my sword,[4]
My bended yew, and antler of the stag,
Beside the grey stone, at the head
Of the far-off, narrow, darksome cairn.
Oscar, I have no loved one
To leave to thy care, my son,
Since fell Evir-Allin of hero-race,
Daughter of Bruno of sharp-edged blades."

Such was our converse on the hill,
When Gaul of shields raised high
His mighty voice, like ocean-roar
Which swells on the mountain-blast.
Slowly the hero raised his father's sword,
And we marched to (deal) death-wounds.
Like foamy wave upon the brine—
White, swollen, roaring, bellowing on high;
Like a black rock with breakers o'er its head,
Encountered foemen, struck the hosts,
Man to man, and steel to steel;
Shields resounding, men brought low.
As hundred hammers (strike) in straining speed,

The advance, and the encounter with the enemy, are described.

Such were our words when Gaul's loud voice came growing on the wind. He waved on high the sword of his father. We rushed to death and wounds. As waves, white-bubbling over the deep, come swelling, roaring on; as rocks of ooze meet roaring waves, so foes attacked and fought. Man met with man, and steel with steel. Shields sound, and warriors fall. As a hundred hammers on the

DUAN IV.

Air dearg-mhac teallaich 'n a chaoir àrd,
Mar sin dh'éirich airm an t-sluaigh,
'S mar sin bha fuaim nan lann.

Ghluais Gall mar osaig 'an Ardbheinn,
'S b' e sgriosadh nan treun a lann.
Bha Suaran mar choimeas do gharbh-thein'
'Am fraoch Ghorm-mheall 's i 'lasadh g' a ceann.
C'uim an cuirinn-sa sìos 's an dàn
Gach bàs a bha ann fo shleigh?
Dh'éirich mo chlaidheamh 's an àm
'N a dhealan 'am làimh 's a' mhagh.
'Oscair, b'fhuathasach thu féin,
Mo shàr mhac 'bu tréin' 's a b'fhearr;
Bha sòlas 'n am anam 's a' bheinn
Ri faicinn do 'bheum 's a' bhlár.
Air leac Léna dh'aom an sluagh;
Lean sinn' an ruaig agus mharbh.
Mar chloich a' leum o chruaich gu cruaich,
Mar thuaigh 'an coille 's a' fuaim àrd,
Mar shiùbhlas torrunn o bheinn gu beinn,
Briste, beucach, brònach shuas,[a]
Bha buill' air bhuille, 's beum air bheum.
O Oscar 'bu treun 's o mo chruaidh.

Dh'iadh Suaran mu thriath nan lann,

[a] Dismal in its peal. *Shuas* is literally "on high" or "up." Here, and in many other places, it seems to mean "clear," "obvious to the senses."

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red son of the furnace, so rose, so rang their swords!

Gaul rushed on, like a whirlwind in Ardven. The destruction of heroes is on his sword. Swaran was like the fire of the desert in the echoing heath of Gormal! How can I give to the song the death of many spears? My sword rose high and flamed in the strife of blood. Oscar, terrible wert thou, my best, my greatest son!

DUAN IV.

The red son of the furnace flashing high,
So rose the arms of the host,
Such was the noise of their brands.

Ossian and Oscar defeat the wing opposed to them;

Rushed Gaul like a blast on Ardven;
And havoc to heroes was his sword.
Swaran was as a raging fire,
In heather of Gormal flaming to its top.
Why should I rehearse in song
Each death wrought there by spears?
My sword was then lifted up,
Like lightning, in my hand on the field.
Oscar, terrible wert thou:
True son of mine, the bravest and the best,
My soul was filled with joy on the hill
In seeing thy cleaving battle-strokes.
On Lena's side the people fled,
We followed the rout, and we slew.
Like a stone that bounds from steep to steep,
Like axe in wood resounding loud,
Like thunder rolling from Ben to Ben,
Broken, roaring, dismal in its peal,[a]
Were blow on blow, and gash on gash,
From valiant Oscar and my steel.

but Swaran advances on Gaul.

Swaran approached the chief of spears,

[a] I rejoiced in my secret soul when his sword flamed over the slain. They fled amain through Lena's heath. We pursued and slew. As stones that bound from rock to rock; as axes in echoing woods; as thunder rolls from hill to hill in dismal broken peals; so blow succeeded to blow, and death to death, from the hand of Oscar and mine.

DUAN IV.

Mac Mhorni air ceann an t-sluaigh;
Mar mhuir Innis-thore gu neo-ghann,
'N àm lionaidh le neart a' chuain.
Leth-dh'éirich an rìgh 's an àird;
Leth-ghabh e 'n a làimh an t-sleagh.
"Gluais, Ullin, grad-ghluais, a bhàird;
Thoir m' fhocal gun tàmh thar a' mhagh.
Thoir cuimhne a' chòmhraig do Ghall,
Cuimhn' aithriche 'chrom an ceann,
Tog suas a' chòmh-stri le fonn,
Le fonn a dhùisgear am blàr."
Ghluais Ullin mòr, a b'aosda ceum
'Us labhair ri gaisgeach nach gann,
"A thriath each-ruith nan àrd-leum,
A rìgh nan sleagh a's beumach lann,
Làmh threun 's gach càs, cridh' àrd nach géill,
A thriath mhòir, a's géire cruaidh,
Gearr sìos na dàimh, 's na fàg dhoibh féin
Siuil bhàn a dh'eireas air cuan.
Mar thorrunn biodh do làmh, a laoich,
Do dhearg-shùil mar chaoir 'ad chcann,
Mar charragh cruaidh do chridh 'ad thaobh,
Mar dhealan 's an oidhche do lann;
Tog do sgiath mar reull a' bhàis,
A thriath each-ruith nam mòr-shrann."

But Swaran closed round Morni's son as the strength of the tide of Inistore. The king half rose from his hill at the sight. He half assumed the spear. "Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard!" began the king of Morven. "Remind the mighty Gaul of war. Remind him of his fathers. Support the yielding fight with song, for song enlivens war." Tall Ullin went, with step of age, and spoke to the king of swords. "Son of the chief of generous steeds! high-bounding king

DUAN IV.

Fingal, seeing his danger, sends Ullin the bard to warn and rouse him.

Morni's son, the leader of the host.
Like to the great sea of Innistore,
When it flows in strength of ocean,
Half-rose the king on the height,
Half-grasped he the spear in his hand:
"Go, Ullin, go with haste, thou bard;
Quickly bear my word across the plain;
Remembrance of the battle bring to Gaul,
(And) memory of his sires who bowed their heads;
Awaken the conflict with song—
By song the battle is aroused."
Went Ullin great of aged step,
And spoke to the hero true:

Ullin's war-song.

"Master of the fleet, high-bounding steeds,
King of spears of gashing blades,
Strong hand in peril, brave heart unflinching,
Mightful prince of sharpest steel,—
Cut down the foe, and leave them not
One white sail to spread on sea.
As thunder be thy hand, thou hero;
Thy red eye in thy head as flame:
The heart in thy breast like flinty rock;
Like lightning of night thy blade:
Raise thy shield as the star of death,
Thou chief of swift, loud-snorting steeds."

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of spears; strong arm in every perilous toil; hard heart that never yields; chief of the pointed arms of death: cut down the foe; let no white sail bound round dark Inistore. Be thine arm like thunder, thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock. Whirl round thy sword as a meteor at night; lift thy shield like the flame of death. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the foe! Destroy!" The hero's heart beat high. But Swaran came with

DUAN IV.

Dh'éirich cridh' an laoich gu h-àrd.
Thàinig Suaran nall le còmhrag,
Bhris e 'n sgiath bhallach aig Gall;
Chaidh Selmà 's an tom fo 'n ruaig.
Ghrad-ghluais rìgh Mhòrbheinn fo 'airm;
Thog e 'ghuth garbh tri chuairt;
Fhreagair Cromla o àros nan stoirm;
Sheas sìnns're nam fàs-bheann shuas;
Dh'aom iad gach aghaidh gu làr
Fo nàir' 'am fianuis an rìgh—
Mar nial tigh-comhnuidh nan sìan,
Thig sios air là gréin' o chàrn,
Raoin 'an dùil uisge gu dìan,
'S an crìon-allt ag iadhadh tro' ghleann,
Tha sàmhchair mu 'shiubhal gu h-àrd,
Teann air tha gàire nan stoirm.
Chunnaic Suaran rìgh Mhòrbheinn thall,
'Us thionndaidh a làmh o 'n ruaig;
Dorcha dh'aom e air a shleagh,
A dhearg-shùil air a' mhagh a' gluasad.
Sàmhach 'us mòr a bha n' triath
Mar dharaig 's i liath air Lùbar,
A chaill a dlù-gheug o shean
Le dealan glan nan speur;
Tha 'h-aomadh thar sruth o shliabh,
A còinneach mar chiabh a' fuaim.

---

battle. He cleft the shield of Gaul in twain. The sons of Selma fled.

Fingal at once arose in arms. Thrice he reared his dreadful voice. Cromla answered around. The sons of the desert stood still. They bent their blushing faces to earth, ashamed at the presence of the king. He came like a cloud of rain in the day of the sun, when slow it rolls on the hill, and fields expect the shower. Silence

DUAN IV.

High rose the heart of the hero.
Swaran drew nigh with battle;
He broke the spotted shield of Gaul:
Selma fled upon the hill.
Straightway moved Morven's king in armour;
Three times he raised his mighty voice:
Cromla answered from the home of storms;
The race of desert Bens stood fast—
They bowed each face to the ground,
Ashamed in presence of the king.
(He was) as a cloud, the home of showers,
Coming down in summer's day from cairns,
The fields in strong desire, and hope of rain,
And the shrunk brook winding through the glen:
Silence surrounds its path on high;
Near it is the peal of storms.
Swaran saw the king of Morven in his path,
And turned his hand from the pursuit.
Dark he leaned upon his spear,
His red eye rolling along the field.
Silent and great was the prince,
Like an oak-tree, hoary, on Lubar,
Stripped of its thick and aged boughs
By the keen lightning of the skies:
It bends across the stream from the hill;
Its moss sounds in the wind like hair—

Swaran breaks the shield of Gaul, and those around him retreat.

Fingal, loud-shouting, stops the flight, and is compared to a summer shower which refreshes the parched fields.

Swaran, seeing Fingal before him, ceases the pursuit.

Description of Swaran.

attends its slow progress aloft; but the tempest is soon to arise. Swaran beheld the terrible king of Morven. He stopped in the midst of his course. Dark he leaned on his spear, rolling his red eyes around. Silent and tall he seemed as an oak on the banks of Lubar, which had its branches blasted of old by the lightning of heaven. It bends over the stream; the grey moss whistles in the

DUAN IV.

Mar sin a sheas rìgh nan donn-sgiath,
Gu 'n ghluaiseadh leis suas gu mall
Thar Léna a b'fhuileach sliabh.
Thaom a mhìltean mu 'n triath gun dàil,
Thionail duirche thall 's an réidh.

Bha Fionnghal mar theine nan speur
A' soillseadh measg tréin a shlòigh,
'Gharbh ghaisgich 'bu chòrr 'n a dhéigh.
Le cumhachd dh'éirich a ghuth mòr;
"Togaibh mo bhrataichean suas;
Sgaoilibh iad air cruachan Léna,
Mar lasair a chithear thar stuadh;
Biodh am fuaim air gaoith na h-Éirinn.
A shìnns're nan sruth beucach, mòr,
'Thaomas o mhìle tòrr 'us gleann,
Cluinnibhse m' fhocail, 'fheara còrr;
A Ghaill, a's neartmhor làmh 'us lann,
'Oscair nan còmhrag 'tha 'tighin,
A Chonaill nan gorm-bhallach sgiath,
A shàr Dhiarmaid nan ciabh donn,
'Oisein, rìgh nam fonn 's nan dàn,
Bi-sa, bi-sa ri làimh d' athar
'An carraid a' sgathadh nan 'ceud."

Thog sinn Deò-gréine ri crann,

wind; so stood the king. Then slowly he retired to the rising heath of Lena. His thousands pour around the hero. Darkness gathers on the hill!

Fingal, like a beam from heaven, shone in the midst of his people. His heroes gather around him. He sends forth the voice of his power. "Raise my standards on high; spread them on Lena's wind like the flames of an hundred hills! Let them sound on the

DUAN IV.

So stood the king of dark-brown shields,
Until he upwards slowly moved,
Over Lena of blood-stained hill.
His thousands quickly pour around the chief;
Darkness gathered on the distant plain.

Fingal rallies his army, addresses them anew, and orders his great banner, Deo-grainè (the Sunbeam) to be raised on high.

Fingal was as the fire of heaven,
Shining amid the warriors of his host,
His stalwart, matchless heroes behind him.
With power rose his mighty voice:
"Raise ye my banners on high;
Spread them on the hills of Lena—
Like a flame beheld across the waves;
Be their sound on the wind of Erin.
Race of the great and roaring streams,
Which pour from thousand rocks and glens,
Hark to my words, ye men of might.
Gaul of puissant arm and brand;
Oscar of combats yet to come;
Connal of the blue-bossed shields;
Great Dermid of the dark-brown hair;
Ossian, king of music and of song,
Stay thou, stay by thy father's side,
In the conflict hewing hundreds down."

Description of the banner.

We raised Deo-grainè to the staff,

winds of Erin, and remind us of the fight. Ye sons of the roaring streams that pour from a thousand hills, be near the king of Morven! attend to the words of his power! Gaul, strongest arm of death! O Oscar of the future fights! Connal, son of the blue shields of Sora! Dermid of the dark-brown hair! Ossian, king of many songs, be near your father's arm!" We reared the sunbeam of battle, the standard of the king! Each hero exulted with joy;

DUAN IV.

A' bhratach mhòr aig rìgh nan lann.
Bha sòlas 'an anam gach triath,
'N uair thog i a sgiath ri gaoith.
Bha 'gorm-shlios ballach le h-òr
Mar shlige ghlais mhòir na h-oidhch',
'N uair sheallas na réil o'n speur.
Bha bratach aig gach triath dha féin,
'S a ghaisgich 'bu treun m'a chruaidh.

"Faic," thuirt rìgh nan slige fial,
"Roinneadh Lochlin air sliabh Léna;
Mar neoil dhubh, bhristè tha 'n triall,
'N déigh tuiteam do 'n t-sìan air Éirinn:
'S coimeas iad ri coille liath
Leth-loisgte air sgiath nan càrn,
'N uair chithear an dealan gu 'thrian
'Dol seachad air géig gun bhàrr:
Gach triath de chàirdean 'ur triath
Taghadh de 'n nàmhaid a chòir,[a]
'S na leigibh do shìnns're nan sliabh,
Sìol Innis nan ciar-thore mòr,
Tilleadh thar chuan gu 'n tìr."

"Leamsa," thuirt Gall, "na seachd suinn,
Thàinig o thuinn an Loch Làin."
"Thigeadh Éric mòr a chùil duinn
Gu Oscar, mac triath nan dàn."

[a] His "right" or "portion."

as, waving, it flew on the wind. It was studded with gold above, as the blue wide shell of the nightly sky. Each hero had his standard too, and each his gloomy men!

"Behold," said the king of generous shells, "how Lochlin divides on Lena! They stand like broken clouds on a hill, or an half-consumed grove of oaks, when we see the sky through its branches,

DUAN IV.

The great banner of the king of spears;
Joy was in every hero's soul,
When she spread her wing to the wind;
Her azure field was flecked with gold,
Like the great blue shell of night,
When the stars look down from the sky.
(But) every chief had pennon of his own,
And stalwart warriors round his steel.

"See," said the king of festive shells,
"Lochlin is scattered on Lena's hill;
They move like black (and) broken clouds,
When a storm has fallen on Erin:
Like they are to hoary wood,
Half-burnt on the skirt of the cairns,
When the lightning is seen in brightness,
Shooting past a leafless branch.
Let every chief of the friends of your prince
Choose of the foe his right,[a]
And suffer not the sons of the hills—
Race of the isle of great and tawny boars—
To return over ocean to their land."

Fingal, pointing to the partially defeated host of Lochlin, tells his leading warriors to choose each a foeman from among them.

"Mine," said Gaul, "be the seven warriors,
Who came from the wave of Loch-Lan."
"Come, big Eric of brown locks,
To Oscar, son of the prince of song."

The choice is made.

and the meteor passing behind! Let every chief among the friends of Fingal take a dark troop of those that frown so high: nor let a son of the echoing groves bound on the waves of Inistore!"

"Mine," said Gaul, "be the seven chiefs that came from Lano's lake." "Let Inistore's dark king," said Oscar, "come to the sword of Ossian's son." "To mine the king of Iniscon," said Connal,

DUAN IV.

Thuirt Conall, "Biodh Innis nan Con
Do mo làimhs', an sonn gun bhàigh."
"Bi' dh Mùdan," thuirt Diarmad donn,
"No mise air lom 's an tràigh."
Thagh mise, an diugh dall 'us faoin,
Rìgh Thormainn nan còmhrag fial.
Gheall mi gu-n coisninn o 'n laoch
A ghorm-lann 'us a dhonn-sgiath.

"Mòr-rath 'us buaidh air gach sonn,"
Thuirt Fionnghal 'bu chaoine beus;
"'Shuarain, 'rìgh bheucail nan tonn,
Is tus' mo roghadhsa, 'fhir thréin."
Mar cheud gaoth o cheud aonach
A' garbh-thaomadh o cheud gleann,
'Briseadh dorch' ri cruaich ag aomadh,
Ghrad-ghluais sìol Shelma nam beann;
Bha Cromleac nam fuath a' fuaim thall.

C' e b' urrainn aithris na bàis,
'N uair a dhùin sinn air tràigh na frìth?
Nighean uasal Thoscair nan lann,
B' fhuileach ar làmh anns an strì.
Thuit aghaidh an nàmhaid 's a' chòmhrag,
Mar bhruach Chòna nan sruth garbh.
Chaidh tréith 's an gealladh air chòmhla;
Thug sinn a' bhuaidh agus mharbh.

"heart of steel!" "Or Mudan's chief or I," said brown-haired Dermid, "shall sleep on clay-cold earth." My choice, though now so weak and dark, was Terman's battling king; I promised with my hand to win the hero's dark-brown shield. "Blest and victorious be my chiefs," said Fingal of the mildest look. "Swaran, king of roaring waves, thou art the choice of Fingal!"

Said Connal, "Be Innis-nan-Con
The ruthless chief, for my arm."
"Mudan or I," said brown-haired Dermid,
"Shall lie on the ground by the shore."
Chose I, now blind and weak,
Torman's king, a generous warrior;
From the hero I engaged to win
His blue spear and dusky shield.

Fingal reserves Swaran for his own arm.

"Good speed and victory to every chief,"
Said Fingal of mildest mood.
"Swaran, strong king of waves,
Thou art my choice, thou brave one."

The onset again described.

Like hundred winds from hundred mountains,
Rough-rushing from hundred glens,
Darkly breaking on beetling crags,
Quickly forward sped Selma's mountain-race:
Cromlec of spectres echoed from afar.

Lochlin is utterly defeated.

Who could recount the deaths
When we closed on the edge of the forest?
Noble daughter of Toscar of spears,
Our hands were bloody in the fray.
The foemen's ranks in battle fell
Like the bank of Cona of rough torrents—
Heroes and their promises kept pace.
We gained the victory, and slew.

Now, like an hundred different winds that pour through many vales; divided, dark the sons of Selma advanced. Cromla echoed around! "How can I relate the deaths when we closed in the strife of arms! O daughter of Toscar! bloody were our hands! The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell like the banks of the roaring Cona! Our arms were victorious on Lena: each chief fulfilled his

DUAN IV.

Aig sruth gàireach Bhrain nan cruach
'S trie a shuidh òigh nan geal-làmh,
Sgìth o 'n t-séilg, do bhroilleach shuas
Ag éirigh gu luath cho làn
Ri slios eal' air linne 'snàmh,
'S i thall fo chomas na gaoith,
A sgiath bhàn ag éirigh gu mall
'S an osag ag iadhadh m'a taobh.
'Chunnaic thu, 'oigh, 's a' bheinn àird
'Ghrian ag aomadh dearg fo neoil,
Dùbhra 'dùnadh dlùth mu 'n chàrn,
Osna 'briseadh thall tro' 'n cheò;
Chunnaic thu uisge 'tuiteam trom,
Torrunn o thom gu tom 's a' ghleann,
Fuathais air dealain o 'n tonn,
Neart a' mhonaidh gu lom o chàrn—
Sruth gàireach nam beann gu tràigh.
Mar sin bha toirm mhòr a' bhlàir,
'Chaoin ainnir nan làmh mar shneachd'.
C' uim thuiteadh do dheoir gu làr,
'Nighean àluinn Thoscair nam feachd?
Do òighean Lochlin biodh am bròn,
'S e 'n slòigh a ghéill 's 'a chòmhrag.
B' fhuileach lainn nam faobhar gorm
Aig sìol nan triath mòr o Chòna.
Tha mise deurach dall fo bhròn,

promise! Beside the murmur of Branno thou didst often sit, O maid! thy white bosom rose frequent, like the down of the swan when slow she swims on the lake, and sidelong winds blow on her ruffled wing. Thou hast seen the sun retire red and slow behind his cloud: night gathering round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast roared in the narrow vales. At length the rain

DUAN IV.

By the noisy stream of Bran of peaks
Oft has sat the maiden of white hands,
Tired after chase, thy bosom high,
Heaving quickly, and as full
As breast of swan that swims the lake,
And moves obedient to the wind:
Her white wing rises slowly,
As eddies the breeze by her side.
Thou, maiden, hast seen on mountain high
The sun descending red beneath a cloud,
Darkness densely deepening round the cairn,
A sigh breaking forth from the far-off mist;
Thou hast seen the rain fall heavily;
Thunder from hill to hill in the glen,
The spirits of the flood on lightning wing,
The mountain-strength go down from cairn to plain—
The roaring streams of Bens (rush) to the shore.
Such was the loud din of battle,
Gentle maiden of hands like snow.
Why fall thy tears to the ground,
Thou lovely daughter of Toscar of hosts?
To the maidens of Lochlin be the grief:
Their people yielded in the fight.
Bloody were the blue-edged swords
Of the mighty hero-race from Cona.
Tearful and blind in grief am I,

Ossian, addressing Malvina, tells her that the din of battle was like a mountain-storm, such as she had often seen.

He tells her not to weep; that the maidens of Lochlin had cause to weep then;

beats hard: thunder rolls in peals; lightning glances on the rocks! Spirits ride on beams of fire! The strength of the mountain streams comes roaring down the hills. Such was the noise of battle, maid of the arms of snow! Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear? The maids of Lochlin have cause to weep! The people of their country fell. Bloody were the blue swords of the race of my heroes!

DUAN IV.

Gun choimeas na 's mo do thriath ;
Thoir dhomhsa, 'Làmhgheal, do dheòir ;
Thog mi 'n uaigh' gu léir 's an t-sliabh.
'S an uair ud fo làimh an rìgh
Thuit triath 's an strì gu 'bhròn
A chiabh ghlas 'an càrn na frìth,
Thog e 'shùil air ceann an t-slòigh.

"An tus'," thuirt mac Cumhail, "a th' ann
Caraid dìleas òigh mar shneachd!
Chunnaic mi do dheoir 's an àm,
'N uair thuit ainnir a b' àille leac.
'Nàmhaid do naimhdean mo rùin,
'N do thuit thu gu d' chùl fo m' lann ?
Tog, Ullin, tog àrd a chliù,
Cuir Mathon fo 'n ùir 's a' ghleann,
Thoir ainm an laoich aosda do 'n fhonn
A mhosgail trom mu òigh nan àrd threun ;
'S caoin do m' anam ainnir nan long,
'Ghabh còmhnuidh fo thom na h-Ardbheinn."

Chuala Cuchullin o'n chàrn
Garbh thorrunn nan lann 's a' chòmhrag,
'S e 'suidh air Cromla nan còs[a]
Fo bhròn o charraid gun bhuaidh.
Ghairm e Conall nan geur lann

[a] Cromla. In the Gaelic text followed by E. M'Lachlan it is *Cona*. Macfarlane and Macpherson rightly take Cromla. *Cona* is clearly a misprint.

But I am sad, forlorn, and blind: no more the companion of heroes! Give, lovely maid, to me thy tears. I have seen the tombs of all my friends!"

It was then by Fingal's hand a hero fell, to his grief! Grey-haired he rolled in the dust. He lifted his faint eyes to the king; "And is it by me thou hast fallen!" said the son of Comhal; "thou friend of Agandecca! I have seen thy tears for the maid of my

No longer like unto a chief.
On me bestow thy tears, White-hand;
I reared the tombs of all upon the hill.
Then it was, by the hand of the king,
That, to his sorrow, a hero fell in battle;
His grey hair spread on the desert cairn,
He raised his eye to the chief of the host.

but that if she is to shed tears, it should be for him, as he is now feeble and lonely.

"Is it thou who art there?" said the son of Cuhal;
"The faithful friend of the maid like snow!
Thy tears I noted at the time,
When fell the maid of loveliest cheek.
Foe to the foemen of my love,
Hast thou fallen in death by my blade?
Raise, Ullin, raise high his renown;
Lay Mahon in dust in the glen;
Give to song the aged hero's name
Who deeply felt for the noble maid.
Dear to my heart is the maid of the ships,
Who dwells beneath the mound of Ardven."

He tells of Fingal's great grief for killing Mahon, a Lochlin warrior who had shown friendship to Agandecca, and whom he had not recognised until he was slain.

He orders Ullin to raise his tomb and sing his dirge.

Heard Cuchullin from the cairn
The rough thunder of arms in the conflict,
As he sat on Cromla of caverns,[a]
Mourning over a losing war.
He summoned Connal of sharp spear,

Cuchullin, in his retirement, heard the noise of battle, came forward to the brow of the hill,

love in the halls of the bloody Starno! Thou hast been the foe of the foes of my love, and hast thou fallen by my hand? Raise, Ullin, raise the grave of Mathon; and give his name to Agandecca's song! Dear to my soul hast thou been, thou darkly-dwelling maid of Ardven!"

Cuthullin, from the cave of Cromla, heard the noise of the troubled war. He called to Connal chief of swords; to Carril of other

DUAN IV.

'Us Carull aosd[illegible]n àm o shean.
Thàinig na laoich 'us iad liath,
A' togail an sgiath 's a' mhagh.
Thàinig 'us chunnaic iad thall
Sruth còmhraig mar lionadh a' chuain,
'N uair a mhosglas a' chiar-ghaoth shuas
A' taomadh nan stuadh air tràigh
Thar gaineamh nam fàs-ghleann.

Loisg anam Chuchullin ri 'shealladh;
Thionail duirch' air a mhala gu gruaim;
Bha 'làmh air claidheamh a shìnns're,
A dhearg-shùil air nàmhaid na h-Éirinn.
Tri chuairt shìn an triath a cheum;
Choisg Conall a cheum tri chuairt.
"'Cheann innis a' chiar-cheathaich mhàill,
'S e 'n rìgh 'chuir fo lann an nàmhaid;[a]
Na h-iàrrsa roinn de chliù an triath
'S e féin air an t-sliabh mar stoirm."

"Gluais, a Charuill," thuirt an ceannard,
"Gluais ealamh gu rìgh Mhòrbheinn;
Thoir fàilte do thriath nan gleanna,
Fear-gearraidh 'us caithidh a' chòmhraig.
'N uair thraoghas Lochlin thall mar thuil
'N déigh uisg', 's a dh'èslicheas comh-stri,
Biodh do ghuthsa binn 'n a chluais

[a] Subdued the foe; lit. *placed the foe under the blade.*

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times. The grey-haired heroes heard his voice. They took their pointed spears. They came and saw the tide of battle, like ocean's crowded waves, when the dark wind blows from the deep, and rolls the billows through the sandy vale! Cuthullin kindled at the sight. Darkness gathered on his brow. His hand is on the sword of his fathers, his red-rolling eyes on the foe. He thrice

DUAN IV.

And agèd Carul from the olden time.
The grey-haired warriors came,
Raising their shields on the plain;
They came, and beheld before them
A battle-current like the tide of ocean,
When rises the dusky wind on high,
Hurling rollers on the shore,
Over the sands of desert glens.

saw the conflict,

Glowed Cuchullin's soul at the sight;
Darkness gathered on his brow to frown:
His hand (was) on his father's sword;
His red eye on the foe of Erin.
Three times the chief advanced his step,
Three times his step was stayed by Connal.
"Chief of the isle of soft dark mist,
It is the king who has subdued the foe;[a]
Seek not thou to share the chief's-renown,
When he himself is on the hill like storm."

and thrice advanced to take part in it; but Carul restrains him, charging him to leave the glory of the battle to Fingal, who had already conquered.

"Go, Carul," said the leader;
"Quickly go to the king of Morven;
Bear greeting to the lord of glens,
Cleaver and consumer of the fight.
When Lochlin ebbs afar, like flood
Which follows rain, and the strife subsides,
Be thy voice then sweet in his ear

He sends Carul with the sword of his fathers to Fingal;

attempted to rush to battle: he thrice was stopped by Connal. "Chief of the isle of mist," he said, "Fingal subdues the foe. Seek not a part of the fame of the king; himself is like the storm!"

"Then, Carril, go," replied the chief; "go, greet the king of Morven. When Lochlin falls away like a stream after rain, when the noise of the battle is past; then be thy voice sweet in his ear

DUAN IV.

Le moladh 'n a bhuaidh rìgh Shelma,
Thoir lann Chathbaid do'n mhòr-laoch,
Lann a choisinn na faoibh o shàir;
Cha chòir do Chuchullin, 's e faoin,
Àirm sinns're nach d' aom 's a' bhlàr.
'Thannais Chromla, 's uaigneach scòrr,
Anaim mhòr nan saoi a dh'fhalbh,
Bi' bhse mu mo cheum, 's mi fo bhròn;
Labhraibh rium o chòs nan càrn,
Gath a shoills' 's a dh'fhalbh, mi féin.
Mar cheathach air beinn mo chliu;
'N uair thig osag na maidne gu treun,
Chithear leathad an fhéidh gu 'chùl.
'Chonaill, na labhair air airm;
Shiubhail m' ainm o chòmhnuidh nan laoch;
Bi' dh m' osna air Cromla nan stoirm,
Gu'n caillear (mo lorg) 's an fhraoch.[a]
Thusa, 'Bhràigh-gheal, a's àille snuagh,
Bi brònach 'us truagh mu m' chliù;
Cha till mi do d' ionnsuidh gun bhuaidh,
A dhearrsa-gréine 'fhuair mo run."

[a] "My path." *Mo lorg* does not occur in the Gaelic text. A blank space is left in the middle of the line—*Gu'n caillear m' 's an fhraoch.* M'Lachlan fills up the blank very naturally with *lorg*, "track" or "path," which I have adopted.

to praise the king of Selma! Give him the sword of Caithbat. Cuthullin is not worthy to lift the arms of his fathers! Come, O ye ghosts of the lonely Cromla! ye souls of chiefs that are no more! be near the steps of Cuthullin; talk to him in the cave of his grief. Never more shall I be renowned among the mighty in the land. I am a beam that has shone, a mist that has fled away, when the

With praise of the triumph of Selma's king.
To the great chief give the sword of Cabad—
Sword which won spoils from the strong.
No right has Cuchullin, defeated,
To arms of sires who yielded not in fight.
Ghosts of Cromla, of lonely cliffs,
Great souls of the brave who have gone,
Be near my step when I am sad;
Speak to me from the clefts of cairns.
A light which shone and sank am I;
My fame is as mist on the mountain
When the morning breeze blows strong
And the haunt of the deer is fully seen.
Connal, speak not of armour;
My name has passed from the home of the brave;
My sigh shall be on Cromla of storms
Till my path is lost on the heather.[a]
Thou, Bragēla, of loveliest mien,
Be sorrowful and sad for my renown;
Unless victorious, I will ne'er return to thee,
Thou sunbeam who hast gained my love."

and mourns over the loss of his own renown.

blast of the morning came, and brightened the shaggy side of the hill. Connal! talk of arms no more: departed is my fame. My sighs shall be on Cromla's wind, till my footsteps cease to be seen. And thou white-bosomed Bragela, mourn over the fall of my fame! vanquished, I will never return to thee, thou sunbeam of my soul!"

DUAN V.

ARGUMENT.

"Cuthullin and Connal still remain on the hill. Fingal and Swaran meet; the combat is described. Swaran is overcome, bound and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Caul the son of Morni; Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla, a chief of Lochlin, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued; and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them, was slain. He laments his death, hears the story of Lamderg and Gelchossa, and returns towards the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuthullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the mean time to Ossian. The conversation of the two poets closes the action of the fourth day."—M.

DUAN V.

AIR leac Chromla 's fuaimear taobh
Labhair Conall ri laoch a' charbaid.
"C' uime tha 'ghruaim, a mhic Sheuma,
'S ar càirdean féin a' cur ruaig 's a' bhlar?
'S cliùthar thusa, a threun ghaisgich;
'S iomadh saoi a chaisg do chruaidh.
'S tric bha Bràigh-gheal, 's guirme sùil,
A's àille cùl, fo fhiamh gàire;
'S tric a bha 'n coinneamh a triath
'S e 'tilleadh o 'n t-sliabh le 'thréin,
'N uair bha 'n nàmhaid sàmhach 's an uaigh,
'S a' bhuaidh a' dealradh m'a rùn.
Bu taitneach d'a cluais do bhàird,
'N uair a shnàmhadh do ghnìomh air fonn.
Faic -sa rìgh Mhòrbheinn 'n a chruaidh
'Siubhal suas mar theine spéur,
A neart mar shruth Lùbair nan sìan,
No osna 'tha dìan air Cromla,

ON Cromla's resounding side Connal spoke to the chief of the noble car. "Why that gloom, son of Semo? Our friends are the mighty in fight. Renowned art thou, O warrior! many were the deaths of thy steel. Often has Bragela met, with blue-rolling eyes of joy; often has she met her hero returning in the midst of the

DUAN V.

Connal and Cuchullin remain on the hill. Connal tries to rouse Cuchullin from his gloom by recalling his many victories in former times,

On the slope of Cromla's echoing range
Connal spoke to the chief of the chariot: *
"Why this gloom, thou son of Semo,
While our friends pursue the foe on the field?
Renowned thou art, O hero!
Many the warriors whom thy steel has quelled.
Bragēla of the bluest eye,
Of loveliest locks, has often smiled;
Ofttimes has she met her lord
Returning from war with his heroes,
When the foe were silent in the grave,
And victory was shining round her love.
Sweet in her ear were thy bards
When thy great deeds were floating on the song.
(But) see the king of Morven, in his steel,
Sweeping onwards like fire of the skies;
His strength as the river of stormy Lubar,
Or a raging blast on Cromla,

and by pointing out to him Fingal sweeping the enemy before him.'

valiant; when his sword was red with slaughter; when his foes were silent in the fields of the tomb. Pleasant to her ears were thy bards when thy deeds arose in song.

But behold the king of Morven! He moves below like a pillar of fire. His strength is like the stream of Lubar, or the wind of

DUAN V.

'N uair lùbas croinn gheugach nan scòrr
Ri stoirm mhòir 'an àm na h-oidhch'.

"Is sona do shluagh, a rìgh nan lann,
'S i do làmh a bhuail gach cath,
'S tusa 's tréine measg na strì,
'S tu féin, 'an àm sith a's glic.
Do d'fhocal a ghéilleas na miltean;
Crithidh feachd nach tìom roi' d' chruaidh.
Is sona do shluagh, a rìgh nan lann,
A thig o chruaich Shelma nan gleann.

"C' è 'tha dorcha air an t-sliabh
'An torrunn ciar a shiubhail féin?
C' è ach mac Stàrno nan sgiath
'G iarruidh rìgh Mhòrbheinn an treun.
Faic-sa còmhrag an dà laoich,
'Tha mar ghaoir air aghaidh cuain,
'N uair thachras dà fhuath 's a' ghaoith
'An garbh-chath mu aomadh nan stuadh.
Cluinnidh sealgair fada thall,
Fuaim mhòr mhall nam fuath a' strì;
Chi e 'n cuan a' tigh'n a nall,
O thìr nan Gall gu àrd nam frìth."[a]

B' iad sin d'fhocail, a Chonaill chaoin,
'N uair thachair na laoich 's a' chath,

[a] It is impossible to determine what land is here meant. *Gall* generally signifies any stranger.

the echoing Cromla; when the branchy forests of night are torn from all their rocks! Happy are thy people, O Fingal! thine arm shall finish their wars. Thou art the first in their dangers, the wisest in the days of their peace. Thou speakest, and thy thousands obey; armies tremble at the sound of thy steel. Happy are thy people, O Fingal! king of resounding Selma! Who is that, so

DUAN V.

When bend the branchy trees on mountain-crags
To a great tempest in the hour of night.

He apostrophises Fingal; speaks of the happiness of the people who have such a hero and sage for their king;

"Happy thy people, king of spears:
Thy hand has struck in every fight;
Thou art the strongest in the midst of war,
The wisest in the time of peace.
To thy word do thousands yield;
And hardy hosts will quake before thy steel:—
Happy thy people, king of spears,
Who comest from high Selma of glens!

and describes Starno coming forward to attack him.

"Who is he so dark upon the hill
In the dusky thunder of his course?—
Who but Starno's son of shields,
Seeking Morven's king, the strong?
Behold the heroes two in conflict,
Like hissing sound on the face of ocean,
When meet two spirits on the wind
And fiercely struggle on the tossing waves:
Far away the hunter hears
The loud and lingering noise of warring ghosts;
He sees the ocean rolling over
From land of Galls to the forest heights."[a]

The combat of the two kings.

These were thy words, O gentle Connal!
When the warriors met in conflict.

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dark and terrible, coming in the thunder of his course? who but Starno's son, to meet the king of Morven? Behold the battle of the chiefs! it is the storm of the ocean when two spirits meet far distant and contend for the rolling of waves. The hunter hears the noise on his hill: he sees the high billows advancing to Ardven's shore!"

Such were the words of Connal when the heroes met in fight.

DUAN V.

'N sin bha torrunn treun nan arm ;
Gach buille bu gharbh, agus beum ;
Mar cheud òrd ag éirigh àrd,
Air cruaidh theallaich 's deirge caoir.
B' fhuathasach còmhrag an dà rìgh ;
Bu ghruamach 's an strì an tuar ;
An sgiath dhonn a' sgoltadh fo bheum,
Lannan geur a' leum o chruaidh.
Thilg gach ball àirm air an réidh,
Ghabh na laoich 's a' chéile luath,
Bha gach ruighe féitheach mòr
'G iadhadh mu dhruim garbh nan sonn,
A' tionndadh o thaobh gu taobh,
Am mòr chosan 'sgaoileadh air lom.
'N uair dh'éirich àrdan neart nan treun
Chrith an càthar féin fo 'n sàil,
Chriothnaich clach 'us cruach 'us càrn,
'S coill' uaine fo spàirn nan laoch.
Mu 'dheireadh thuit neart nan tonn,
Chaidh Suaran nan long fo chìs.

Mar sin chunnacas leam air Còna—
Ach Còna cha-n fhaic mi chaoidh—
Mar sin chunnacas leam dà mhòr-thom
'Siubhal o 'n còmhnuidh 's an fhraoch

There was the clang of arms! there every blow like the hundred hammers of the furnace!. Terrible is the battle of the kings; dreadful the look of their eyes. Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain. Their steel flies broken from their helms. They fling their weapons down. Each rushes to his hero's grasp: their sinewy arms bend round each other: they turn from side to side,

There was the loud thunder of arms;
Heavy each buffet and each cleaving blow—
Like hundred hammers, rising high,
On steel from fire of ruddy flame.
Awful was the struggle of the kings;
Stern was their aspect in the fight.
The dark-brown shield was cleft beneath their blows;
Sharp swords rebounded from the steel;
They flung each piece of armour on the plain.[1]
Instant the heroes grappled;
Each great and sinewy arm
Closed round the broad back of a hero;
They whirled from side to side,
Their great feet wide apart on the plain.
When the strength-pride of the strong arose,
Shook the very moor beneath their heels;
Trembled stones and crags and cairns,
And the green-wood under the hero-struggle.
At length the strength of the waves fell down—
Swaran of ships was overpowered.

The shields of both were broken. They flung their arms away, and closed in wrestling.

Swaran was overpowered.

Thus was seen by me on Cona—
But Cona I shall see no more—
Thus two great knolls were seen by me
Borne from their dwelling in the heather

The struggle is compared to the effects of a mountain-flood in Cona.

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and strain and stretch their brawny spreading limbs below. But when the pride of their strength arose they shook the hill with their heels. Rocks tumble from their places on high; the green-headed bushes are overturned. At length the strength of Swaran fell: the king of the groves is bound.) Thus have I seen on Cona; but Cona I behold no more! (thus have I seen two dark hills re-

DUAN V.

O neart sruth baoth nan sliabh;
Tionnda 'idh iad o thaobh gu taobh;
Bi 'dh glacadh nan craobh 's a' chéile,
'N uair thuiteas 's a' chladach araon,
Le daraig 'us fraoch o'n bheinn.
Tillidh sruth o 'shiubhal mall,[a]
'S chithear ruadh nam bruachan thall.

"'Shìol Mhòrbheinn a's fada uainn,
Fo fhaire biodh righ nan stuadh àrd,
'S co treun 'us neartmhor an sonn
Ri mìle tonn ag iarruidh tràigh,
Cha làmh e 'tha cli 's a' chòmhrag;
Tha 'shinns're o 'n àm o shean.
A Ghaill, a chinn-uidhe nan treun-shonn,
'Oisein, 'cheannaird nam fonn caoin,
'S e caraid mo cheud rùin a th'ann,
Togaibh a cheann o bhròn.
'Oscair, 'Fhillein, 'Ròinne ruaidh,
Leanaibhse an ruaig thar Léna,
Sibhse 'dh'fhàgadh gaoth le luas,
Leanaibh sinns're 'chuain 'an Éirinn,
'Chumail luingeas o éirigh air tonn
O Innis nan long 's nan torc."

Dh'fhalbh iad mar osag tro' 'n t-sliabh;

[a] *Gu*, instead of *o*, is suggested as the true reading here.

moved from their place by the strength of the bursting stream. They turn from side to side in their fall; their tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they tumble together with all their rocks and trees. The streams are turned by their side. The red ruin is seen afar.

"Sons of distant Morven," said Fingal, "guard the king of Loch-

By the force of mountain-torrent wild.
From side to side they whirl;
The trees each other grapple
Until they fall together on the shore,
With oak and heather from the Ben.
The stream returns to its sluggish course,[a]
And the redness of its banks is seen afar.

Fingal calls on his warriors to guard Swaran carefully, but to show him all kindness as the brother of Agandecca.

"Ye race of great Bens far away,
Watch ye the king of towering waves—
As bold and mightful is the hero
As thousand waves which seek the shore.
His is an arm not slack in fight;
His ancestry is from the time of old.
Gaul, thou guiding mark to warriors brave—
Ossian, thou master of sweet songs—
He is the friend of my earliest love:
Raise ye his head from sorrow.
Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno red,
Follow the flight over Lena;
Ye who in speed outstrip the wind,
Pursue the ocean-race in Erin,
That no keel may rise on the wave
From the island of ships and of boars."

He sends others to pursue the discomfited army of Lochlin.

They went like a blast across the hill:

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lin! He is strong as his thousand waves. His hand is taught to war. His race is of the times of old. Gaul, thou first of my heroes; Ossian, king of songs, attend! He is the friend of Agandecca; raise to joy his grief. But Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno, ye children of the race! pursue Lochlin over Lena; that no vessel may hereafter bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore!"

DUAN V.

Ghluais Fionnghal mar nial gu mall,
Mar thorrunn bha farum an tréith,
'N uair thuiteas an t-sian gu tlàth
Air raoin-shàmhraidh dorch' 'us ciuin ;
Bha 'chlaidheamh còrr mar ghath na gréine,
No reul tannais 'an àm na h-oidhch',
Gu triath Lochlin ghluais a cheuman,
'Us labhair ri treun nan tonn.

" C' e 'tha cho dorcha fo bhròn
Aig carraig a's beucach sruth ;
Esan nach urrainn a leum,
Ge h-àille gun bheud a chruth,
A sgiath bhallach sìnte ri 'thaobh,
A shleagh mar a' chraobh 's a' bheinn.
'Òg-ghaisgich a's gruamach snuagh,
An nàmhaid le fuath thu dhomh féin ? "

" Thàineas o Lochlin, a thriath,
Is làidir mo sgiath 's a' chòmh -stri.
Tha mo rùn gu deurach 's an t-sliabh,
Cha till mi gu ciabh an òr-fhuilt."

" An géill thu, no 'n gabhadh tu còmhrag ? "
Thuirt Fionnghal nam mòr-ghnìomh.

They flew sudden across the heath. He slowly moved, like a cloud of thunder when the sultry plain of summer is silent and dark! His sword is before him as a sunbeam; terrible as the streaming meteor of night. He came toward a chief of Lochlin: he spoke to the son of the wave. "Who is that so dark and sad at the rock of the roaring stream? He cannot bound over its

Fingal moved slowly like a cloud;
Like thunder was the sound of the chief,
When falls a soft warm shower
On fields of summer—dark and calm;
His matchless sword was like a sunny gleam,
Or phantom-star in time of night.
To a chief of Lochlin his step advanced,
And he spoke to the hero of the waves:

As Fingal was retiring, he found Orla, a chief of Lochlin, sorely wounded.

"Who is he so dark in gloom
Beside the crag of roaring stream—
He who cannot leap across,
Though fair and faultless be his form—
His spotted shield beside him lying,
His spear like a tree on the hill?
Young hero of frowning mien,
Art thou a bitter foe to me?"

"From Lochlin have I come, thou prince;
Strong is my shield in conflict;
My love is weeping on the hill;
I shall not return to the locks of golden hue."

"Wilt thou yield, or accept the combat?"
Said Fingal of heroic deeds;

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course. How stately is the chief! His bossy shield is on his side; his spear, like the tree of the desert! Youth of the dark-red hair, art thou of the foes of Fingal?"

"I am a son of Lochlin," he cries; "strong is my arm in war. My spouse is weeping at home. Orla shall never return!" "Or fights or yields the hero?" said Fingal of the noble deeds; "foes

DUAN V.

Cha bhuaidh do nàmhaid 'am fhianuis;
Cha -n iosal mo chairdean, a thriath.
Leansa mi, 'ghaisgich nan tonn,
'S gabh sòlas air tom nam fleagh.
Cuir ruaig air luath-chos an aonaich;
Bi-d' chara nach faoin do 'n rìgh."

"Cha bhi," 's e 'fhreagair an triath.
"Le laigse bha riamh mo làmh,
Mo chruaidh gun choimeas 's an t-sliabh.
C' uim nach géill an treun do m' lainn?"

"'Òigfhir, cha do ghéill mi riamh,
'S cha ghéill do dhuine 'tha beò.
Taghsa de m' shìnns're, a thriath,[a]
'S lìonmhor mo shìol agus 's mòr."

"An diùlt an rìgh fèin an còmhrag?"
Thuirt Orla nan donn sgiath;
"Tha Fionnghal 'n a choimeas do 'n òigfhear,
Agus esan amhàin de 'thréith.
A rìgh Mhòrbheinn a's mòr cliu,
Ma théid mi air chùl 's an strì,
'Am meadhon Léna togsa m' ùir;
Bioḋh uaigh dhomh a's mò 's an fhrìth.

[a] *Sinns're* in modern Gaelic denotes "ancestry." Here, and in many other places in Ossian, it means "descendants." E. M'Lachlan has very unwarrantably substituted *muinntir*, "people," in this place.

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do not conquer in my presence: my friends are renowned in the hall. Son of the wave, follow me; partake the feast of my shells; pursue the deer of my desert: be thou the friend of Fingal." "No," said the hero, "I assist the feeble. My strength is with the weak in arms. My sword has been always unmatched. O warrior! let the king of Morven yield!" "I never yielded, Orla! Fingal never

DUAN V.

He offers him friendship, which Orla rejects; and proposes combat to Fingal.

No foeman conquers in my presence;
My friends are not of low estate.
Follow me, thou hero of the waves,
And taste of joy on the hill of feasts;
Chase the fleet foot of the mountain;
Be true and trusty friend unto the king."

"Not so," replied the chief;
"With the weak my hand has ever been:
My steel has been unmatched upon the hill.
Why yields not the chief to my brand?"

"Young man, I never yielded,
Nor will I yield to living man.
Choose from my race (a foe), O prince!
Many and mighty are my sons!"

"Does the king refuse the combat?"
Said Orla of the dark-brown shields.
"Fingal is worthy of the youth,
And he alone of all his lords.
Far-famed king of the great Bens,
If I be worsted in the fight,
In midst of Lena raise my tomb;
Be mine the greatest mound upon the hill.

He begs, however, in the event of his falling, that his spear may be sent to his wife in Lotha.

yielded to man. Draw thy sword and choose thy foe. Many are my heroes."

"Does then the king refuse the fight?" said Orla of the dark-brown shield. "Fingal is a match for Orla: and he alone of all his race!" "But, king of Morven, if I shall fall—as one time the warrior must die—raise my tomb in the midst: let it be the great-

DUAN V.

Cuir thairis air astar nan tonn,
Gu innis nan long mo lann
Gu ainnir mo rùin 'tha trom
Fo bhròn, Làmh-gheal nan rosg mall.
Feuchadh i a' chruaidh d' a mac,
'S deoir a' ruith le tlachd o 'gruaidh."

"A ghaisgich òig, a's brònach sgeul,
C' uim a thog thu dhomh féin na deoir?
Tha là do laoich anns an réidh,[a]
Chi an clann na h-àirm 'bu chòrr
Fo mheirg agus sgleò 's an talla.
'Orla, éiridh d'uaigh gu h-àrd,
Bi 'dh bean, a's àille bràigh, fo dheoir,
'N uair chithear air bhòrd do lann."

Chuireadh còmhrag air fraoch Léna;
Bu lag 'n a bheuman làmh Orla;
Ghearradh le Fionnghal o 'chéile
Ceangall iall a sgéith 's a' chòmh-stri;
Thuit an sgiath bhallach air làr,
Mar ghealach air sàil fo ghaoith.

"A rìgh Mhòrbheinn, tog do làmh,
Cuir lann tro' m' bhràghad, a laoich.
Làn lot, agus fann o'n bhlàr,

[a] Heroes have their day on the field—i.e. a day appointed for their death.

est on Lena. Send over the dark-blue wave the sword of Orla to the spouse of his love, that she may show it to her son with tears to kindle his soul to war." "Son of the mournful tale," said Fingal, "why dost thou awaken my tears? One day the warriors must die, and the children see their useless arms in the hall. But, Orla, thy tomb shall rise! Thy white-bosomed spouse shall weep

Send thou across the waves afar
My spear to the home of ships;
To the wife of my love, who is laden
With grief—White-hand of slow-moving eye.
She will show the steel to her son
As loving tears course down her cheek."

Fingal promises to grant his request.

"Young warrior of mournful tale,
Why hast thou caused my tears to spring?
Heroes have their day on the field;[a 2]
Their sons will see (their) glorious arms
In rust and dimness in the hall.
Orla, thy tomb shall rise on high;
Thy wife of whitest bosom shall shed tears
When thy spear is seen on the wall."

They engage. Orla is speedily disarmed,

A fight was fought on the heath of Lena:
Weak in its blows was the hand of Orla.
Fingal severed from each other
The thong-fastenings of his shield in war.[3]
The spotted shield fell to ground,
Like moon on the sea under wind.

and entreats Fingal to kill him.

"King of great mountains, lift thy hand!
Send a spear, O hero! through my breast.
(I was) faint from battle, under many wounds,

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over thy sword."

They fought on the heath of Lena. Feeble was the arm of Orla. The sword of Fingal descended, and cleft his shield in twain. It fell and glittered on the ground as the moon on the ruffled stream. "King of Morven," said the hero, "lift thy sword and pierce my breast. Wounded and faint from battle, my friends have left me

DUAN V.

Dh'fhàg càirdean 'bu shàr mo thaobh.
Thig sgeul a's brònach gu m' ghràdh
Air srath Lotha nan sruth caoin,
'N uair bhitheas 'n a h-aonar 's a' choill',
'S an osag mhaoth 's an doire 'fuaim."

"Cha reub," 's e 'thuirt an rìgh,
"Cha reub mi 's an strì thu, 'Orla;
Faiceadh an ainnir, a's mìn,
A rùn neo-chlì air uisge Lotha;
Slàn o chòmh-strì nam mòr laoch,
Faiceadh d'athair, 'us e liath,
Mur 'eil an triath le aois dall;
Cluinneadh e do cheum 's an t-sliabh,
'S do ghuth treun 'n a thalla thall;
Biodh aoibhneas air 'anam gun dàil
'Us fairicheadh le 'làimh a mhac."

"Cha-n fhairich e mi chaoidh, a rìgh,"
Thuirt òigfhear neo-chlì o Lotha,
"Thuit mi air Léna nam frìth;
Cluinnidh bàird mo strì 's a' chòmhrag.
Fo m' chrios tha garbh-lot a' bhàis,
'Us so e dhuit thall, a ghaoth."

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here. The mournful tale shall come to my love on the banks of the streamy Lota; when she is alone in the wood, and the rustling blast in the leaves!"

"No," said the king of Morven, "I will never wound thee, Orla. On the banks of Lota let her see thee escaped from the hands of war. Let thy grey-haired father, who, perhaps, is blind

Friends who were strong forsook my side.
A tale of grief will reach my love,
In the strath of Lotha of smooth streams,
When she is lonely in the wood,
And the breeze sounds softly through the trees."

Fingal refuses to do so, and endeavours to cheer him by speaking of his return to his young wife and aged father.

"I will not pierce thee," said the king—
"I will not pierce thee, Orla, in the fray.
Let thy wife, who is gentle, see
Her brave love by the stream of Lotha,
Safe from the conflict of great warriors.
Let thy father of grey hairs behold thee,
If the chief be not blind with age;
Let him hear thy steps on the hill,
And thy lusty voice in his hall;—
Let instant joy be on his soul,
As with his hands he feels his son."

Orla opens up a deep wound which he had received in the general engagement, and dies.

"Never shall he feel me, O king!"
Said the gallant youth from Lotha;
"I have fallen on Lena of woods:
Bards shall hear of my strength in combat.
Beneath my girdle is the deep wound of death,
And there it is to thee, O wind!"

with age,—let him hear the sound of thy voice, and brighten within his hall. With joy let the hero rise and search for his son with his hands!" "But never will he find him, Fingal," said the youth of the streamy Lota. "On Lena's heath I must die: foreign bards shall talk of me. My broad belt covers my wound of death. I give it to the wind!"

DUAN V.

Thaom e 'dhearg-fhuil trom o 'thaobh;
Thuit e anns an fhraoch air Léna;
Dh'aom an rìgh thar spàirn an laoich,
'Us ghàirm air na h-òigfhir 'bu tréine.

"'Oscair 'us 'Fhillein, mo dhà mhac,
Togaibh le tlachd cuimhne Orla;
Cuiribh gaisgeach donn fo leac
Fada o 'mhnaoi ghasd' air Lotha;
Gabhadh clos 'an so leis féin
'N tigh caol gun leus 's am mair a ghruaim,
Fada o Lotha nam beuc,
O 'thalla, o 'thrèin, o 'luaidh.
Gheibh laigse a bhogha 's an talla;
Bi' dh daoine neo-smiorail 'g a iadhadh,
A mhìolchoin a' caoineadh 's na gleannaibh,
'S na tuirc mu-n robh 'aire fo aoibhneas.
Thuit an làmh 'bu treun 's a' chòmhrag;
Chaidh ceann nan triath mòr air chùl.

"Gluaisibh guth 'us fuaim nan stoc,'
'Oigfheara gun lochd o Mhòrbheinn.
Tilleam gu Suaran an nochd,
'Us togam le fonn a dhòghruinn.
'Oscair, 'Fhillein, 'us a Ròinne,
Grad-shiùbhlaibh thar fraoch mhaigh Léna;

The dark blood poured from his side, he fell pale on the heath of Lena. Fingal bent over him as he dies, and called his younger chiefs. "Oscar and Fillan, my sons, raise high the memory of Orla. Here let the dark-haired hero rest, far from the spouse of his love. Here let him rest in his narrow house, far from the sound of Lota. The feeble will find his bow at home, but will not be able

DUAN V.

Heavily streamed his red blood from his side;
He fell on the heather on Lena.
The king bent o'er the hero in the throes (of death),
And he called the youths who were strongest.

"Oscar and Fillan, my two sons,[4]
Raise Orla's memory with goodwill;
Beneath a stone lay ye the brown-haired chief,
Far from his lovely wife in Lotha.
Here let him rest alone,
In the narrow rayless house of lasting gloom,
Far from Lotha of loud sounds—
(Far) from his hall, his warriors, (and) his love.
Weakness shall find his bow in his house—
Pithless men will try to bend it;
His staghounds will howl along the glens,
And the boars which he hunted will rejoice.
Fallen is the hand mighty in battle;
The head of great chiefs has passed away.

Fingal charges Fillan and Oscar to raise the tomb of Orla, and to treat his memory with all honour.

"Raise the voice, and sound of horns,
Faultless youths of Morven.
To-night I return to Swaran,
And with music will lighten his grief.
Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno,
Speed over the heathery plain on Lena,

He proposes to visit Swaran in order to console him; and softened apparently by the death of Orla, he orders his two sons, Fillan and

to bend it. His faithful dogs howl on his hills; his boars which he used to pursue rejoice. Fallen is the arm of battle! the mighty among the valiant is low! Exalt the voice, and blow the horn, ye sons of the king of Morven! Let us go back to Swaran to send the night away on song. Fillan, Oscar, and Ryno, fly over the heath of Lena. Where, Ryno, art thou, young son of fame? Thou

DUAN V.

Air naimhdean tionndaibh rosg a's caoine.
A Ròinne, c' àite bheil thu, 'threin-fhir?
Cha bu chleachda dhuit 'bhi mall,
Agus rìgh nan lann 'g ad ghairm."

"Tha Ròinne," thuirt Ullin am bàrd,
"Mar ri cruthaibh àrd nam buadh,
Mar ri Trathal, rìgh nan sgiath,
'Us ri Treunmor nan gnìomh mòr.
Tha 'n t-òigfhear ìosal gun tuar
'N a luidhe air a' chruaich 'an Léna."

"'N do thuit e 'bu luath 's an t-séilg?"
Thuirt rìgh Mhòrbheinn 'b' àirde cliu,
"'Fhir a chromadh an t-iuthar còrr,
Cha robh d'-eòlas ach gann dhomh féin;[a]
C' ar son a thuit Ròinne 's a' bhlàr?
Caidil, a shàr ghaisgich air Léna.
Cha-n fhada gu-m faiceam an seòd,
Cha chluinnear mo ghuth mòr a chaoidh,
'S cha bhi mo cheum àir thaobh nan scòrr.
Labhraidh bàird mu ainm an rìgh,
Labhraidh clachan nam frìth mu 'ainm.
Tha Ròinne ro ìosal gun chlì,
'S cha d'éirich a chliu gu h-àrd.
'Ullin, buail -sa 'chlàrsach lom,[b]

[a] Fingal here regrets the early removal of his son.

[b] Clear-toned harp; lit. *bare* or *smooth harp.*

art not wont to be the last to answer thy father's voice!"

"Ryno," said Ullin, first of bards, "is with the awful forms of his fathers. With Trathal, king of shields; with Trenmor of mighty deeds. The youth is low, the youth is pale; he lies on Lena's heath!" "Fell the swiftest in the race," said the king; "the first to bend the bow? Thou scarce hast been known to me! why did

DUAN V.

Ryno, and his grandson Oscar, to stop the pursuit of Lochlin.

And on the foe bend kindliest eye.
Ryno, where art thou, strong one?
Thou wast not wont to linger,
When called by the king of spears."

When Ryno did not come forward, he inquires about him, and Ullin tells that he had fallen in the battle.

"Ryno," said Ullin the bard,
"Is with the great spirits of the brave—
With Tra-hal, king of shields,
And with Treunmor of mighty deeds:
The youth is low and wan,
Lying on the hill of Lena."

The king laments his son, and orders Ullin to sing his death-song.

"Has he fallen, the fleet one in chase?"
Said Morven's king, the highest in renown.
"Thou bender of the toughest yew,
My knowledge of thee was but scant.[a]
Wherefore fell Ryno in battle?
Sleep thou, true hero, on Lena—
Ere long I shall see the brave one.
My mighty voice shall not be always heard,
Nor shall my path be on the mountain-side.
Bards will speak of the name of the king;
The stones of the forest will speak his name.
Ryno is strengthless and low,
And his fame has not risen on high.
Ullin, strike the clear-toned harp;[b]

young Ryno fall? But sleep thou softly on Lena; Fingal shall soon behold thee. Soon shall my voice be heard no more, and my footsteps cease to be seen. The bards will tell of Fingal's name. The stones will talk of me. But, Ryno, thou art low indeed! thou hast not received thy fame. Ullin, strike the harp for Ryno! tell what the chief would have been. Farewell, thou first in every

DUAN V.

Togsa fonn mu 'n t-sonn a dh'fhalbh,
Slàn leat, a cheud fhir 's an raon,
Cha chum mi o chlaon' do ghath,[a]
Thusa b' àille measg nan laoch,
Cha-n fhaic mi thu chaoidh—slàn leat."

Bha gruaidh an rìgh fo thaomadh dheur;
B' fhuathasach 'an còmhrag a mhac,
A mhac, a bha mar dhealan speur
O Àrdbheinn gu réidh 's an oidhch',
'N uair thuiteas a' choille roi' 'cheum,
'S fear-siubhail fo bheud gun soills';
Ach adhlaicidh gaoth an teine thall
Air cùl nan càrn, tha 'n saoghal dorch'.

"C' uime tha cuimhne na h-uaigh so uaine?"[b]
Thuirt Fionnghal nan sligean fial,
"Ceithir clachan fo chòinnich thall
Mu thigh caol a' bhàis 's an t-sliabh?
An so gabhadh Ròinn' a shuain
Ri taobh gaisgich 'bu chruaidh 's a' bhlàr.
Tha triath a's àirde cliu 's a' bheinn;
Cha bhi 'shiubhal leis féin 's na neòil.
'Ullin, togsa dàn o shean
Do chuimhne na tha 's an uaigh.
Mur do theicheadh riamh 's an raon,

[a] "No more shall I keep thine arrow from straying." A touching allusion to the father's training of his boy in the use of the bow.

[b] Lit., why is the memory of this grave green?

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field! No more shall I direct thy dart! Thou that hast been so fair! I behold thee not. Farewell!") The tear is on the cheek of the king, for terrible was his son in war. His son, that was like a beam of fire by night on a hill, when the forests sink down in its course, and the traveller trembles at the sound! But the winds drive it beyond the steep. It sinks from sight, and darkness prevails.

Raise a song to the strong one gone.
Farewell, thou foremost on the field!
No more shall I keep thine arrow from straying:[a]
Thou who wast fairest of the heroes,
I shall see thee no more—farewell!"

Ossian praises the valour of his brother.

The cheek of the king was under flood of tears:
Terrible in battle was his son—
His son who was like lightning of heaven
(Flying) from Ardven to the plain at night,
When falls the wood before its path,
And the traveller is in darkness and danger;
But far away the wind entombs the fire
Behind the cairns, and the world is dark.

Fingal, observing a green grave on the hill, orders Ryno to be carried there, and asks its history.

"Why is this grave in memory green?"[b]
Said Fingal of the festive shells:
"Four moss-clad stones before us,
Around death's narrow house on the hill.
There let Ryno take his sleep.
Beside a hero who was stanch in fight.
A chief of highest fame is on the Ben;
Alone he will not travel on the clouds.
Raise, Ullin, a song of eld,
In remembrance of those in the grave.
If they never fled the field,

"Whose fame is in that dark-green tomb?" began the king of generous shells. "Four stones with their heads of moss stand there! They mark the narrow house of death. Near it let Ryno rest. A neighbour to the brave let him lie. Some chief of fame is here to fly with my son on clouds. O Ullin! raise the songs of old. Awake their memory in their tomb. If in the field they never fled, my son

DUAN V.

Bi' dh mo mhac ri 'n taobh 'n a shuain ;
Bi' dh e ri 'n taobh 'am fraoch nan càrn,
Fada thall o àird' na Mòrbheinn
Air Léna a's fuaimear réidh."

"'An so féin," thuirt beul nam fonn,
"Chaidil tréith nan sonn fo 'n ùir.
'S sàmhach tha Làmh-dhearg 's an uaigh,
'Us Ullin, rìgh nan cruaidh-lann.
C' i so 'tha 'coimhead o neòil,
'S a' feuchainn fo scleò a cruth àluinn ?
C' ar son tha 'n ainnir gun tuar ?
'N òigh, do'n ghéill an sluagh air Cromlà ;
'N do thuit thu, 'Làmh-gheal, fo shuain
Mar rì naimhdean fuar 's a' chòmh -stri ?
A nighean Thuathail 'bu ghlan snuagh,
Bu rùn thu féin do mhìle laoch ;
Cha robh do ghaols' ach do Làmh-dhearg,
Gu Tùra thàinig am mòr-thriath ;
Bhuail e sgiath nan copa donn,
'Us labhair an sonn ris fhéin.
"C'àite -m bheil Gealachos, mo rùn,[a]
An ainnir chiuin aig Tuathal treun,
A dh'fhàg mi 'n talla nan tùr,
'N uair bhuail mi Ulfada nam beum ?
Tills' air d' ais, 's e 'thuirt i rium,

a From the beginning of this line to end of l. 344 is given in No. XVI. of the "Fragments."

shall rest by their side. He shall rest far distant from Morven, on Lena's resounding plains !"

"Here," said the bard of song—"here rest the first of heroes. Silent is Lamderg in this place : dumb is Ullin, king of swords ! And who, soft smiling from her cloud, shows me her face of love ? Why, daughter, why so pale art thou, first of the maids of Cromla ?

Be my son by their side in his sleep;
By their side let him be on the heath of cairns,
Far away from the heights of Morven,
On Lena of sounding plain."

The bard tells the story of Lam-derg, and Gel-chossa, daughter of Tual, who lived in Tura.

"In this very place," said the mouth of songs,
"Leaders of chiefs have slept in dust:
Silent is Lam-derg in the grave,
And Ullin, king of hard-smiting brands.
Who is she looking forth from clouds,
And showing in mist her lovely form?
Wherefore is the maiden wan—
She to whom yielded all on Cromla?
Hast thou sunk, thou White-hand, in slumber
Cold, along with foemen in the fight?
Tual's daughter of aspect bright,
Thou wast indeed the love of thousand heroes:
Thy love was given to Lam-derg alone.
To Tura came the mighty prince;

Lam-derg visits Tura, but finds that Gel-chossa is not there.

Struck he the shield of dark-brown boss,
And spake the hero to himself:
'Where is Gel-chossa, my love,[a]
The gentle daughter of mighty Tual;
She whom I left in the hall of towers
When I smote Ulfadda of cleaving blows?
Come thou back, she said to me,

[a] Dost thou sleep with the foes in battle, white-bosomed daughter of Tuathal? Thou hast been the love of thousands, but Lamderg was thy love. He came to Tura's mossy towers, and, striking his dark buckler, spoke: 'Where is Gelchossa, my love, the daughter of the noble Tuathal? I left her in the hall of Tura when I fought with great Ulfada. Return soon, O Lamderg! she said; for here

DUAN V.

A Làmh-dhearg, 's mi 'n dùbhra bròin,
A broilleach bàn fo osna ciuin,
A gruaidh a b' ùr fo dhealta dheoir.
Cha-n fhaic mi i 'n coinneamh a tréin
A thogail m' anma, o bheum còmhraig;
'S ro shàmhach tha talla nan teud
Gun ghuth bàird air beinn no còmhnard;
['S cha n 'eil Bran fhéin, mar b'àbhaisd,
'Crathadh a shlabhruidh mu'n chòmhladh.]
C' àite 'bheil Gealachos, mo rùn,
An ainnir chiuin aig Tuathal treun?'

"'A Làmh-dhearg,' thuirt Fearghus mac Aodh-ain,
'Tha Gealachos mu Chromla nan sìan,
I féin 's gach òigh 'tha d' a roghainn;
'N déigh chabrach tha 'siubhal gu dìan.'

"'Fhearghuis, cha cluinnear fuaim leam féin
'An coill', 'am beinn, no 'm magh Léna;
Cha-n 'eil cabrach 'n am shealladh féin,
No coin ghleusd 'an séilg na h-Éirinn.
Cha-n fhaicear leam Gealachos, mo rùn,
Mar ghealach as-ùr a' dol sìos.
Gabh gu Allaid, a's léithe cùl,
Tha 'n cromadh a chùirn a mhiann,[a]

[a] "The circle of cairns is his delight," showing Allad to be a Druid.

I sit in grief. Her white breast rose with sighs. Her cheek was wet with tears. But I see her not coming to meet me to soothe my soul after war. Silent is the hall of my joy! I hear not the voice of the bard. Bran does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of Lamderg. Where is Gelchossa, my love; the mild daughter of the generous Tuathal?'

Lam-derg, I am in the shade of sorrow.
Her white bosom heaved a gentle sigh;
Her blooming cheek bedewed with tears.
I see her not (coming) to meet her hero;
To raise my soul above the strokes of war.
Too silent is the hall of music—
No voice of bard on hill or plain.
[And Bran himself is not, as wont,[5]
Shaking his chain beside the door.]
Where is Gel-chossa, my love—
The gentle daughter of mighty Tual?'

He asks Fergus where she is. He tells that she is hunting deer on Cromla.

"'Lam-derg,' said Fergus, son of Adan,
'Gel-chossa is on Cromla of storms;
She, and all the maidens of her choice,
In eager chase of the antlered deer.'

"'Fergus, no sound is heard by me
In wood, on hill, or plain of Lena;
No antlered one is in my sight,
Nor fleet-foot dogs of chase in Erin;
I see not Gel-chossa, my love,
Like the new moon when going down.
Go to Allad of greyest hair,
The circle of cairns is his delight,[a]

"'Lamderg!' says Ferchios, son of Aidon, 'Gelchossa moves stately on Cromla. She and the maids of the bow pursue the flying deer!' 'Ferchios!' replied the chief of Cromla, 'no noise meets the ear of Lamderg! No sound is in the woods of Lena: no deer fly in my sight; no panting dog pursues. I see not Gelchossa, my love, fair as the full moon setting on the hills. Go,

LUAN V.

A dh'fheuchainn an cual'an t-aosda
Air Gealachdis mu thaobh nan sliabh.'

'Chaidh Fearghus mac Aodhain air triall,
'Us labhair ri liath nan càrn.
''Chaoin Allaid, 'tha 'tunaidh air sliabh,
Ciod a chunnaic le d' aosd-shùil thall?'

''Chunnaic,' thuirt Allaid 'bha aosda,
'Carbh Ullin a dh'àom o Chairbre,
Tàinig o Chromla'an fhraoich,
Bla fonn 'g a mhùchadh 'n a gharbh-chliabh
Mar osaig 'an coillidh lom.
Tàinig e gu talla nan tùr.

'''A Làmh-dhearg, a's fuathas do dhaoine,
Thoir còmhrag a dh'Ullin, no do chliu,
Thusa 's làidir' de ghaisgich nach faoin."
[an àigh,
'''Cha-n 'eil Làmh-dhearg"—thuirt Gealachos
'Cha-n 'eil gaisgeach a 'bhlàir dha féin.[a]
Tha e 'bualadh Ulfada air tràigh,
S tha e, 'cheannaird nan sàr, 's a 'bheinn.
Riamh cha do ghéill mo rùn do thriath;
Bheir e carraid nan sgiath 'mhac Chairbre."

[a] The hero is not free; lit. *is not to himself—i.e.*, at his own disposal. The following line (317) has been changed by E. M'Lachlan from *Tha e 'bualadh Ulfada*—"He is smiting, or fighting, with Ulfadda"—to *Chuagair e*, &c.—"He has slaughtered Ulfadda."

Ferchios, go to Allad, the grey-haired son of the rock. His dwelling is in the circle of stones. He may know of the bright Gelchossa!'

"The son of Aidon went. He spoke to the ear of age. 'Allad! dweller of rocks: thou that tremblest alone! what saw thine eyes of age?' 'I saw,' answered Allad the old, 'Ullin the son of

'To find if the agèd has heard
Of Gel-chossa on the mountain-side.'

"Fergus, son of Adan, went,
And he spake to the hoary of cairns:
'Kind Allad, who dwellest on the hill,
What hast thou seen with thine agèd eye?'

Lam-derg, seeing no sign of chase on the hill, asks Fergus to inquire of Allad, an aged recluse living in a mountain-cave, whether he had seen her.

"'I saw,' said the agèd Allad,
'Great Ullin descended of Cairbar.
(He) came from Cromla of heather;
He smothered a song in his rough chest,
Like a blast in a leafless wood;—
He came to the hall of towers.

Allad replies that Ullin, the chief of Lego, had come to challenge Lam-derg to combat, and that

"'"Lam-derg, who art a terror unto men,
Give battle, or thy fame, to Ullin,
Thou strongest of strong heroes."

"'"Lam-derg is not"—said lovely Gel-chossa;
"The hero of battles is not free.[a]
He fights with Ulfadda on the shore:
He is not on the hill, thou leader of the brave.
Never to warrior yielded (he who is) my love;
To Cairbar's son he will give the battle of shields."

Gel-chossa had told him of Lam-derg's absence; pledging herself that he would on his return give battle to Ullin.

Cairbar. He came in darkness from Cromla. He hummed a surly song. like a blast in a leafless wood. He entered the hall of Tura. "Lamderg," he said, "most dreadful of men, fight, or yield to Ullin." "Lamderg," replied Gelchossa, "the son of battle is not here. He fights Ulfada, mighty chief. He is not here, thou first of men! But Lamderg never yields. He will fight the son of

DUAN V.

"'"'S taitneach do shnuagh 's tu féin,"
Thuirt Ullin 'bu treun gnìomh,
"'Nighean àillidh Thuathail nam beum,
Bheiream thairis gu Léig nan sliabh,
Talla Chairbre a's fial còrn.
Bi' dh Gealachos aig triath a's tréine.
Tri làithean bitheam féin air Chromla,
A' feitheamh ri Làmh-dhearg nam beum,
Gu'm faigheam o 'n treun an còmhrag;
An ceathramh bi' dh Gealachos dhomh féin,
Ma theicheas a triath o'n chòmh-stri."'

"'"'Allaid,' thuirt ceannard Chromla,
'Sìth do d' aisling 'an còs nan càrn!
'Fhearghuis, séid sa stoc a' chòmhraig;
Cluinneadh Ullin 'n a thalla thall
Mar stoirm ag éirigh air gleann.'

"Chaidh Làmh-dhearg ri beinn o Thùra;
Bha fonn gun tighin gu 'cheann
'G a mhùchadh gu teann fo 'ùrla.
Sheas e gu dorch' air an fhraoch
Mar nial, a chaochla 's a shnuagh,
Ri gaoith air cruaich nam beann.
Thilg e clach-shàmhla a' bhlàir,
Chual' Ullin mac Chairbre a fuaim,

Cairbar!" "Lovely art thou," said terrible Ullin, "daughter of the generous Tuathal. I carry thee to Cairbar's halls. The valiant shall have Gelchossa. Three days I remain at Cromla to wait that son of battle, Lamderg. On the fourth Gelchossa is mine, if the mighty Lamderg flies."'

"'Allad,' said the chief of Cromla, 'peace to thy dreams in the

Ullin, struck by her beauty, offers to take her to Lego, says that he will remain three days for Lam-derg, and that she must be given to the conqueror.

"'"Pleasant thine aspect, and thyself,"
Said Ullin of mighty deeds,
"Lovely daughter of warlike Tual.
I will bring thee over to Lego of hills—
The hall of Cairbar of the festive cups;
The strongest chief shall have Gel-chossa.
Three days shall I remain on Cromla,
Waiting for warlike Lam-derg,
Till I have combat from the brave one:
On the fourth Gel-chossa shall be mine,
If her hero flee from battle."'

"'Allad,' said the leader of Cromla,
'Peace to thy dream in the rocky cleft.
Fergus, wind the battle-horn;
Let Ullin hear it in his hall afar,
Like tempest rising in the glen.'

Lam-derg arrives, returns Ullin's challenge, who ascends the hill to engage him.

"Lam-derg clomb the hill from Tura;
A song which had not reached its close
He closely smothered in his chest;
He stood in darkness on the heath,
Like a cloud which changes its form
Beneath the wind on the peaks of Bens.
He flung the signal-stone of battle [6]—
Ullin, son of Cairbar, heard its sound;

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cave! Ferchios, sound the horn of Lamderg, that Ullin may hear in his halls.' Lamderg, like a roaring storm, ascended the hill from Tura. He hummed a surly song as he went, like the noise of a falling stream. He darkly stood upon the hill, like a cloud varying its form to the wind. He rolled a stone, the sign of war. Ullin heard in Cairbar's hall. The hero heard with joy his foe. He took

DUAN V.

Bha aoibhneas air anam an t-sàir,
Agus ghlac sleagh 'athar gu luath.
Bha fiamh gàir' air gruaidh 'bu donn
'N uair a ghlac an sonn a lann.
Chualas 'fhead, 's e 'siubhal nan tom,
Lann ealamh 'us lom 'n a làimh.
Chunnacas le Gealachos an triath,
'S e 'g éirigh air sliabh mar cheò;
Bhuail i gu mall a h-àrd chliabh,
'Bu ghile na sneachda nan tòrr,
'S i sàmhach fo dheòir mu Làmh-dhearg.

"'Chairbre aosd' nan slige fial,'
Thuirt ainnir 'bu chaoine làmh,
'Bi 'dh mo bhogha air Cromla nan sliabh';
Chi mi eilid 'tha ciar, 's a' chàrn.'
Ghrad-ghluais i 'n aghaidh na beinn',
Cha d' thàinig i féin ach mall.
Bha 'chòmh-stri thairis le beud.
C' uim an aithris an strì 'an dàn
Do rìgh Shelma 'chunnaic na cèud*
'Cur charraid nan treun le lann!
Thuit Ullin, a b'fhiadhaich snuagh,
Thàinig Làmh-dhearg gun tuar do 'n òigh,
Nighean Thuathail a b' iomadh buaidh,
Mòr-cheannard na cruaidh 's nan slògh.

* *a A chunnaic na ceud. Ceudan* is now invariably used in the nom. and accus. plural.

his father's spear. A smile brightens his dark-brown cheek as he places his sword by his side. The dagger glittered in his hand. He whistled as he went.

"Gelchossa saw the silent chief as a wreath of mist ascending the hill. She struck her white and heaving breast, and silent, tearful, feared for Lamderg. 'Cairbar, hoary chief of shells,' said the

Joy was in the soul of the brave,
And straightway he seized his father's spear:
A smile was on his dark-brown cheek,
When the hero grasped the brand.
Heard was his whistling as he trod the hills;
A ready sword unsheathed was in his hand.
By Gel-chossa the hero was seen,
As he clomb the hill like mist.
Slowly she smote her bosom high,
Whiter than snow of the knolls,
As silent she wept for Lam-derg.

" 'Cairbar old of festive shells,'
Said the maiden of smoothest hand,
'My bow shall be on hilly Cromla;
On the cairn I see a dark-brown hind.'
Straightway she clomb the mountain-face;
She came not till too late—
The combat was past with scath.
Why should I tell in song the fray
To Selma's king, who has seen hundreds
Fighting with the sword the fight of heroes?
Fell Ullin of aspect fierce;
Lam-derg, wan, approached the maid—
Daughter of Tual of many conquests,
Great leader of arms and of hosts.

Gel-chossa, seeing him, also climbs the hill; but too late to prevent the combat.

Ullin was slain. Lam-derg met her;

maid of the tender hand, 'I must bend the bow on Cromla. I see the dark-brown hinds.' She hasted up the hill. In vain! the gloomy heroes fought. Why should I tell to Selma's king, how wrathful heroes fight? Fierce Ullin fell. Young Lamderg came, all pale, to the daughter of generous Tuathal! 'What blood, my love,' she trembling said—'what blood runs down my warrior's

DUAN V.

a 'S i 'sealladh bàis. *Seall*, "look," is, in modern Gaelic, used as an intrans. verb, and the regular form of the pres. part. here before us is used only as a noun.

"'Tha fuil, a rùin,' 's i 'sealladh bàis,*
'Tha fuil air do thaobh, mo shàr.'
'Fuil Ullin a th' ann,' thuirt an laoch,
''Ainnir mar shneachda nan càrn.
'N so féin a Ghealachos mo rùin
Leig dhomhsa mo chùl air làr;
Dh'fhalbh m'anam, cha do chaill mi mo chliu.'
Chaidh Làmh-dhearg nan tùr gu bàs.

"'N do thuit thu 'an cadal trom,
A thriath Thùra nan tom garbh?'
Tri làì shuidh i air an lom;
Fhuair sealgair, an ceathramh, i marbh.
Thogadh an uaigh mu 'n triuir,
A rìgh Mhòrbheinn, 's an ùir so féin.
Bi 'dh Ròinne measg thriath fo chliu,
'S a shiubhal gu ciuin 's a' bheinn!"

"'An so féin bi 'dh Ròinne 'n a shuain,"
Thuirt Fionnghal gu ciuin mall,
"Thàinig guth a chliu gu m' chluais.
'Fhillein, 'Fhearghuis, thoir Orla nall,
An t-òigfhear gun tuar o Lòtha.
Gun choimeas cha luidh thu, a Ròinne,
Us Orla ri d' thaobh 's an uaigh.
Biodh deoir air òigh Mhòrbheinn an aonaich,

side?' 'It is Ullin's blood,' the chief replied; 'thou fairer than the snow! Gelchossa, let me rest here a little while.' The mighty Lamderg died! 'And sleepest thou so soon on earth, O chief of shady Tura?' Three days she mourned beside her love. The hunters found her cold. They raised this tomb above the three.

"'There is blood, my love,' as she looked (like) death,[a]
'There is blood on thy side, my brave one.'
'It is blood of Ullin,' said the hero,
'Maiden like snow on the peaks.'
Here, even here, Gel-chossa of my love,
Let me rest my back on the ground:
My soul is fled; I have not lost my fame.'
Passed Lam-derg of the towers to death.

[a] but being mortally wounded, dies in her presence.

"'Hast thou fallen in heavy sleep,
Lord of Tura of rugged hills?'
Three days she sat on the bare (ground);
On the fourth a hunter found her dead.
There was the tomb about her raised.
In this same spot, king of great mountains,
Ryno shall be with princes of renown,
And his path shall be peaceful on the Ben."

She sat beside his body for three days. On the fourth a hunter found her dead.

The bard tells Fingal that the green tomb before them contained her remains, as well as those of the heroes who had died for her.

"Here then let Ryno sleep,"
Calmly and slowly Fingal said;
"The voice of his renown has reached my ear.
Fillan, Fergus, bring over Orla,[7]
The youth from Lotha, who is pale.
Ryno, thou shalt not lie without a peer
When Orla is beside thee in the grave.
Be the maids of hilly Morven in tears,

Fingal is well pleased that Ryno should be buried there, and orders Orla to be laid in the same tomb.

Thy son, O king of Morven, may rest here with heroes!"
"And here my son shall rest," said Fingal. "The voice of their fame is in mine ears. Fillan and Fergus! bring hither Orla; the pale youth of the stream of Lota! Not unequalled shall Ryno lie in earth, when Orla is by his side. Weep, ye daughters of Morven!

DUAN V.

Fiamh bròin air òigh Lòtha nan stuadh.
Mar ghallan air leathad nam beann
Dh'fhàs laoich nach bu ghann 'am feum.
Thuit iad mar dharaig 'an gleann,
'N an luidhe thar sruth 's a' bheinn,
'S iad a' seacadh ri gaoith nan càrn.
'Oscair, a cheannaird nan òg-threun,
Chì thu féin mar thuit na daoine,
Bi thusa cho cliuthar 's a' bhlàr,
'S bi 'm moladh nam bàrd mar Ròinne.
B' fhuathasach do chruth 's a' bhlàr;
Bu shàmhach thu, 'Ròinne, 's an t-sìth.
Bha e mar bhogh' 'an drùchd tlàth,
'Chithear fada thall 's an fhrìth
'N uair luidheas a' ghrian air Mòra,
Agus sàmhchair air sgòrr an fhéidh.—
Luidh -sa, 's òige de mo mhic
Luidh thusa fo lic air magh Léna.
Tuitidh sinne, ge mòr 's ge glic:
Tha 'n làì do ghaisgich nam beuma."

Mar sin bha do bhròn, a rìgh nan lann,
'N uair a thaisgeadh fo chàrn Ròinne.
Cia meud a' bhròin 'tha air Oisian,
'Us thusa, 'thriath thoisich gun deò!

---

ye maids of the streamy Lota weep! Like a tree they grew on the hills. They have fallen like the oak of the desert when it lies across a stream, and withers in the wind. Oscar, chief of every youth! thou seest how they have fallen. Be thou like them, on earth renowned; like them the song of bards. Terrible were their forms in battle; but calm was Ryno in the days of peace. He was

And maidens of wave-(girt) Lotha be sad.
Like saplings on the mountain-slope
Grew the heroes who were strong in battle.
Fell they like oak-trees in the glen,
Which lie across a river on the hill,
And fade beneath the mountain-wind.
Oscar, thou leader of brave youths,
Thou seest how the heroes fell;
Be thou as renowned in battle,
And in the praise of bards, as Ryno.
Terrible thy bearing was in war;
Mild wast thou in peace, O Ryno!
Like the bow of soft warm dew was he,
Which is seen in the forest afar,
When sets the sun on Mora,
And silent is the scoor of deer.
Rest, thou youngest of my sons—
Rest beneath the gravestone on the plain of Lena!
We, though great and wise, shall fall;
Heroes in war have their (appointed) days."

He charges Oscar to emulate the fame of Ryno.

Such was thy grief, thou king of spears,
When Ryno was laid beneath the cairn.
How great is the grief of Ossian,
That thou, the foremost of the great, art gone!

Ossian, describing his father's grief for Ryno, speaks of his

like the bow of the shower seen far distant on the stream, when the sun is setting on Mora, when silence dwells on the hill of deer. Rest, youngest of my sons! rest, O Ryno! on Lena. We too shall be no more. Warriors one day must fall!"

Such was thy grief, thou king of swords, when Ryno lay on earth! What must the grief of Ossian be, for thou thyself art gone!

DUAN V.

Cha chluinn mi air Còna do ghuth,
Cha-n fhaicear do chruth le sùil dhall.
'S iomadh là agus oidhch' fhuar
A shuidheam aig d'uaigh fo 'n chàrn;
Dh'fhaireagham fo m' làimh i 's a' chruaich,
'S mi 'g ad mholadh le luaidh nam bàrd.
'N uair shaoilinn gu-n cluinnear do ghuth,
'S e 'th' ann osag dhubh na h-oidhch'.
'S fhada o 'n là 'thuit thu 'n ad shuain,
A shàr-cheannaird nan cruaidh-chòmhrag.

Shuidh Gall agus Oisian thall
Maille ri Suaran nan tonn,
Air bruaich Lùbair 'b' uaine snuagh.
Bhuail mi a' chlàrsach do 'n rìgh,
Bha 'mhala o 'n strì fo ghruaim.
Thionndaidh e 'dhearg-shùil air Léna;
Bha 'n gaisgeach fo bheud mu 'shluagh.

Thog mi mo shealladh air Cromla,
'Us chunnaic mi mòr-mhac Sheuma;
Dorcha, mall a dh'aom e 'thriall
O 'n t-sliabh gu còs Thùra 'n a aonar.
Chunnaic e fo bhuaidh an triath;
Bha bròn am measg 'aoibhneis 's an aonach.
Bha dearrsa na gréin' air 'airm;
Shiubhail Conall gun stoirm 'n a dhéigh.[a]

[a] In silence; lit. *without storm.*

I hear not thy distant voice on Cona; my eyes perceive thee not. Often forlorn and dark I sit at thy tomb, and feel it with my hands. When I think I hear thy voice, it is but the passing blast. Fingal has long since fallen asleep, the ruler of the war!

Then Gaul and Ossian sat with Swaran, on the soft green banks of Lubar. I touched the harp to please the king; but gloomy

DUAN V.

own deep and constant sorrow for his father;

tells how for days he sits on the hill by his tomb, touching it with his hands, as he can no longer see it.

I shall not hear thy voice on Cona;
Unseen thy form by the eye that is blind.
Many a day and chilly night
Have I sat by thy grave beneath the cairn.
I touch it with my hands upon the hill,
While I praise thee with the praise of bards.
When I think that thy voice is heard,
It is the sable blast of night.
Far distant is the day when thou didst fall asleep,
Redoubted leader in hardy battles!

He tells that he and Gaul sat with Swaran by the banks of Lubar.

At a distance sat Gaul and Ossian,
Along with Swaran of the waves,
On Lubar's banks of greenest hue.
I struck the harp to the king:
His brow was gloomy after strife.
He rolled his red eye over Lena;
For his people the hero grieved.

On looking up he sees Cuchullin withdrawing from the hill to his lonely cave.

I raised my eyes to Cromla,
And I saw the great son of Semo.
Dark and slow he bent his steps
From the hill to Tura's cave, alone.
He saw the king victorious;
With his joy grief mingled on the hill.
The sun was gleaming on his armour:
Moved Connal in silence behind him.[a]

Connal followed him.

[a] was his brow. He rolled his red eyes towards Lena: the hero mourned his host. I raised mine eyes to Cromla's brow; I saw the son of generous Semo. Sad and slow he retired from his hill towards the lonely cave of Tura. He saw Fingal victorious, and mixed his joy with grief. The sun is bright on his armour. Connal slowly strode behind. They sank behind the hill like two

DUAN V.

Thuit air cùl aonaich nan toirm,
Mar lasair an fhraoich 's a' bheinn,
'N uair shiùbhlas an fhallosg tro' 'n oidhch',
Gun soills' ach na bheir i fhéin,
'S a' ghaoth 'n a déigh 's i 'fuaim.

Air taobh sruth fo chobhar a' taomadh
Tha 'thalla 'n carraig nan còs,
'Us aon chraobh gu cròm ag aomadh,
'S an iar-ghaoth 'beucail gu mòr
Ri aghaidh nan scòrr 's nan càrn.
'An so shuidh àrd cheannard na h-Éirinn,
Mac Sheuma nan slige fial.
Bha 'smaointean air còmhrag nan cleas,[a]
Na deoir a' taomadh o 'ghruaidh.
Bha bròn air mu chall a mhèas—
Gaisgeach àrd mhisneach nam buadh.
A Bhràigh-gheal, tha thu fada thall;
Cha thog thu 's an àm an laoch;
Faiceadh e do thlàth-chruth mall,
'S thig 'anam a nall le fraoch;[b]
Bi 'dh 'smaointean air a chliù féin,
'S air Deò-gréine 'ghluais a rùn.

Co 'tha 'tighin le ciabh na h-aois?
Co, ach gaisgeach nach faoin dàn?

[a] Hard-fought fight; lit. *fight* or *battle of feats.*

[b] In might: *le fraoch*—lit. *with heather*—as formerly explained, signifying "wrath;" but here "*might!*" appears to be the preferable rendering.

pillars of the fire of night, when winds pursue them over the mountain, and the flaming heath resounds! Beside a stream of roaring foam, his cave is in a rock. One tree bends above it; the rushing winds echo against its sides. Here rests the chief of Erin, the son of generous Semo. His thoughts are on the battles he lost; the

They sank beneath the hill of sounds,
Like the blaze of heather on a Ben,
When the "moor-burning" travels through night
Without a light except its own,
And the wind pursues it with noise.

Beside a river running in foam,
His hall is in the rock of caves;
(Over it) slants one bent tree,
And the west wind loudly roars
Against the face of scoor and cairn.
There sat the high chief of Erin—
Son of Semo of generous shells.
His thoughts were of the hard-fought fight;[a]
Tears were streaming down his cheek—
He mourned the loss of his renown,
The dauntless hero of victories.
Bragēla, thou art far away;
Thou canst not cheer thy hero.
Let him see thy soft and graceful form,
And his soul will return in might;[b]
He will remember his own renown,
And the sunbeam who kindled his love."

Who cometh with the locks of age?
Who but the hero mighty in song?

DUAN V.

Their disappearance over the mountain-top is compared to the rushing of the flame of "moor-burning" over a ridge when driven by a strong wind.

A description of the cave of Cuchullin.

Ossian laments the absence of Bragēla, whose presence would cheer her husband.

Carul, Cuchullin's bard, is seen ap-

tear is on his cheek. He mourned the departure of his fame, that fled like the mist of Cona. O Bragela! thou art too far remote to cheer the soul of the hero. But let him see thy bright form in his mind, that his thoughts may return to the lonely sunbeam of his love!

Who comes with the locks of age? It is the son of songs. "Hail,

DUAN V.

"A Charuill o 'n àm a dh'aom,
Do ghuth cho caoin ri clàrsaich thall
'An talla Thùra nan corn fial.
D'fhocal taitneach mar an drùchd
'Thuiteas ciuin air raoin nan sliabh,
'N uair bhriseas a' ghrian o mhùig;
A Charuill o 'n àm a dh'fhalbh,
C' uim a thàinig a nall o mhac Sheuma?"

"'Oisein, a làmh threun nan lann,
Tha barrachd nan dàn dhuit féin,
'S fhad thu fo m' eòlas nach gann,[a]
Ard cheannaird 'an còmh -stri nan treun,
'S tric a bhuail a' chlàrsach do 'n òigh
Eimhir-àluinn 'bu mhòr beus;
'S tric a thog, le rùn an t-slòigh,
Do ghuth còrr measg fonn nan treun,
'An talla Bhrano nan slige fial.
Là a ghabh i anns an fhonn
Bàs Chormaic an t-òg-shàr,
Thog i le dòghruinn an sonn,
A dh'aom air an tom fo 'gràdh.
Bha 'gruaidh dhearg nighte le deoir,[b]
'S do ghruaidhs', a thriath mhòir nan triath;
Bha 'h-anam a' snàmh 'an ceò,
Ged nach b' annsa dhi òg nan ciabh;

[a] Lit. *long hast thou been under my unscant knowledge.*

[b] Bathed, &c.; lit. *washed with tears.*

Carril of other times! Thy voice is like the harp in the halls of Tura. Thy words are pleasant as the shower which falls on the sunny field. Carril of the times of old, why comest thou from the son of the generous Semo?"

"Ossian, king of swords," replied the bard, "thou best can raise the song. Long hast thou been known to Carril, thou ruler of war!

DUAN V.

reproaching Ossian, who welcomes him warmly.

"Carul, from the time that has declined,
Thy voice is sweet as the harp
In the hall of Tura of generous bowls.
Thy word is pleasant as the dew
Which falls in silence on the mountain-plains,
When breaks the sun through darkness.
Carul, from the time that is gone,
Why comest hither from the son of Semo?"

Carul, addressing Ossian, recalls a scene of their youth when they had both sung before Evir-allin, Ossian's wife, and when she also had sung the praises of Cormac, a youth who, though not loved by her, had died from love to her.

"Ossian of the strong sword-arm,
The palm of song belongs to thee alone.
Long and well hast thou been known to me,[a]
High chief in conflict of the brave;
Oft have I struck the harp to the maiden—
Evir-allin great in worth;
Oft hast thou raised, with the love of the people,
Thy matchless voice in the songs of the brave,
In the hall of Brano of the generous shells.
One day she told in song
The death of Cormac, the brave youth;
With grief she sang of the hero
Who fell on the hill for love of her.
Her rosy cheek was bathed in tears,[b]
And so was thine, great chief of chiefs;
Her soul was swimming in mist,
Though she loved not the youth of waving locks.

Often have I touched the harp to lovely Everallin. Thou too hast often joined my voice in Branno's hall of generous shells. And often, amidst our voices, was heard the mildest Everallin. One day she sang of Cormac's fall, the youth who died for her love. I saw the tears on her cheek, and on thine, thou chief of men! Her soul was touched for the unhappy, though she loved him not. How fair

DUAN V.

Bu ghlan 'am measg mhìlte 'n òigh,
Nighean Bhrano nàn còrn fial."

"Na labhair, a Charuill, mu Làmh-gheal;
Na tog cuimhne na h-àille dhomh féin.
Tuitidh m' anam fo bhròn mu m' annsa.
Bi 'dh mo shùilean 'an deoir, a thréin;
Tha mo rùn 's an ùir gun tuar,
Ainnir àille 'fhuair mo ghràdh.
Suidh thusa, 'bhàird, air a' chruaich,
'Us cluinneam r'a luaidh do dhàn,
Do dhàn mar aiteal an earraich,
'Dol thairis air sealgair 's a' chruaich,
'N àm dùsgadh o aisling 's a' bhealach,
'N uair chluinneas e aoibhneas nam fuath,
An ceòl fuar air thaobh nam beann."[a]

[a] "*Their* cold music," or "*the* cold music;" either rendering is strictly literal.

among a thousand maids was the daughter of generous Branno!"

"Bring not, Carril," I replied, "bring not her memory to my mind. My soul must melt at the remembrance. My eyes must have their tears. Pale in the earth is she, the softly-blushing fair

Bright among thousands was the maid,
Daughter of hospitable Brano."

"Speak not of the White-hand, Carul;
Recall not the brightness before me.
In grief my soul shall sink for my love,
My eyes shall be in tears, thou hero;
My dear one is pale in dust,
The goodly maid who won my love.
Sit thou, O bard! on the hill,
And let me hear thee sing thy lay—
Thy lay like the soft breeze of spring,
Passing over the hunter on the hill,
When he wakes from his dream in the pass of deer,
And hears the joying of ghosts—
Their cold music on the mountain-side."[a]

Ossian entreats him not to recall her mournful memory,

but to sit on the hill and sing one of his own lays.

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of my love! But sit thou on the heath, O bard! and let us hear thy voice. It is pleasant as the gale of spring that sighs on the hunter's ear, when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill!"

DUAN VI.

ARGUMENT.

"Night comes on, Fingal gives a feast to his army, at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin his bard to give the *song of peace*; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great-grandfather to Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a king of Lochlin, who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and permit him to return with the remains of his army into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure in songs of bards, and in a conversation in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes; Swaran departs. Fingal goes on a hunting party, and finding Cuthullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail the next day for Scotland, which concludes the poem."—M.

DUAN VI.

THUIT neòil na h-oidhch' air a' chuan,
Thionail an doirch' air cruàich Chromla;
Dh'éirich reultan 'boillsg' o thuath,
A' dealradh air stuadh na h-Éirinn:
Dh'fheuch iad an ciuin-theine thall
Tro' cheò 'ghluais mall thar nan speuran.
Bha gaoth a' béucail anns a' choill,
'S dorcha sàmhach raon a' bhàis.

Air sliabh neo-fhuaimear Léna
Dh'éirich ann am chluais guth Charuill;
Bha 'fhonn air càirdibh ar n-òige,
Na làithean a dh'aom o shean,
'N uair thachair sinn air Légo nan triath,
'S a chaidh an t-slige fhial mu 'n cuairt:
Fhreagair Cromla fuaim nan dàn,
Bha tannais na dh'fhalbh a 'snàmh air gaoith',
Dh'aom iad le h-aoibhneas gu mall,
Ri fonn molaidh dh'aom na laoich.

THE clouds of night come rolling down. Darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of Erin's waves: they show their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood. Silent and dark is the plain of death. Still on the dusky Lena arose in my ears the

DUAN VI.

The clouds of night came down on ocean ;
Gathered darkness round the top of Cromla ;
Rose brilliant stars from the north,
Shining on the waves of Erin :
They showed their mild fire afar,
Through mist which slowly moved across the skies.
The wind was moaning in the wood ;
Dark and still was the field of death.

Description of the night.

On the silent slope of Lena
Rose on my ear the voice of Carul.
His song was of the friends of our youth,
Of the great days which passed of old,
When we met on Lego of chiefs,
And the generous shell went round.
Cromla re-echoed the sound of the lays ;
The spirits of the dead were swimming on the wind :
Slowly they bent down in joy—
Bent the heroes to the song of praise.

Carul sings of the heroes whom he and Ossian had known in the days of their youth.

The spirits of the dead listen with joy.

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voice of Carril. He sang of the friends of our youth ; the days of former years : when we met on the banks of Lego ; when we sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla answered to his voice. The ghosts of those he sang came in their rustling winds. They were seen to bend with joy towards the sound of their praise !

DUAN VI.

Biodh d'anam 'an sòlas, a Charuill,
Measg osna charach 's a' bheinn.
C' uim nach tigeadh tu gu m' thalla,
'S mi 'caitheadh na h-oidhche leam féin ?
'S ceart gu-n tig mo chara' dìleas :
Cluinneam a mhìn-làmh air a' chlàrsaich
'S i sìnte air balla na fuaim ;
Bi 'dh 'n toirm 'am chluais gu mall.
C' uim nach labhair rium 'am bhròn ?
C' uin a chi mi mo mhòr chàirdean ?
Gabhaidh tu seachad 's an osaig,
Tha farum 'am dhosan liath ;
'Fhir-mholaidh nan triath, bi slàn.

Air taobh Mhòra nan iomadh cruach
Thachair tréith nam buadh àig fleagh,
Mìle darag a' lasadh mòr
'Us neart nan còrn a' dol mu 'n cuairt.
Bha aoibhneas air anam nan laoch,
'S rìgh Lochlin nam faobh fo bhròn ;
Bha 'dhearg-shùil air Léna 'n fhraoich,
'Us 'ardan nach b'fhaoin ro mhòr,
Chuimhnich gu-n d' thuit e 's a' bhlàr.

Bha 'n rìgh air sgéith 'athar àg aomadh,
A liath-chiabh air gaoith gu 'bairr [a]

a-Locks *all* in the wind ; lit. *locks in the wind to their points.*

Be thy soul blest, O Carril ! in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou wouldst come to my hall when I am alone by night ! And thou dost come, my friend. I hear often thy light hand on my harp, when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends ? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast ; the wind whistles through the grey hair of

DUAN VI.

Ossian mourns over the death of Caruł.

May thy soul be in gladness, Caruł,
In eddying breezes on the Ben.
Why comest thou not to my dwelling,
When all alone I pass the night?
Sure my faithful friend will come:
I hear his soft hand on the harp
Where it is stretched on the wall of sounds;
Slowly comes the murmur to my ear.
Why speak not to me in my sorrow?
When shall I see my mighty friends?
Thou passest by me in the breeze—
Its sound is through my hoary hair;
Thou giver of praise to heroes, fare thee well!

Fingal spreads the feast on the hill of Mora.

On Mora's side of many peaks
The conquering chiefs assembled to the feast:
A thousand oaks were flaming high,
And the strength of shells went round.
Joy was on the soul of the warriors,
But in grief was Lochlin's spoil-winning king;

Swaran continues downcast and wrathful.

His red eye turned to Lena of heath,
And his direful wrath was great—
He remembered his fall in battle.

Leaned the king on his father's shield;
His hoary locks, all in the wind,*

* Ossian!

Now, on the side of Mora, the heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind. The strength of the shells goes round. The souls of warriors brighten with joy. But the king of Lochlin is silent. Sorrow reddens in the eyes of his pride. He often turned toward Lena. He remembered that he fell. Fingal leaned on the shield of his fathers. His grey locks

DUAN VI.

Fo sholus na h-oidhche a' taomadh :
Chunnaic e Suaran fo bhròn,
'Us labhair gu fòil ri 'bhàird.

"Tog, Ullin, tog fonn na sìth ;
Sìoladh m' anam á strì nam blàr ;
Traoghadh o mo chluais am fuaim,
Trom fharum nan cruaidh aig sàir ;
Biodh ceud clàrsach thall 's an t-sliabh,
'Chur aoibhneis air triath nan tonn :
Cha-n fhag e gun sòlas a' bheinn ;
Cha d'fhalbh duine riamh uam féin fo bhròn.
'Shàr Oscair, tha dealan mo lainn'
An aghaidh naimhidean 'n àm a' chòmhraig,
'An sìth 'luidhe ri m' thaobh,
'N uair ghéilleas na laoich 's a' chòmh-strì."

"Bha Treunmor," thuirt beul nan dàn,
"De 'n linn a bha ann o shean ;
Bha 'astar air cuan gu tuath,
'S e coimeas ri stuadh 's an stòirm.
Àrd charraig 'an tìr nan ràmh,
Ciar choill agus càirn a' fuaim
Dh'éirich o'n cheò chiar air sàil,
'Us cheangail a shiuil o 'n chuan.[a]

[a] On the shore; lit. *from the ocean—i.e.* after coming off the sea.

slowly waved on the wind, and glittered to the beam of night. He saw the grief of Swaran, and spoke to the first of bards.

"Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace. O soothe my soul from war! Let mine ear forget in the sound the dismal noise of arms. Let a hundred harps be near to gladden the king of Lochlin. He must depart from us with joy. None ever went sad from Fingal.

Were streaming in the light of night:
He saw that Swaran was in sorrow,
And gently he spoke to his bards:

Fingal orders Ullin his bard to sing the song of praise,

"Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace;
Let my soul have rest from strife of war;
Let the noise ebb down from mine ear—
The loud din of the warriors' steel.
Let a hundred harps be struck on the hill,
To give joy to the chief of the waves:
Joyless he shall not leave the hill;
None ever went from me in sorrow.
Brave Oscar, the lightning of my sword
Is against the foe in time of conflict;
In peace it reposes by my side,
When warriors yield in battle."

and bids the harpers play in order to rouse Swaran from his grief.

Ullin tells the tale of Treunmor, great-grandfather to Fingal, who, when young, went to Lochlin,

"Treunmor," said the mouth of song,
"Was of the race which was of old.
He sped over ocean to the north,
Like to a billow in a storm.
A lofty cliff in the land of oars,
Dusky woods and sounding cairns,
Rose through the murky mist of the sea,
And he furled his sails on the shore.*

* Oscar! the lightning of my sword is against the strong in fight. Peaceful it lies by my side when warriors yield in war."

"Treunmor," said the mouth of songs, "lived in the days of other years. He bounded over the waves of the north, companion of the storm! The high rocks of the land of Lochlin, its groves of murmuring sounds, appeared to the hero through mist; he bound his

DUAN VI.

Lean Treunmor torc riabhach na beinne,
'Bha 'beucail air Gorm-mheall nan craobh;
'S iomadh laoch a dh'fhag e 'n a dheigh:
Do shleagh Thréunmhoir ghéill am faobh,
'S e 'tionndadh 'an spàirn a' bhàis.
Tri gaisgich, a chunnaic an gnìomh,
Dh'aithris mu thriath nan dàimh,
Dh'aithris iad gu-n d' sheas e thall
Mar làsair nach gann 's a' bheinn,
'An caoir-sholus nam mòr arm.
Thug rìgh Lochlin fleagh 'bu chòrr,
'S ghairm e gu cuirm an t-òg treun;
Tri làì 'an Gorm-mheall nan seòd
Bha ri farum nan còrn 's nan teud,
'S fhuair an triath a roghainn de chath.
Cha robh laoch 'an Lochlin nan long
Nach d' thug géill do 'n t-sàr-shonn Treunmor.
Chaidh slig' an aoibhneis mu 'n cuairt,
Measg falloisg 'us fuaim nan dàn,
'Bha 'moladh rìgh Mhòrbheinn nan stuadh,
A thàinig thar cuan a nall,
Sàr cheannard nan sàr laoch.

"'N uair ghlas an ceathramh madainn thall,
Chuir gaisgeach a ràmh 's an tonn;

white-bosomed sails. Trenmor pursued the boar that roared through the woods of Gormal. Many had fled from its presence, but it rolled in death on the spear of Trenmor. Three chiefs who beheld the deed, told of the mighty stranger. They told that he stood like a pillar of fire in the bright arms of his valour. The king of Lochlin prepared the feast. He called the blooming Trenmor.

Treunmor chased the tawny mountain-boar
Which bellowed on Gormal of trees;
Many a hero had he left behind:
To the spear of Treunmor yielded the spoil,
As he writhed in the struggle of death.
Three heroes who beheld the deed
Told of the leader of strangers—
Told that he stood afar,
Like a high flame on the Ben,
In the streaming light of (his) full armour.
The king of Lochlin spread a noble feast,
And to it called the valiant youth:
Three days in Gormal of heroes
Arose the sound of feast and song,
And the chief got his choice in combat.[1]
There was no hero in Lochlin of ships
Who yielded not to Treunmor, hero true.
The shell of joy went round
Amid the fire and sound of songs,[2]
Which praised the king of Morven of the waves,
Who came across the ocean—
True leader of heroes true.

"When the fourth morning greyed far off,
The hero put his oar into the wave;

where he slew a wild boar that had defied all other hunters.

The king of Lochlin, informed of this achievement, invited the stranger to a feast of three days' continuance.

During this time Treunmor defeated all the Lochlin champions who fought with him.

On the fourth day he took his departure.

Three days he feasted at Gormal's windy towers, and received his choice in the combat. The land of Lochlin had no hero that yielded not to Treunmor. The shell of joy went round with songs in praise of the king of Morven; he that came over the waves, the first of mighty men!

"Now when the fourth grey morn arose, the hero launched his ship.

DUAN VI.

Bha 'cheum sàmhach air tràigh nam faoch,[a]
'S e 'feitheamh na gaoith o thuath.
Chual e toirm gu fada thall
'Am meadhon nan gleann 's a' choill'.

"Thàinig òigfhear a nall o 'n chruaich,
'S e ceilte le cruaidh g' a cheann,
B' àill' a chiabh 's bu dearg a ghruaidh,
A chruth mar shneachd nam fuar-bheann.
Bu tlàth gorm-shùilean nan rosg mall,
'N uair labhair e ri rìgh nan lann.

"'Fuirich, a Threunmhoir, 's na falbh,
A churaidh 'tha garbh 'am measg dhaoine;
Cha do ghéill duit mac Lonbhail nan lann;
Bhuail a chlaidheamh na sàir 's cha-n fhaoin e,
Cumaidh gliocas na scoid o 'iuthaidh.'

"'A mhìn òigfhir nan ciabh bàn,'
Thuirt rìgh nan lann, 'cha bhuail mi
Mac fir mu nach d'éirich dàn,[b]
'S lag do gheal-làmh agus truagh i:
Imich, a dhearrsa na h-òige,
Grad-imich gu scòrr nan ruadhag.'

"'Ma dh'imicheas,' thuirt an t-òg,
'S ann le lann mhòr a th' aig Treunmor;

[a] *Tràigh nam faoch*, "shore of whelks," probably a misprint for *Tràigh nam faobh*, "shore of spoils."—*Vide* note 3.

[b] Unheard in song; lit. *round whom the song has not risen.*

He walked along the silent shore, and called for the rushing wind. For loud and distant he heard the blast murmuring behind the groves. Covered over with arms of steel, a son of the woody Gormal appeared. Red was his cheek and fair his hair; his skin like the snow of Morven. Mild rolled his blue and smiling eye when he spoke to the king of swords.

DUAN VI.

He walked in silence by the shore of *whelks*,[a3]
While he waited for a northern wind.
He heard a noise from distance far,
From the midst of a woody glen.

but was detained for some time on the shore by contrary winds.

"A youth came over from the hill;
He was hidden in steel to his head—
Lovely his locks and red his cheeks,
His skin like snow of mountains cold.
Mild was his blue slow-moving eye
As he spoke to the king of spears:

A very youthful and delicate-looking warrior came forward to challenge him to combat,

"'Stay, Treunmor, go not away,
Thou doughty champion among men;
The son of warlike Lonval yields not to thee,
His sword of might has stricken heroes;
Prudence keeps warriors from his arrow.'

"'Soft youth of the flaxen hair,'
Said the king of swords, 'I will not strike
A son of one unheard in song;'[b]
Weak is thy white hand and helpless:
Go, thou gleam of youth—
Go straightway to the peak of roes.'

which Treunmor declines, on account of the softness of the challenger, advising him to follow the hinds on the hill.

"'If I shall go,' said the youth—
'It shall be with the great spear of Treunmor;

"'Stay, Trenmor, stay, thou first of men; thou hast not conquered Lonval's son! My sword has often met the brave. The wise shun the strength of my bow.' 'Thou fair-haired youth,' Trenmor replied, 'I will not fight with Lonval's son. Thine arm is feeble, sunbeam of youth! Retire to Gormal's dark-brown hinds.' 'But I will retire,' replied the youth, 'with the sword of Trenmor, and

46725

DUAN VI.

Bi'dh aoibhneas air m' anam mu m' chliu ;
'Us cois'near leam rùn nan òigh,
'N uair thig iad le iadhadh an sùl.[a]
Mu 'n fhear 'chuir air chùl an righ mòr ;
Bi'dh osna an cléibhe mu m' ghràdh,
'N uair a chi iad do lann 's do shleagh.
Bi'dh mise measg mhìltean le m' àgh
Le urram a's àird' aig fleagh.'

"'Cha-n iomraich thu chaoidh mo lann,'
Thuirt Treunmor, 's e 'lasadh 'n a ghruaidh,
'Chi do mhàthair gun tuar thu air tràigh,
'S i 'faicinn gu mall thar an stuadh
Siuil a' ghaisgich a reub a mac.'

"'Cha togar leam féin an t-sleagh mhòr,'
Thuirt an t-òg 'bu chaoine snuagh,
'Cha làidir mo làmh ; ach is còrr
Leumas iuthaidh o m' òrdaig suas.
Le itich réidh o thaifeid chruaidh
Thuit seoid gun tuar fada thall.
Leig dhiot a' mhàile gu luath ;
Cha chum thu, ach cruaidh, o bhàs.
Cuiream féin mo mhàil' air réidh ;
Tarruing an teud, a righ Mhòrbheinn.'

[a] With their wistful eyes ; lit. *with the winding of their eyes—iadhadh*, an expression frequently occurring, and difficult to translate.

exult in the sound of my fame. The virgins shall gather with smiles around him who conquered mighty Trenmor. They shall sigh with the sighs of love, and admire the length of thy spear, when I shall carry it among thousands, when I lift the glittering point to the sun.'

"'Thou shalt never carry my spear,' said the angry king of Mor-

My soul shall rejoice in my fame,
And I shall win the love of maidens
When they come, with their wistful eyes,
Round him who vanquished the great king:
Their bosoms shall sigh for my love
When they see thy sword and thy spear.
By thousands I shall be admired,
And in highest honour at the feast.'

"'Never shalt thou bear away my spear,'
Said Treunmor, with flaming cheek;
'Thy mother shall behold thee wan on the
While she sees, slow-(moving) over the wa
The sails of him who slew her son.'

"'I will not lift the heavy spear,'
Said the youth of mildest look;
Not strong is my arm: but with rare skill
e arrow springs from my thumb on high.
smooth feather from bow-string tight
roes have fallen pale afar.
uickly doff thy coat of mail—
y steel alone saves thee from death.
Ged fhaicinn air sliabh fir làidir
De naimhdean fo mhìle sleagh.'

DU

The stranger says that, while he professes not to wield the spear, he has slain many heroes with arrow; Treunthrow en-

now
brea thy dart, thou king of Morven!' He saw the heaving of her
hall, st. It was the sister of the king. She had seen him in the
of Tr and loved his face of youth. The spear dropped from the hand
a bea nmor; he bent his red cheek to the ground. She was to him
the fie of light that meets the sons of the cave, when they revisit
ds of the sun, and bend their aching eyes!

LAN VI.

"Chunnaic e 'broilleach fo 'ciabh.
'S i piuthar an rìgh a bha ann.
Bha 'sùil 's an talla mu 'n triath,
'Us fhuaradh leis rùn nach gann.
Thuit an t-sleagh o làimh an rìgh,
'S bha 'shealladh gun chlì air an làr.
Bha ise mar dhearrsa o'n ear,
A thachras ri fear o 'n chòs,
'N uair dh'aomas e 'shealladh air lear,
'Tha 'boillsgeadh le solus gu mòr.

"'A rìgh Mhòrbheinn a's fuaimear tom,'
uirt òigh nan làmhan geal mar shneachd,
abh s' an iadhadh do luing'[a]
rùn hoirle 's fad' o bheachd.[b]
an mar thorrunn 's a' bhlàr
neabhàca nan treun sàr;
Tha 'rùn dhomh 'n a àrdan féin,
'S e 'togail mìle sleagh 's a' bhlàr.'

"'Gabh sìth,' thuirt Treunmor an triath
Gabh sìth fo mo sgéith, a làmh-gheal;
a teich, 's cha do theich mi riamh,
il down on the field:
y-string, king of great Bens.'

a The shelter of thy ship; lit, *the winding* or *enclosure*, &c.

b Shunned by me—Gael. *a' fad o bheachd* Macfarlan makes it "mea cura; and the expression w be much clear ten

ven. 'Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore, and look ing' over the dark-blue deep, see the sails of him that slew her so rong 'I will not lift the spear,' replied the youth, 'my arm is not st orce a with years. But with the feathered dart I have learned to pi nor is distant foe. Throw down that heavy mail of steel. Trem Throw covered from death. I first will lay my mail on earth

DUAN VI.

When the warlike disguise was removed, Treunmor recognised in his adversary Inibaca, the sister of the king of Lochlin,

"He saw her bosom beneath her locks—
The sister of the king it was.
In the hall her eye had looked on the chief,
And he was loved with boundless love.
Dropped the spear from the hand of the king;
Reft of strength, he looked upon the ground.
She was like brightness from the east,
Which meets one issuing from a cave,
As he turns his eye on the ocean,
When shining with a dazzling light.

who begs of him to take her into his ship, so that she might be freed from the suit of Corlè, a powerful but fierce chief, who sought her more in pride than in love.

"'King of Morven of resounding hills,'
Said the maiden of snow-white hands,
'Take me within the shelter of thy ship,'[a]
From the love of Corlè shunned by me.[b]
He is like thunder on the field
To Inibaca, (daughter) of the brave and great:
He seeks me in his haughty pride;
He lifts a thousand spears in war.'

He received her gladly, and remained for three days publicly challenging Corlè to battle, but in vain.

"'Rest in peace,' said Treunmor the chief—
'Rest in peace, White-hand, beneath my shield;
I will not flee, I never fled,
Though I saw stalwart men on the hill—
My foemen with a thousand spears.'

"'Chief of the windy Morven,' began the maid of the arms of snow, 'let me rest in thy bounding ship, far from the love of Corlo. For he, like the thunder of the desert, is terrible to Inibaca. He loves me in the gloom of pride. He shakes ten thousand spears!' 'Rest thou in peace,' said the mighty Trenmor; 'rest behind the shield of my fathers! I will not fly from the chief though he shakes

DUAN VI.

"Tri làithean dh'fhuirich an triath,
Le stoc caismeachd à b' àirde fuaim
A' gairm sàr Choirle gu blàr,
O charraig, 'us càthar, 'us cruach.
Cha d'thàinig sàr Choirle gu blàr;
Theiring Lochlin nan lann o 'thùr,
Thug do Threunmor òigh nan geal-làmh,
Sgaoil cuirm dha air tràigh as-ùr."

"A righ Lochlin," thuirt Fionnghal nam buadh,
"Tha d'fhuil a' ruith luath 'n am thaobh,
Bha ar sìnns're aig strì mu'n stuaidh,
An strì mu-m bi luaidh a chaoidh.[a]
Ach 's tric 'an talla nam fleagh
A chuir iad an còrn mu 'n cuairt.
Tog d' aghaidh o chòmh-stri nan sleagh,
'S biodh aoibhneas na clàrsaich 'ad chluais.
Mar stoirm mhòr air aghaidh cuain
Thaom thu do threunadas garbh;
Do ghuth mar ghuth mhìlte sluaigh,
'S e 'g éirigh air cruaich nam marbh.
Tog, am màireach, tog do shiuil,
'Dhearbh bhràthair mo rùin a bh'ann:
Mar dhearrsa na gréine as-ùr
Thig air m' anam a cliu 's an àm.

[a] The Soc. Edit. makes this line "an strì mu'n robh luaidh a chaoidh." E. M'Lachlan has *mu-m bi*; and the change is so obviously necessary, that I have no hesitation in following it.

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ten thousand spears!" Three days he waited on the shore. He sent his horn abroad. He called Corlo to battle from all his echoing hills. But Corlo came not to battle. The king of Lochlin descends from his hall. He feasted on the roaring shore. He gave the maid to Trenmor!"

"King of Lochlin," said Fingal, "thy blood flows in the veins of thy foe. Our fathers met in battle because they loved the strife

"For three days tarried the chief;
With signal-horn of loudest sound;
He summoned great Corlè to battle—
From rock, and moor, and height.
Great Corlè came not to battle.
Lochlin of spears came down from his tower,
Gave to Treunmor the maiden of white hands,
And anew spread the feast on the shore."

DUAN VI.

At length the king of Lochlin spreads another feast on the shore, and rejoices at his sister's marriage with Treunmor.

"King of Lochlin," glorious Fingal said,
"Thy blood runs freely in my veins.
Our fathers fought beside the wave
In conflict famed for evermore;[a]
But ofttimes in the hall of feasts
Did they send round the (drinking)-horn.
Lift thou thy face from the strife of spears,
And let joy of the harp sound in thine ear.
Like a great storm on face of ocean
Hast thou poured forth thy rugged strength;
Thy voice is as the voice of thousand men
When it rises on the mountain of the slain.
To-morrow do thou hoist thy sails,
True brother of my love that was;
Like the shining of the sun anew,
Her praise shall then come o'er my soul.

Fingal, when this tale was ended, addresses Swaran, reminding him that, by this connection between their ancestors, the same blood flowed in their veins, and that, though their fathers had often fought in war, they had as often feasted together in peace. Then, addressing him as the brother of Agandecca his first love, he tells him to sail for his own land,

of spears. But often did they feast in the hall, and send round the joy of the shell. Let thy face brighten with gladness, and thine ear delight in the harp. Dreadful as the storm of thine ocean, thou hast poured thy valour forth; thy voice has been like the voice of thousands when they engage in war. Raise to-morrow, raise thy white sails to the wind, thou brother of Agandecca! Bright as the beam of noon she comes on my mournful soul. I have

DUAN VI.

Chunnaic mi do dheoir mu'n làimh ghil,
'N uair a dh'éirich air Starno mo lann :
Chum mi gun dòghruinn 's an àm thu
'Us m' osna mu òigh an uchd bhàin.
Ma 's e do roghainn an còmhrag,
A' chòmh -stri 'thug Lochlin do Threunmor,
Gu 'n till thu gu d' thìr le mòrchuis,
Mar luidheas a' ghrian fo'n bheinn."

"A rìgh sìnns're nam mòr bheann,"
Thuirt triath Lochlin a's àrd fuaim,
"Cha téid Suaran 'an còmh -stri ri d' lann,
A cheann mhìlte 'fhuair a' bhuaidh ;
Chunnacas thu 's an talamh thall ;
Cha bu lìonmhor na lài orm féin :
'S e 'thubhairt ri m' anam 's an àm,
C' uin a thogainn an lann co treun
Ri Fionnghal nam beum uasal ?[a]
Chuir sinn an còmhrag, a shàir,
Air taobh Mheallmhoir nan càrn ciar,
'N uair 'thug an stuadh mo shleagh a nall
Gu talla àrd nan sligean fial,
Anns am faigheadh na tréith am fleagh.
Cuireadh bàird na bhuadhaich thall
Gu àm a tha mall a' gluasad.
'An còmh -stri Mheallmhoir nan curaidh

[a] "Noble blows" is not a very appropriate expression ; but *uasal* will scarcely bear any other rendering than "noble."

seen thy tears for the fair one. I spared thee in the halls of Starno, when my sword was red with slaughter, when my eye was full of tears for the maid. Or dost thou choose the fight ? The combat which thy fathers gave to Trenmor is thine, that thou mayest depart renowned like the sun setting in the west !"

"King of the race of Morven," said the chief of resounding Lochlin, "never will Swaran fight with thee, first of a thousand

I saw thy tears for the White-hand
When my sword was raised against Starno:
I then defended thee from harm,
When I sighed for the white-bosomed maid.
Or if thou prefer the combat,
(Take), as Lochlin gave to Treunmor,
That to thy land thou mayest return in pride,
As sets the sun beneath the Ben."

but offers to renew the combat if Swaran wishes it.

"King of the race of the great mountains,"
Said the prince of high-sounding Lochlin,
"Swaran will not meet thy sword,
Thou head of conquering thousands.
Thou wast seen in the land beyond,
When my days were few in number.
I said to my soul at the time,
When shall I raise the sword with power,
Like Fingal of the noble blows?[a]
We fought the fight, thou hero,
On the side of Melmor of dark-brown cairns,
When the wave brought over my spear
To the lofty hall of joyous shells,
Where the feast is spread for the brave.
Let conquerors be handed down by bards
To time which slowly moves.
The conflict of Melmor of the brave

Swaran praises him highly for his prowess and generosity; recalls the time when in his boyhood he had seen Fingal in Lochlin, and when his highest aspirations were to equal him in fame.

He acknowledges that he was thoroughly defeated in the late battle; declines the combat;

heroes! I have seen thee in the halls of Starno: few were thy years beyond my own. When shall I, I said to my soul, lift the spear like the noble Fingal? We have fought heretofore, O warrior, on the side of the shaggy Malmor, after my waves had carried me to thy halls, and the feast of a thousand shells was spread! Let the bards send his name who overcame to future years, for noble was the strife of Malmor! But many of the ships of Lochlin have

DUAN VI.

Sàr-chliu nach robh gann a chualadh.
'S iomadh long o thìr nam mòr choill'
A chaill an sàr òigfhir air Léna.
Gabhs' iad, a rìgh nam mòr bheann,
'S bi 'n ad chara' do nàmhaid Éirinn.
'N uair thig gu Gorm-mheall do chlann,
Bi 'dh fleagh nach gann 'us cuirm 'n an còir,
'S bi 'dh dhoibh an roghainn 's a' ghleann
'An còmh-stri nan lann ri seoid."

"Cha ghabhar leam," thuirt an rìgh,
"Do luingeas, no tìr nan càrn;[a]
Fòghnaidh dhomh fàsach nam frìth
Le féidh, le coille, 's le glinn.
Tog-sa do shiuil thar an stuadh,
Char' uasail mo luaidh a bh' ann;
Tog do shiuil bhàn' air a' chuan,
'N uair dh' éireas soills' air cruaich nam beann,
Air d' ais gu Gorm-mheall nam fuaim."

"Sìth do d' anam, a rìgh nan còrn,"
Thuirt Suaran nan donn sgiath,
"'An sìth 's tu aiteal an earraich,'
'An còmhrag 's tu carragh 's an stoirm:
Glacsa mo làmh 'an càirdeas,
A rìgh nan lann o Shelma fhuair,

[a] Line 218 should probably be "Do luingeas *o thir* nan càrn"—"Thy ships *from* the land of cairns." "The land" was not offered to Fingal.

lost their youths on Lena. Take these, thou king of Morven, and be the friend of Swaran! When thy sons shall come to Gormal, the feast of shells shall be spread, and the combat offered on the vale."

"Nor ship," replied the king, "shall Fingal take, nor land of many hills. The desert is enough to me, with all its deer and

DUAN VI.

Shall be heard (as one) of true and great renown.
Many ships from the land of lofty woods
Have lost their brave youth on Lena:
Take thou these, king of great mountains,
And be a friend to the foe of Erin.
When thy sons shall come to Gormal,
Theirs shall be plenteous feast and cheer;[4]
And their choice they shall have in the glen,
In the conflict of spears with heroes."

asks him to accept of the ships which had lost their crews in the war; and promises that, when his sons shall visit Lochlin, they shall be received with all friendship and honour.

"I will not take," said the king,
"Thy ships, or the land of cairns:[a]
The grassy wilderness suffices me—
With deer, and wood, and glens.
Spread thy sails above the waves,
Thou noble friend of my love who was—
Spread thy white sails on the ocean
When light arises on the mountain-peaks,
And return to Gormal of sounds."

Fingal refuses to receive the ships, and again gives him the fullest liberty.

"Peace to thy soul, thou king of feasts,"
Said Swaran of dark-brown shields;
"In peace thou art the breath of spring,
In war a rocky pillar in the storm;
In friendship do thou grasp my hand,
Thou king of spears from Selma cold,

Swaran offers the highest praise to Fingal; begs of him to "raise the tomb" over the fallen warriors of Lochlin, saying that thus

woods. Rise on thy waves again, thou noble friend of Agandecca! Spread thy white sails to the beam of the morning, return to the echoing hills of Gormal." "Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells," said Swaran of the dark-brown shield. "In peace thou art the gale of spring; in war the mountain-storm. Take now my hand in friendship, king of echoing Selma! Let thy bards mourn those

DUAN VI.

Agus thugadh do bhàird chòrr
Do bhròn na mairbh air a' chluain ;
Cuireadh Éirinn fo ùir mo shlòigh :
Tog clachan an cliu àir cruaich.
Chi muinntir nam marbh o thuath
A chluain 's an d' chuireadh an cath.
Their sealgair 's e 'teurnadh o 'n bheinn,
'N uair dh' aomas e féin air uaigh :
'N so Fionnghal 'us Suaran, na tréin
'Chuir còmhrag nan ceud air sluagh.
Mar so their sealgair 'tha faoin ;
Ach mairidh a chaoidh ar cliu."

"An diugh féin is mò ar cliu,"
Thuirt Fionnghal, "a rìgh nan tonn ;
Théid sinne, mar aisling air chùl,[a]
Gun luaidh oirnn air raoin nan sonn ;
Cha-n aithnich sealgair ar n-uaigh,
Cha bhi ainm dhuinn 'am fuaim nam fonn.
Cha-n fheum dhuinn a bhi fo luaidh,
Sinn gun neart, gun tuar fo 'n tom.
'Oisein, 'Charuill, 'Ullin chàoin,
Do-m bheil gaisgich a dh' aom 's a dh'fhalbh,
Togaibh fonn air làithean nach b' fhaoin,
Air aimsir nan laoch 'tha marbh.

[a] Vanish ; lit. *go behind.*

who fell. Let Erin give the sons of Lochlin to earth. Raise high the mossy stones of their fame ; that the children of the north hereafter may behold the place where their fathers fought. The hunter may say, when he leans on a mossy tomb, here Fingal and Swaran fought, the heroes of other years. Thus hereafter shall he say, and our fame shall last for ever !"

DUAN VI.

the place where Fingal and Swaran fought would be commemorated, and that their renown would endure for ever.

And let thine unrivalled bards bequeath
To grief the dead upon the field.
Let Erin lay in dust my hosts;
Raise on heights the stones of their renown.
The northern offspring of the slain shall see
The field where the battle was fought;
The hunter coming from the Ben shall say,
When he reclines against a tomb,
'Here brave Fingal and brave Swaran
Fought a fight with their hundred bands.'
Thus shall the hunter careless speak;
But our renown shall last for aye."

Fingal answers that their renown was then at the highest, that they would through time be entirely forgotten, and that remembrance among the living would not benefit them when lying cold in the tomb. Meantime he orders the principal bards to banish the night with song.

"This very day our fame is at its height,"
Said Fingal, "thou king of the waves;
We shall vanish as a dream,[a]
And be unsung on the field of heroes:
The hunter will not know our grave,
Nor shall our name be in the sound of songs.
It will not profit us to be in song,[5]
When we are weak and pale beneath the mound.
Ossian, Carul, and Ullin mild,
Who know the warriors gone of old,
Raise a song of the noble days,
The time of heroes who are dead.

"Swaran," said the king of hills, "to-day our fame is greatest. We shall pass away like a dream. No sound will remain in our fields of war. Our tombs will be lost in the heath. The hunter shall not know the place of our rest. Our names may be heard in song. What avails it when our strength hath ceased? O Ossian, Carril, and Ullin! you know of heroes that are no more. Give us

DUAN VI.

Cuiribh thairis an oidhche le fuaim,
'S thigeadh madainn gu luath le aoibhneas."

Thog sinn ar guth do'n dà rìgh,
Ceud clàrsach a' strì 's an fhuaim.
Shoillsich aghaidh Shuarain thall,
Mar ghealach làn anns an speur,
'N uair dh'fhàgas na neoil i shuas
Sàmhach leathann 'am meadhon oidhch'.

"Cuchullin," thuirt Carull aosda,
"Tha Cuchullin 'an còs Thùra,
Tha 'làmh air claidheamh a neirt,
A smaointean air feachd a chaill e;
Tha rìgh nan sleagh brònach 's a' bheinn
Gu so bu treun e 's a' chòmhrag.
Chuir e 'lann gu sìth ri d' thaobh,
Thusa mar aomadh nan stoirm,
A sgaoil fo ruaig a naimhdean.
Gabhsa, 'Fhionnghail, lann an laoich;
Tha 'chliusan cho faoin ri ceò,
'N uair théid 'n a shiubhal ro' ghaoith,
'S a dh'fhàgas e 'n raon gun scleò."

"Cha ghabh," 's e 'fhreagair an rìgh,

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the song of other years. Let the night pass away on the sound, and morning return with joy."

We gave the song to the kings. An hundred harps mixed their sound with our voice. The face of Swaran brightened like the full moon of heaven, when the clouds vanish away, and leave her calm and broad in the midst of the sky!

"Where, Carril," said the great Fingal, "Carril of other times, —where is the son of Semo, the king of the isle of mist? Has he

DUAN VI.

Pass ye the night in sound (of song),
And let morning quickly come in gladness."

We raised our voice for the two kings,
A hundred harps in rivalry of sound.
Brightened the countenance of Swaran,
Like to a full moon in the sky,
When the clouds on high have left her
Silent and broad in the midst of night.

A hundred harps were struck, and Swaran was roused from his grief.

"Cuchullin," said aged Carul—
"Cuchullin is in the cave of Tura,
His hand on the sword of his strength,
His thoughts on the host which he has lost:
The king of spears is mournful on the hill;
Till now he was strong in combat.
He sends his sword to rest on thy side—
To thee who, like the swooping of the storm,
Hast scattered his enemies in rout.
Take thou, Fingal, the sword of the hero;
His renown is light as mist,
Which scuds before the wind,
And leaves the plain without a shadow."

Carul, Cuchullin's bard, reminds them that his master is in gloom in the cave of Tura, and offers Fingal his sword, with which he had been sent to the conqueror.

"I will not take," replied the king,

retired like the meteor of death to the dreary cave of Tura?" "Cuthullin," said Carril of other times, "lies in the dreary cave of Tura. His hand is on the sword of his strength; his thoughts on the battles he lost. Mournful is the king of spears, till now unconquered in war. He sends his sword to rest on the side of Fingal: for, like the storm of the desert, thou hast scattered all his foes. Take, O Fingal! the sword of the hero. His fame is departed like mist, when it flies before the rustling wind along the brightening vale."

DUAN VI.

"Cha ghabh Fionnghal 'an sìth a lann,
Tha 'n curaidh gu neartmhor 's an strì,
'S tha 'chliu co chlì r'a làimh.[a]
'S lionmhor iad a ghéill 'an còmhrag,
Do-n d' éirich á còmh-stri an cliu.
'Shuarain, a rìgh tìr nam mòr choill,
Cuir thusa do dhòghruinn air chùl,
Tha iadsan cliùthar a ghéilleas,
Ma bhios iad treun 'an aghaidh nàmhaid,
Mar ghréin fo nial anns an speur,
'N uair cheileas i 'féin 's an t-sàmhradh
Gu sealladh air maol an fhéir.[b]

"Bha Grùmal 'n a thriath 'an Còna
Dh' iarr còmhrag air iomadh tràigh:
Bha aoibhneas d'a anam 's an stoirm,
D'a chluais ann an toirm nan arm:
Thaom e 'ghaisgich air àirde Chràca.
Bha rìgh Chràca o choill' r'a lann,
'An crom Bhrùmo nam mòr thom,
Bha 'n sonn 'an cainnt ri cloich nam fuath.
B'fhuathasach còmhrag nan laoch
Mu 'n òigh chaoin 's a taobh mar shneachd.
Chualas mu ainnir nam buadh
Le Grùmal ruadh air uisge Chòna;

[a] Here *cli*, of so many meanings, evidently signifies "strong."

[b] Lines 288-9. If the sun were to look with unveiled face on the "grassy knolls" they would be speedily scorched. To impart verdure to them, and to have the pleasure of gazing on their beauty, he veils or hides himself—an exquisite conception. There is no word of looking "again," as Macpherson has it.

"No," replied the king, "Fingal shall never take his sword. His arm is mighty in war; his fame shall never fail. Many have been overcome in battle, whose renown arose from their fall. O Swaran, king of resounding woods, give all thy grief away! The vanquished, if brave, are renowned. They are like the sun in a cloud when he hides his face in the south, but looks again on the hills of grass!

DUAN VI.

Fingal refuses to take it, saying that Cuchullin is as worthy as ever to wield it; and declares that defeat after a brave resistance implies no loss of renown.

"Fingal will not take his sword in peace—
The hero is mighty in combat,
His fame as strong as is his hand.[a]
Many are they who failed in combat,
To whom renown from war returned.
Swaran, king of the land of the great woods,
Lay thou thy grief aside;
Those who yield are still renowned,
If they be brave against the foe—
(They are) like the sun when clouded in the sky,
As he veils himself in summer,
That he may look on the grassy knolls.[b]

To show this, he tells the story of Grumal, a prince in Cona, who sought combat on many shores. He visited Craca, and was opposed by the king of that island, who defeated him, and imprisoned him in the "circle of Brumo," where there was a "spectre-stone" haunted by the spirits of the dead.

"Grumal was a prince in Cona;
Combat he sought on many shores:
Joy came to his soul in storm,
To his ear in the crashing of arms:
He poured his warriors on the height of Craca.
From the wood the king of Craca met his sword,
In Brumo's circle of great mounds,
The hero spoke to the stone of spectres.
Terrible was the battle of the heroes
For the gentle maid of snow-white side.
The matchless maiden had been heard of
By red-haired Grumal on the stream of Cona;

"Grumal was a chief of Cona. He fought the battle on every coast. His soul rejoiced in blood; his ear in the din of arms. He poured his warriors on Craca; Craca's king met him from his grove; for then, within the circle of Brumo, he spoke to the stone of power. Fierce was the battle of the heroes for the maid of the breast of snow. The fame of the daughter of Craca had reached Grumal at

DUAN VI.

Bhiodh aige làmh-gheal nan stuadh,
No e féin 'bhi fuar 's a' chòmhrag.
Tri là a bha spàirn nan laoch;
'An ceathramh chaidh Grùmal fo iall.
Chuir es' e gun chàirdean r'a thaobh
'N cròm Bhrùmo mu-n d' aom an sliabh.[a]
'An sin bha tannais nam marbh,
Le 'n guthan garbh mu chloich nam fuath;
Ach shoillsich an triath 'n a dhéigh,
Mar theine nan speur as-ùr:[b]
Thuit nàmhaid le 'làimh 'bu treun;
Fhuair Grùmal e féin 's a chliu.

"Togaibh, a bhàird o àm a dh'fhalbh,"
Thuirt garbh neart righ na Mòrbheinn,
"Togaibh moladh laoch 'tha marbh;
Cuiribh ard-Shuaran o 'dhòghruinn."

Luidh na gaisgich anns an fhraoch,
Bha 'ghaoth chiar 'an ciabh nan laoch;
Dh' éirich ceud guth binn 's an raon
Ceud clàrsach nach b'fhaoin air chòmhla;
Bha 'n dàn air an àm a dh' aom,
Triatha mòr nach bu bhaoth 's a' chòmh-stri.

C' uin a chluinnear leam am bàrd?

[a] Brumo's circle of beetling cliffs; lit. *round which leaned the mountain.*

[b] Like the fire of the sky *renewed—as-ùr*, "anew." *De novo* is very frequently applied to the heavenly bodies, and specially to the moon: "renewed" is not quite its equivalent, but I cannot find a better term. The idea seems to be that the heavenly lights shine night after night with undiminished lustre.

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the streams of Cona, he vowed to have the white-bosomed maid, or die on echoing Craca. Three days they strove together, and Grumal on the fourth was bound. Far from his friends they placed him in the horrid circle of Brumo, where often, they said, the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of their fear. But he afterwards shone like a pillar of the light of heaven. They fell by his mighty hand. Grumal had all his fame!

'He must have the White-hand of the waves,
Or else fall cold in battle.
For three days the warriors fought;
On the fourth went Grumal under thong.
He was placed without a friend beside him
In Brumo's circle of beetling cliffs."
There were the spirits of the dead,
With their harsh voices round the spectre-stone.
Yet afterwards the chief shone bright,
Like the fire of the sky renewed: [b]
Foemen fell by his mightful arm;
Grumal regained himself and his renown.

He was released, however, from this dungeon of horrors, and soon afterwards "shone bright," regaining all his former renown.

"Raise, ye bards of the times that are gone,"
Said the great strength of the king of Morven—
"Raise the praise of warriors dead;
Raise high Swaran from his grief."

The bards again raise the song, and

The warriors lay upon the heather;
The dusky wind was through their hair;
Rose a hundred tuneful voices on the hill,
A hundred tuneful harps together;
The song was of time which had gone,
Of heroes great, not slack in combat.

(But) when shall the bard be heard by me?

"Raise, ye bards of other times," continued the great Fingal, "raise high the praise of heroes, that my soul may settle on their fame, that the mind of Swaran may cease to be sad." They lay in the heath of Mora. The dark winds rustled over the chiefs. A hundred voices at once arose; a hundred harps were strung. They sang of other times; the mighty chiefs of former years! When now shall I hear the bard? when rejoice at the fame of my

DUAN VI.

C'uin a bhios aoibhneas a' snàmh mu'n cuairt?
Tha clàrsach gun teud 'am Mòrbheinn,
Cha-n eil guth, no ceòl 'an Còna;
Thuit araon an triath 's am bàrd,
Cha-n 'eil cliu 's an àird na 's mò.

Chrith madainn le dearrsa o 'n ear
Air lear agus leathad Chromla.
Chualas stoc Shuarain air Léna.
'Tional 'an Éirinn a shluaigh.
Sàmhach 'us brònach an sluagh,
'N uair dh'éirich iad suas fo 'n siuil;
Bha osag gheur 'an déigh nan long,
Siuil bhàn' air tonn mar cheò o Mhòrbheinn.

"Gairm," thuirt Fionnghal, "gairm gu seilg
Coin chaol nach mairg a chaitheadh càthair,
Gairmibh Bran, a's gile cliabh,
Gairmibh Neart, 'us Ciar, 'us Luath,[a]
'Fhillein, a Rònne—tha 's an uaigh,[b]
Tha mo mhac 'an suain a' bhàis!
'Fhillein, 'Fhearghuis, séidibh stoc,
Éireadh aoibhneas air cnoc 'us càrn,
Brisgeadh fiadh air Cromla shuas,
'S aig loch nan ruadhag—an àros."

Chaidh am fuaim geur tro' choille thall;

[a] Neart and Ciar and Lu-a signify "strength," "dark-brown" or "dusky," and "swift." Bran may mean "a noisy mountain-torrent." All these names are still given to stag-hounds.

[b] Ryno—he is in the grave. Dr Blair truly observes that this unexpected start of anguish in the father is worthy of the highest tragic poets: Othello's exclamation, "My wife! what wife?—I have no wife!" and Virgil's Æn., I. v. 139, "Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus," are quoted as parallels.

fathers? The harp is not strung on Morven. The voice of music ascends not on Cona. Dead with the mighty is the bard. Fame is in the desert no more.

Morning trembles with the beam of the east; it glimmers on Cromla's side. Over Lena is heard the horn of Swaran. The sons of the ocean gather around. Silent and sad they rise on the wave. The blast of Erin is behind their sails. White as the mist of Mor-

DUAN VI.

When shall gladness swim around (me)?
The harp is unstrung in Morven—
Nor voice nor music is in Cona:
Chief and bard have fallen as one;
In the high place praise is (heard) no more.

Ossian, recalling these joyous scenes, mourns over the silence and desolation which then dwelt in Morven and in Cona.

Brightly from east the morning flickered
On the sea, and on the slope of Cromla.
Heard was Swaran's horn on Lena
Assembling his people in Erin.
Silent and sad (were) the people,
As they rose (on sea) under sail;
A sharp breeze pursued the ships; [Beus.
Their white sails on the wave like mist of the great

With the morning light Swaran sets sail for his native land.

"Call," said Fingal—"call to the chase,
Dogs slim and choice in travelling the moor:
Call Bran of the whitest chest;
Call Neart and Kiar and Lu-a;[a]
Fillan, Ryno—he is in the grave,[b]
My son is in the sleep of death!
Fillan and Fergus, blow the horn;
Let joy arise on hill and cairn,
Let deer start up in Cromla,
And by the lake of roes—their home."

Fingal calls his friends and followers to the chase on the mountains around them.

The shrill sound rang throughout the wood;

ven they float along the sea. "Call," said Fingal, "call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase. Call white-breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath—Fillan and Ryno; but he is not here! My son rests on the bed of death. Fillan and Fergus! blow the horn, that the joy of the chase may arise; that the deer of Cromla may hear, and start at the lake of roes."

The shrill sound spreads along the wood. The sons of heathy

DUAN VI.

Dh'éirich buidheann mhall air Cromla.
Chaidh mìle cù air falbh 's an fhraoch,
Thuit fiadh air a thiaobh ro' gach cù.
Thuit a tri le Bran air aon,
Agus dh' aom e 'n triuir gu Fionn[a]
A thogail mòr shòlais do 'n rìgh.
Thuit aon de 'n triuir aig uaigh Ròinne;
Bha ceannard nan daoine fo cheò:
Chunnaic e gur sàmhach thall
Clach fir nach robh mall 's an t-seilg.
"Cha-n éirich thus' a rìs, mo mhàc,
Aig fleagh no feachd air ciar-leac Chromla;
'S ealamh a théid d'uaigh o bheachd,
'Us feur a' seacadh mu 'n cuairt d'i.
Bi'dh sìol na laigse 'siubhal sìos
Cha-n fhaic 's cha-n iarr iad mu d' uaigh.

'Oisein, 'us 'Fhillein, mic mo neirt,
A Ghoill nam feachd a's guirme cruaidh,
Éiribh air aghaidh nan sliabh,
Faigheam an triath 'tha 'n còs Thùra,
Faigheam triath Éirinn nan ruaig.[b]
'N e balla Thùra 'chi mi shuas?
'N a aonar 'us liath air an t-sliabh
Tha triath nan sligean fial fo bhròn;
Tha talla nan còrn gun fhuaim:

[a] *Triuir*, here applied to deer, is, in modern usage, applied only to persons.

[b] Conquering Erin; lit. *Erin of pursuits* or *routs*—*i. e.* which often routed her enemies.

Cromla arise. A thousand dogs fly off at once, grey-bounding through the heath. A deer fell by every dog; three by the white-breasted Bran. He brought them in their flight to Fingal, that the joy of the king might be great! One deer fell at the tomb of Ryno. The grief of Fingal returned. He saw how peaceful lay the stone of him who was the first at the chase! "No more shalt thou rise, O my son, to partake of the feast of Cromla. Soon will thy tomb

DUAN VI.

Slowly started a herd on Cromla.
A thousand dogs sprang over the heath;
A deer fell down to every dog:
Fell three to Bran alone;
And towards Fionn he turned the three,[a]
To give great joy to the king.
Fell one of the three by the grave of Ryno;
The leader of men was in grief:
He saw that silent before him
Was the tomb of him who was fleet in the chase.
"Thou shalt not rise again, my son,
To feast or fray on Cromla's dark-brown slope;
Soon shall thy grave be unknown,
And the grass shall wither around it.
The sons of weakness will pass on,
They will not see or seek thy grave.

"Ossian and Fillan, sons of my strength,
Gaul of the hosts of bluest steel,
Ascend the face of the hill.
Let me find the chief in the cave of Tura;
Let me find the chief of conquering Erin.[b]
Is it Tura's wall I see on high,
Lonely and grey on the hill?
The chief of festive shells is in sorrow;
The hall of cheer is without a sound.

A thousand dogs are slipped, each of which pulls down a deer.

Bran killed three after driving them towards Fingal. One of them fell by the grave of Ryno, on noticing which Fingal renews his lamentation for his son.

Thereafter, accompanied by Ossian, Fillan, and Gaul, he sets off to visit Cuchullin in his solitary retirement.

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be hid, and the grass grow rank on thy grave. The sons of the feeble shall pass along. They shall not know where the mighty lie.

"Ossian and Fillan, sons of my strength; Gaul, chief of the blue steel of war—let us ascend the hill to the cave of Tura. Let us find the chief of the battles of Erin. Are these the walls of Tura? grey and lonely they rise on the heath. The chief of shells is sad, and the halls are silent and lonely. Come, let us find Cuth-

DUAN VI.

Faigheam 'Cuchullin nam buadh,
Thoiream aoibhneas gu luath d'a sheoid.
'Fhillein, 'n e sin Cuchullin thall,
No 'n deatach air càrn an fhraoich?
Tha gaoth o Chromla 'am shùil,
'S cha-n fhaic mi g' a chùl an laoch."

" A rìgh," 's e fhreagair an t-òg,
" 'S e sin am fear còrr, mac Sheuma,
Tha e dorcha, sàmhach fo bhròn,
Tha 'làmh air an lann ag éirigh."
" Ceud fàilt' air ceannard a' chòmhraig,
'Fhir-bhrisidh na mòr sgéithe!"
" Ceud fàilt' ort féin," thuirt an laoch,
" Sàr ghaisgich ri d' thaobh 's 'ad dhéigh!
'S taitneach leam d'fhianuis, a rìgh,
'Tha mar a ghrian air frìth Chromla,
'N uair bhitheas an sealgair fo bhròn,
Gus am faicear i mòr 's na neoil.
Do mhic mar reultan ri d' thaobh,
'Tha 'siubhal 'an soills' mu do chliu
'Cur glaine air mala na h-oidhch'.
'Fhionnghail, cha-n ann mar so fhéin
'Chunna tusa mì, 'thréin, 'n ad thìr,
'N uair a dh'fhàg tréith an domhain a' bheinn,
'S thàinig aoibhneas air aghaidh gach frìth."

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ullin, and give him all our joy. But is that Cuthullin, O Fillan! or a pillar of smoke on the heath? The wind of Cromla is on my eyes. I distinguish not my friend."

"Fingal," replied the youth, "it is the son of Semo. Gloomy and sad is the hero; his hand is on his sword. Hail to the son of battle, breaker of the shields!" "Hail to thee!" replied Cuthullin;

Let me find the good Cuchullin,
And to his warriors speedily give joy.
Fillan, is that Cuchullin before me,
Or smoke on the cairn of heather?
Cromla's wind is in my eye,
And I cannot see the hero clearly."

"O king!" was what the youth replied,
"That is the matchless son of Semo:
He is gloomy and silent in sorrow;
His hand is on his sword, half drawn."
"A hundred welcomes to the ruler of battle—
To thee, the breaker of great shields."
"A hundred welcomes to thee," said the hero,
"(And) to the warriors true around thee.
Pleasing to me is thy presence, O king!
As is the sun on the hill of Cromla,
When the hunter mourns (his absence),
Till he is seen in greatness amid clouds.
Thy sons by thy side are as stars
Which move in brightness round thy fame,
Shedding pureness on the brow of night.
Fingal, far otherwise than this,
Didst thou see me, hero, in thy land,
When the lords of the world forsook the hill,
And joy came on the face of every wood."

Cuchullin advances to meet him, praises him and the sons who surround him;

recalls former happy meetings, when they fought on the same side, and conquered.

"hail to all the sons of Morven! Delightful is thy presence, O Fingal! it is the sun on Cromla; when the hunter mourns his absence for a season, and sees him between the clouds. Thy sons are like stars that attend thy course. They give light in the night. It is not thus thou hast seen me, O Fingal! returning from the wars of thy land, when the kings of the world had fled, and joy returned

DUAN VI.

"'S lionmhor d'fhocail," thuirt Conan gun chliu,
"'S lionmhor do ghuth' faoin, 'mhic Sheuma;
'An comhradh cha chluinnear ach thu.
C'àite bheil 'do ghnìomh 's do bheuman?
C'ar son a thàinig thar chuan,
'Thoirt cobhair do ruaig le lann?[a]
Theich gu do chòs fo ghruaim,
'Us dh'fhàg thu do Chonan am blàr.
Thoir dhomhsa na h-airm 'tha 'soills',
Thoir dhomhs' iad gun fhoill, a mhic Éirinn."[b]

"Cha d' iarr gaisgeach mo lann riamh,
Ged iarradh, cha-n fhaigheadh e m' airm.
A Chonain, a 's dona fo sgiath,
Cha d'fhàg mis' an sliabh, fo bhròn,
Gu'n d' ghéill Éirinn m'a sruth féin."[c]

"A Chonain, a's laige làmh,"
Thuirt rìgh Mhòirbheinn, am mòr thriath,
"Na gabhsa na focail cò dàn,
Gu' m faicear na 's àirde do ghnìomh.
Tha Cuchullin fo chliu 's a' bhlàr,
Fuathasach 's gach àit' 'an téid.
'S tric a chual' air a 'ghaisgeach 'bu shàr
Àrd cheannard na Phàil 'an Éirinn,

[a] With sword to help those who had fled; lit. *to help the flight.*

[b] Give them all; lit. *give them without deceit.*

[c] Beside her native streams; lit. *beside her own streams.*

to the hill of hinds!". "Many are thy words, Cuthullin," said Connan of small renown. "Thy words are many, son of Semo, but where are thy deeds in arms? Why did we come over ocean to aid thy feeble sword? Thou fliest to thy cave of grief, and Connan fights thy battles. Resign to me these arms of light. Yield them, thou chief of Erin." "No hero," replied the chief, "ever sought

DUAN VI.

"Many are thy words," said worthless Conan,[6]
"Many thine empty words, thou son of Semo;
In talking none is heard save thee.
Where are thy deeds or cleaving blows?
Wherefore came (we) across the ocean,
With sword to help those who had fled?[a]
(Thou) fleddest to thy cave in gloom,
And to Conan didst leave the battle.
To me give the shining arms—
To me give them all, thou son of Erin."[b]

Conán, the most worthless—or the only worthless one—of the Fingalians, interrupts Cuchullin, reproaches him with cowardice in suffering himself to be defeated, and demands his armour as a due reward for his own valour.

"No warrior ever asked my sword,
And if he had, his demand were vain.
Conan, worthless behind a shield,
Sorrowful I left the hill, but not
Till Erin failed beside her native streams."[c]

Cuchullin refuses the demand.

"Conan of the weakest arm,"
Said Morven's king, the mighty chief,
"Be not thou so bold in word
Till higher deed of thine be seen.
Cuchullin in battle is renowned;
Terrible in every place to which he goes.
Often heard of is the valiant warrior—
High leader of the *Fail* of Erin.[7]

Fingal rebukes Conan,

declares that Cuchullin's fame had suffered no diminution,

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the arms of Cuthullin; and had a thousand heroes sought them, it were in vain, thou gloomy youth! I fled not to the cave of grief till Erin failed at her streams."

"Youth of the feeble arm," said Fingal, "Conan, cease thy words! Cuthullin is renowned in battle, terrible over the world. Often have I heard thy fame, thou stormy chief of Inis-fail. Spread

DUAN VI.

Tog thus', à laoich, do shiuil bhàn
Gu Innis nan lann fo chèo.
Faic! Brà'-gheal ag aomadh thall
Air iomall nan càrn fo dheoir;
Tha 'ghaoth a' sanas 'n a trom chiabh
'G an togail o 'mìn-uchd bàn,
'S i 'g éisdeachd toirm oidhche o 'n t-sliabh
'S fonn fial o ghaisgich nan ràmh;
Tha 'barail gu-n cluinn i d' fhonn
'S do chlàrsach lom air aghaidh 'chuain."

"'S fhada dh' éisdeas i gun bhrìgh:
Cha tilleam o 'n strì a chaoidh.
C' uim am faicinn thu, 'Bhrà'-gheal mhìn,
'Togail trom osna mu d' shaoi?
Chunnaic thus', a rìgh, mi fo bhuaidh
'An iomadh cruadal lann 'us shleagh."

"Chithear a-rìs thu fo bhuaidh,"
Thuirt Fionnghal nan sligean fial;
"Éiridh do chliu anns an ruaig,
Mar dharaig air Cromla nan sliabh:
'S iomadh cath 'us còmhrag geur
'Tha 'feitheamh riut fhéin, a laoich;
'S iomadh lot o d' làimh 's a' bheinn.
Cuir, 'Oscair, na féidh air fraoch;

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now thy white sails for the isle of mist. See Bragela leaning on her rock. Her tender eye is in tears; the winds lift her long hair from her heaving breast. She listens to the breeze of night, to hear the voice of thy rowers: to hear the song of the sea; the sound of thy distant harp!"

"Long shall she listen in vain. Cuthullin shall never return!

DUAN VI.

and counsels him to sail to the isle of mist (Skye), where his wife Bragēla awaited him.

Hoist, thou hero, thy white sails
To the isle of spears which is under mist.
Behold Bragēla bending there,
By the edge of the cairns in tears.
The wind is whispering through her heavy locks,
Raising them off her smooth white breast,
As she harks to the night-sounds from the hill,
And the cheerful song of the rowers:
She thinks that she hears thy song,
And thy clear harp on the face of ocean."

Cuchullin answers that she would wait in vain; that he would never return, as his return would bring only grief to her.

"Long shall she listen in vain;
I shall never return from the war.
Why should I see thee, sweet Bragēla,
Heaving deep sighs for thy warrior?
(And) thou, O king! hast seen me conquer
In many perils of the sword and spear."

Fingal declares that he will yet be victorious, as of old,

"In conquest thou shalt yet be seen,"
Said Fingal of the generous shells;
"Thy renown shall rise in rout (of foes),
Like an oak-tree on Cromla of hills.
Many a battle and conflict sharp
Await thee yet, thou hero,
And many a wound by thy hand on the Ben.
Oscar, lay the deer on the heather;

How can I behold Bragela, to raise the sigh of her breast? Fingal, I was always victorious in battles of other spears!" "And hereafter thou shalt be victorious," said Fingal of generous shells. "The fame of Cuthullin shall grow like the branchy tree of Cromla. Many battles await thee, O chief! Many shall be the wounds of thy hand! Bring hither, Oscar, the deer! Prepare the feast of

DUAN VI.

Togaibh fleagh 'us slige fhial;
Biodh anam an triath fo aoibhneas,
'S ar càirdean 'an sòlas 's an raon."

Shuidh 'us ghabh sinn fleagh 'us dàn,
Dh' éirich anam Chuchullin gu h-àrd;
Thill a neart do threun nan lann,
Bha aoibhneas air 'aghaidh thall.
Thug Ullin do 'n triath am fonn;
Thog Carull a ghuth air a' mhagh;
Chobhair mi na bàird air an tom,
Mu charraid nan sonn 's nan sleagh,
Carraid 's an d' tharruing mi lann—
Cha tharruing mi lann na 's mò;
Dh'fhalbh mo chliu air gnìomh a bh' ann.
Suidheamsa aig uaigh fo bhròn,
Uaigh nan càirdean mòr nach mair.

Shiubhail an oidhch' air an fhonn;
Thàinig madainn thar tonn le sòlas.
Dh' éirich Fionnghal air an àird,
Agus chrath 'n a làimh an t-sleagh;
Shìn e 'cheum mòr thar magh Léna,
'Us lean sinn an treun 'n ar n-airm.

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shells. Let our souls rejoice after danger, and our friends delight in our presence!"

We sat, we feasted, we sang. The soul of Cuthullin rose; the strength of his arm returned. Gladness brightened along his face. Ullin gave the song; Carril raised the voice. I joined the bards, and sang of battles of the spear. Battles, where I often

Prepare the feast and flowing shell;
Let the soul of the prince rejoice
And our friends be glad on the plain."

and orders a feast to be prepared.

We sat, we feasted, and we sang.
High rose the soul of Cuchullin;
His strength returned to the hero of spears;
Gladness spread over his face.
Ullin gave to the chief the song;
Carul raised his voice on the plain.[8]
I aided the bards on the hill
(In singing) the war of heroes and of spears—
War in which I drew a sword.
I shall draw the sword no more;
Gone is my fame with deeds which are gone.
I sit by the grave in sadness,
The grave of noble friends who are no more.

They feasted, and Cuchullin's strength returned. The night passed away in songs about the war, in which Ossian took an important part, on thinking of which he again bewails his sad condition.

Night departed on the song;
Morn came over the wave in gladness.
Fingal rose upon the height,
And shook the spear in his hand;
He stretched his great stride over Lena's plain,
And we followed the strong one in our armour."

On the following morning Fingal and his friends sailed from Ireland for Selma.

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fought. Now I fight no more! The fame of my former deeds is ceased. I sit forlorn at the tombs of my friends!

Thus the night passed away in song. We brought back the morning with joy. Fingal arose on the heath, and shook his glittering spear. He moved first toward the plains of Lena. We followed in all our arms.

DUAN VI.

"Sgaoil na siuil bhàn'," thuirt an rìgh,
"Gabhaibh gaoth na frìth o Léna."
Dh'éirich sinn air tuinn le fonn;
Bha sòlas nan sonn gu mòr
Air cobhar bàn an domhain ghlais.[a]

[a] The hoary deep—*an domhain ghlais. An domhan*, "the deep," is now applied to "the world," or to "the universe." *An doimhne*, "the depth," denotes "the sea."

"Spread the sail," said the king, "seize the winds as they pour from Lena." We rose on the wave with songs. We rushed with

"Spread the white sails," said the king,
"Catch the wind from the forest of Lena."
We rose on the wave with song;
The gladness of the warriors was great
On the white foam of the hoary deep.[a]

joy through the foam of the deep.

EXPLANATION OF PROPER NAMES

IN

F I N G A L.

Note.—I have at the end of the minor poems given explanations of many of the principal names which are used by Ossian; but having now come to the greater poems, I mention several of these again, to save the reader the trouble of turning back to another volume.—A. C.

ADAN, or AODHAN, the father of Fergus, and a friend to the chief Lamderg, or Red-hand.—Duan V.

AGANDECCA, *Aghaidh Sheachda*, "snowy countenance," daughter of Starno, king of Lochlin, and sister to Swaran, Fingal's first love.—Duan III. *et al.* *Vide* vol. i. p. 79.

ALBA, ALBAINN, or ALBIN, probably meaning "high island or place," at one time the name of Britain, latterly the Gaelic name of Scotland.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 71.

ALCLETHA, mother of the distinguished warrior Calmar.—Duan III.

ALLAID, *All-àite*, "wild or desert place," the name of an aged recluse who dwelt in the circle of cairns.—Duan V.

AMUN, a Caledonian chief, father of Ferdè, who was slain by Cuchullin.—Duan II.

ARDAN, "high temper," "pride," "wrath," the name of one of the chiefs of Erin, slain by Swaran in the first engagement with Cuchullin.

—Duan I. Elsewhere one of the three sons of Usnoth of Eta.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 81.

ARMUN, or ARMUINN, one of the many names for "warrior," or "hero," from *ar*, "slaughter," here mentioned only as the father of Cabad, one of Cuchullin's friends and heroes.—Duan I.

ARNO, a name from the same root with the preceding, the father of Swaran's scout, who is mentioned only as the son of Arno.—Duan I.

BRAGELA, *Bràigh-geal*, "white bosom," the wife of Cuchullin, who lived at *Dun-Scàthaig* in the Isle of Skye.—Duan I.

BRANO, a chief of Erin, father of Evir-allin, Ossian's wife.

BRASOLIS, *Bràigh-soluis*, "bosom of light," sister to Cairbar. She died of grief for the death of her lover Crimor, slain by her brother.—Duan I.

BRUMO. "The circle of Brumo," in the island of Craca, had one of the "spectre-stones" in its centre, and is described as a place full of horrors. The first syllable, *Bru*, generally spelt *Bruth*, is in the present day applied to a "fairy knoll or dwelling," and was of old applied to a human dwelling. *Bruth Fhinn*—*i.e.*, "Fionn's dwelling"—is met with in some of the old tales. It seems to be the same word with *bruach*, "bank," which we have in the old Scottish language as *brough*, latterly as *burgh*, the German *burg*, a form which, I may remark, is still found unchanged as the name of a place in the island of Mull.—Duan VI.

CABAD, *Cath-b'àite*, probably "dweller in battle," certainly connected with fighting, from the first syllable *Cath*; an Irish chief slain by Du-chomar for love of Morna.—Duan I.

CAIRBAR, or CAIRBRE, probably from *cairbh*, "dead body," and *fear*, "a man," "manslayer;" or *carnifex*, with which it seems to be etymologically connected. This is a name of very frequent occurrence. In Duan I. it is found as the name of one of Cuchullin's chiefs; in "Temora," as that of one of the princes of the Bolgi, or southern Irish, who murdered young Cormac, the legitimate king of the north, and also treacherously killed Oscar. It is likewise the name of one of the northern line of kings.

CALMAR, *Calm'fhear*, "strong man," an Irish chief who urged Cuchullin to give battle to Swaran without waiting for the arrival of Fingal. —Duan I.

CA-OLT, *Caoilte*, said to be *Cath-oillt*, "terror in battle," more probably from *caol*, "slender," or "light," as this chief, or another of the same name, was highly celebrated for his speed. It was his unrivalled swiftness of foot which enabled him to overtake the Lochlin smith Luno, and thus to procure their wonderful arms for the Fingalians—see *Duan na Ceardach*, "The Song of the Smithy." Duncan Bàn, in his well-known song of *Ben Dòrain*, speaking of the matchless speed of the hind, says that even *Caoilt'* and Cuchullin could not overtake her. —Duan I.

CARDAL, probably *Càirdeil*, "friendly," one of Ossian's companions when he went to Erin to court Evir-allin, and was obliged to fight with Cormac and his friends before obtaining her.—Duan IV.

CARUL, a name of frequent occurrence, specially as that of bards. Carul, the son of *Ken-Fena*, was Cuchullin's chief bard.—Duan I. *et al.* *Vide* vol. i. p. 179.

CLUAR, probably *Clùth-fhear*, "a man dwelling in warmth and comfort," one of Cuchullin's heroes.—Duan I. *Vide* Note on Clutha, vol. i. p. 228.

COIRLE, a Scandinavian chief wooing Inibaca, who disliked him and married Treunmor, the grandfather of Fingal.—Duan VI.

COLGAR, *Colg-fhear*, "warlike," or "bold warrior," father of Connal, the special friend of Cuchullin.—Duan II.

COLLA, an Irish chief, one of Cormac's companions in opposing Ossian.—Duan IV. This is still a common name in the Highlands.

COMAL, *Caomhail*, "kindly," "affectionate," a chief who loved Galvina, and killed her—mistaking her for an enemy.—Duan II.

COMLOCH, *Caomh laoch*, "gentle hero," the father of Galvina.—Duan II.

CONA, said to be Glencoe, a name of constant occurrence.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 72.

CONAN, literally "little dog," often called the Thersites of the Fingalians, always speaking boastfully and bitingly.—Duan VI.

CONNAL, *Conall*, "impetuosity," "excitement," the name of one of Cuchullin's friends, who, contrary to the meaning of his name, advised him to moderate and cautious measures when Calmar insisted on engaging Swaran.—Duan I.

CORMAC, probably *Còrrmhac*, "excelling," or "surpassing son," a name given to various chiefs and kings, specially that of the king of Erin, in defence of whose throne Fingal undertook his expeditions against Swaran and Camor.

GRIMOR, *Cridhe mòr*, "great heart," a chief slain by Cairbar in a quarrel about the possession of a white bull that grazed on Ben Gulbin. —Duan I.

CROMLA, *Còm shlèabh*, "bent or sloping hill," the name of a hill in Ulster, constantly recurring in the poem of "Fingal" as the scene of the battles described there.

CROMLEAC, *Còmi Leac*, "a circle of stones or flags," or, as others make it, "the bending or bowing stone"—*i. e.*, the stone at which worship is rendered—occurs throughout the Ossianic poetry.—*Vide* note on this word, vol. ii. p. 156.

CRUMAL, *Cruth mall*, "slow or sluggish form"—*i. e.*, an inactive person—the name of one of Cuchullin's followers who fled from battle, and tried to persuade others to follow his cowardly example.—Duan II.

CUCHULLIN, the commander-in-chief of the forces of Erin during the minority of King Cormac. Many derivations have been given of this name. The most probable seems to be *Guth Ullin*, "the voice of Ulster," a description corresponding well with the situation he occupies as the ruler or representative of Ullin or Ulster. He is in Irish poems called *Cù, Cù Ghuailne*, and *Cù nan Con*—*i. e.*, "dog," "the dog of Guailne," "the dog of dogs;" but while these epithets sound very badly in modern ears, we see in Indian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman mythology, many instances of gods and goddesses appearing in canine form. In all probability these descriptions of the ruler of Ulster are also mythological.—*Vide* note on Cuchullin, vol. ii. p. 146.

CURHA, one of Cuchullin's chiefs.—Duan I.

DED-GEL, *Deud gheal*, "white teeth," wife of Cairbar, who forsook him for Ferdè, whose death she caused shortly afterwards. She is the only utterly bad female character described by Ossian.—Duan II.

DEO-GRAIN, *Deò-gréine*, "sunbeam," in Duan II. the name of Crugel's wife, who was killed by the army of Lochlin. It is a name applied to more than one beautiful woman. But it is best known as the name of Fingal's great banner, which was unfurled only on occasions of utmost peril, and was the unfailing harbinger of victory when unfurled.—Duan IV. This banner is also called *Dealbh-gréine*, "the image of the sun;" *Gille-gréine*, "the servant of the sun;" *Gath-gréine*, the same with *Deò-gréine*, "sunbeam:" but under whatever name mentioned, it still kindles some enthusiasm in the hearts of old Highlanders. The banner of Gaul is called his *Deò-gréine*. In all probability we have in this name an indication of sun-worship.

DERMID, the son of Duno, *Diarmad o' Duibhne*, the handsomest, and one of the most popular of the Ossianic heroes, often compared to "Sir Lancelot of the Lake." He is said to have had a beauty-spot, or, literally, love-spot (*ball-seire'*), on his forehead, which no woman could behold without loving him. According to the Tales, Grainé, the wife of Fingal, who was his uncle, persuaded him to run off with her, and very many stories are told about Fingal's revenge. In the poem before us, however, Dermid is mentioned only as a brave warrior.—Duan IV.

There is a clan still calling themselves by this hero's name (Mac-Dermid), and the Campbells also consider him as their ancestor.

DOLA, and DORA, two warriors of Cormac's friends.—Duan IV.

DORGLAS, *Daorghlas*, probably signifying "dark-grey," an Irish chief mentioned in Duan I. as preparing a feast of venison on the hill.

DU-CHOMAR, *Dubh-chuimir*, "dark, handsome man." He slew Cabad for love of Morna. She pierced him with his own sword; but when dying he succeeded in killing her. The episode is given in Duan I.

DU-MAC-ROIN, *Dubh mac Ròinne*, frequently mentioned; in Duan IV., a companion of Ossian in bringing Evir-allin from Erin.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 73.

DUN-SGATHAICH, probably meaning the "Dun or Fort of Awe"—*sgàth* signifying "awe"—a stronghold on the shore of Loch Eyshart, in the

south of the Isle of Skye, and not far from Loch Sgàvaig, a name of the same derivation and meaning. At the head of this loch is Coir-uisge, probably the most weird and desolate scene in Britain. Dun-sgàthaig was the residence of Bragēla, the wife of Cuchullin, and the place where he himself was brought up.—Duan I.

Dura, probably from *dùr*, "hard," "obstinate," one of Cormac's champions.—Duan IV.

Du-sron-gel, *Dubh-sròn-gheal*, "black, with a white nose," the name of one of Cuchullin's horses.—Duan I. This horse is also called *Dubh-srannail*, "the black snorter," and in the various tales obtains various names.

Erin, one of the old names, as it still is the only Gaelic name, of Ireland.—*Vide* Note, vol. i. p. 277.

Evir, Eibhir, Eimhir, or Aoibhir, a woman's name frequently used by Ossian, and generally joined to some descriptive epithet,—as *àluinn*, "very beautiful;" *caomh*, "gentle," &c.

Evir-allin, *Eimhir àluinn*, the daughter of Brano, and wife of Ossian. —Duan IV.

Fena, the father of Carul, Cuchullin's chief bard.—Duan I.

Ferdē, probably *Feairde*, "better," meaning an excellent person, a dear friend of Cuchullin, who, instigated by Dēd-gel, challenged him to combat, and whom Cuchullin unintentionally slew in self-defence.—Duan II.

Fergus, probably derived from *fearg*, "wrath," but generally explained as *Fear-guth*, "a voice-man," "an orator," a name of frequent occurrence, but belonging especially to one of Fingal's sons, a celebrated poet as well as warrior.—Duan III.

Fi-hil, *Fithil*, commonly explained as *Filidh*, now applied to a poet or songster, but of old embracing the bardic class generally, who held many important public privileges.—*Vide* note on Ollamh, Duan I. "Temora." Fithil is mentioned in Duan I. as the father of Moran, Cuchullin's ocean-scout.

FINGAL, king of the Alba-men or Caledonians in the land of *Mòr-bheann*, or "great mountains."—*Vide* note, vol. i. p. 73.

Since writing that note I have read much about this great Celtic hero, but am as unable to give any explanation of his name, or era, as at the first. I may mention that Fionn is the name by which he is now known in Gaelic, as well as that which is to be met with in the various Highland and Irish tales regarding him. Macpherson sometimes uses Fionn, but generally *Fionnghal*, "Fingal," which, as observed in the above note, is found in Barbour as early as 1375. It being the prevailing name in Macpherson's book, I had no alternative but to adopt it in my translation. The followers of Fionn are called in Gaelic *Na Fiannfainean—i. e.*, the "Fionn-men"—or more frequently *An Fhéinn*, or *An Fhéine—i.e.*, "the Fionn-hood." "Fenians" would be a good English form for this term, and is used by Mr Campbell in his 'West Highland Tales.' But this name has of late become so utterly odious to every right-thinking person, that it would be high treason against both Ossian and Fingal to apply it to the heroes who followed the one to glorious victories, which the other has commemorated in such noble songs; so I use the term "Fingalian," though perfectly aware that it is not, strictly speaking, Ossianic.

FONI, *Foine, Foinnidh*, "handsome," the name of an Irish chief.—Duan I.

FOVI, *Faobhuidh*, from *faobh*, "spoil," probably meaning "spoiler."—Duan I.

FRESDEL, *Freasdal*, "attendance," one of Cormac's warriors.—Duan IV.

GALMAR, a hill in Ulster.—Duan I.

GALVINA, *Geal-mhìn*, "white (and) smooth," the name of a lady loved by Comal, and unintentionally slain by him.—Duan II.

GAUL, *Goll*, the son of Morni, said in Irish tradition to have in his earlier days repeatedly fought against Fingal; but, on being defeated, he became his stanchest friend. In Ossian he appears as the ablest of his champions.

Tiomnadh Ghuill, literally "The Testament or Will of Gaul," generally known as "The Death of Gaul," is a short poem in the *Sean Dàna*, which

in deep pathos and general poetic beauty, equals any composition in the whole circle of Ossianic poetry.—Duan III. *et pass.*

GEGEL, an Irish chief, father of Crugel.—Duan II.

GEL-CHOSSA, *Gèalachos*, "white foot," the daughter of Tual. She loved Lam-derg, and died of grief after he had fallen in combat with Ullin.—Duan V.

GULBEN, *Guilbinn*, "anything pointed or sharp." *Tòr Ghuilbinn*, "the mountain of sharp peaks," is to be found in Lochaber,—Beinn Ghuilbinn, in Ulster, and in other places. Every mountain bearing this not uncommon name contends for the honour of having harboured the wild boar which caused the death of the celebrated Dermid.—Duan I.

INIBACA, daughter of the king of Lochlin, who married Treunmor the grandfather of Fingal.—Duan VI.

INNIS-FAIL, sometimes written *Fāil*, and *Phāil*, one of the many names for Erin.—Duan I. *et pass.*

INNIS-NAN-CON, "isle of dogs," the residence of one of Swaran's heroes.—Duan IV.

LAM-DERG, *Làmh-dhearg*, "red hand," a name occurring more than once, specially as the lover of Gel-chossa.—Duan III.

LARA, the place where the hero Crugel was brought up—probably *làrach*, "the site of a building," "dwelling;" (*Q.* Lat. *lares?*)—Duan III.

LEGA, LEGO, LEUGO, a lake in Erin which, like that of Lanna in Lochlin, always emitted pestilential vapours.

LENA, from *leun*, gen. *léine*, "meadow" or "plain," probably the same as *lòn*, Lat. *lanum*, Eng. "lawn"—a plain at the foot of Cromla, constantly referred to in the battles described in this poem.

LIA-LIC, or LIATH-LEAC, "grey rock or flag," the name of a hill.—Duan III.

LOCH-LAIN, a lake in Scandinavia. It may mean "the lake of ful-

ness," or it may be the same with "the lake of Lanna," formerly described.—Duan IV.

Lochlin, Scandinavia.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 75.

Lonval, a Scandinavian chief.—Duan VI.

Lubar, probably "a winding stream," the name of a river in Erin.

Lua, *Luath*, "swift," "speedy," a common name for stag-hounds, ancient and modern, specially of a celebrated dog belonging to Cuchullin, which Swaran demanded of him after his defeat.—Duan II.

Mathas, or Maitheas, "goodness," "excellence," the father of Calmar, one of Cuchullin's champions.—*Vide* note on this name, vol. ii. p. 148.

Moina, "soft or gentle one."—*Vide* vol. i. p. 228.

Mora, *Mòr-rath*, "great ridge," the name of a hill in Erin.—Duan I.

Moran, "many" or "much," the name of Cuchullin's ocean-scout, the son of Fihil.—Duan I.

Morla, *Mòr-làmh*, "large hand," the herald sent by Swaran to demand the surrender of Cuchullin.—Duan II.

Morna, *Mùirn*, "loved one," a female name occuring often; here the daughter of Cormac, who slew Duchomar, and was slain by him when she was drawing the sword from his side.—Duan I.

Morni, the father of Gaul, constantly recurring.

Morven, *Mòr-bheann*, "of great mountains," the territories of Fingal. —*Vide* vol. i. p. 120. Having there guarded against the error arising from Macpherson's rendering of this expression by "Morven," I have, in the poems of "Fingal" and "Temora," frequently adopted the name as being much more euphonious than "great mountains" or "great Bens," its proper rendering.

Mulla, one of Ossian's companions.—Duan IV.

Muri, probably from *mùr*, "wall" or "fortification," the name of a house where Cuchullin dwelt when young, and where Ferdè was brought up with him—Lat. *murus*.—Duan II.

OGAR, *Òg-fhear*, "young man," one of Ossian's companions.—Duan IV.

OGLAN, *Òg-glan*, "handsome youth," another of Ossian's companions. —Duan IV.

ORLA, a Lochlin chief defeated by Fingal, and generously buried by him beside his son Ryno.—Duan V.

OSCAR, the son of Ossian and grandson of Fingal. His treacherous death by Cairbar is told in the 1st Duan of "Temora," and commemorated in many ballads.

OSSIAN, "the king of music and of song."—*Vide* vol. i. p. 229.

RONAN, probably "hairy one," one of Cuchullin's warriors.—Duan I. "Ronan's cave" is mentioned in Duan II.

ROSA, the father of Fergus, another of Cuchullin's warriors.—Duan I.

RYNO, *Ròinne*, probably, like *Ronan*, referring to "hairiness" of aspect, one of Fingal's sons celebrated for speed—frequently mentioned. His death is recorded in Duan V.

SA-AR, *Sàthar*, a Scandinavian, the father of Morla, Swaran's herald. —Duan II.

SELMA, the residence of Fingal (*vide* vol. i. p. 81); also the name of a place in Ullin, or Ulster.

SEMO, SEUMA, or SEUMO, the father of Cuchullin, occurs constantly throughout the poem of "Fingal."

SGALAG, one of Ossian's companions.—Duan IV. The name grates on the ear on account of its modern signification, which is that of "a serving-man," generally denoting "a ploughman;" (German, *schalck?*) I notice, however, in Gillies's, and in other accounts of "Ossian's wooing," *Sgalag* is called *Sgeulaich'*, "tale-reciter," a much more Ossianic designation, and undoubtedly the correct one; (Norse, *skald?*)—Duan IV.

SI-ALIN, *Sith-àluinn*, "stately step or stride," the name of a chief of Erin slain by Swaran.—Duan I.

SI FADDA, *Sith-fada*, "long stride," the name of one of Cuchullin's horses.—Duan I.

SNIVAN, *Sniomhan*, from *sniomh*, to "twist" or "spin,"—a priest or soothsayer of Starno, who exercised great power by singing lays at "the stone of power." He was sent on a deceitful embassage to Fingal.—Duan III.

SARGLAN, *Saor glan*, "free (and) generous" or "pure," the father of Bragēla, Cuchullin's wife.—Duan I.

SWARAN, king of Lochlin.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 77.

TA-AG, *Taog*, the modern "Teague," one of Cormac's champions.—Duan IV.

TORGUL, probably meaning the "hill of weeping." The "lake of Torgul" is mentioned in Duan III. as the place at which Fingal summoned Swaran and his host to meet him.

TRENAR, *Treun-fhear*, "strong or brave man," a chief of Lochlin slain by Cuchullin.—Duan I.

TUAL, *Tuathal*, the father of Gel-chossa.—Duan V. *Tuath* signifies "north," and *tuath iùl* is "a wrong course or path," opposed to *deas iùl*, "south or right course." Probably there was something untoward in the character of the man who received such a name.

TURA, probably the plural of *tùr*, "tower," "*turris*," the residence of Cuchullin.—Duan I.

ULFADA, "long beard," the name of a chief defeated by Lam-derg.—Duan V.

ULLIN, frequently occurring as a man's name, also as the Gaelic of Ulster, the scene of all the battles waged by Fingal in Erin.

NOTES TO FINGAL.

DUAN I.

1. "Cuchullin sat beside the wall of Tura."

Cuchullin is among the most popular of the Ossianic heroes. He is frequently referred to by modern Gaelic poets. There are many tales in which he plays a conspicuous part, and there is a very old MS. poem in the Advocates' Library giving an account of the manner in which he slew his son Conloch, ignorant of the relationship between them. Another version is given in Jerome Stone's MS.; another by Miss Brooke in her 'Reliques of Irish Poetry'; and several more might be mentioned.

The Irish historians claim Cuchullin as an Irishman, and say that he lived in the first century of our era. Laing and others charge Macpherson with gross inaccuracy in making him contemporary with Fingal. But if it be remembered that Irish history of so early a date is as little to be relied on as Scottish history, the objection will appear a very baseless one. "Prior to the year 483, the Irish, strictly speaking, have no chronological history" (Skene's Introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book, p. 65.) The poetry and tales of the Highlands uniformly make him a companion of Ossian and a friend of Fingal; Macpherson was therefore right in taking him as he found him.

Cuchullin's name is, alike in poetry and tradition, associated with Dunsgàthaig, or Dunscàthaich, in Skye; and Mr Skene makes a remark in connection with this matter which I trust may one day lead to some authentic knowledge of the era of Fingal, altogether uncertain as yet. "It is remarkable," he says, "that the ancient legends of Cuchullin and the sons of Uisneach connect them with those remarkable structures termed vitrified forts. Dun Scàthaig, Dun mhic Uisneachain, and Dundhearduil, are all vitrified forts, and the latter is a common name for them. There is probably a mythic meaning under this."—Note, Introduction, *ut supra*, p. 81.

The name of Cuchullin is by many connected with the Cullin Mountains in Skye; but the country people call that wonderful range *a' chuil'eann*, "the cool-ĕ-an,"—and I think this fact is opposed to the above opinion. The obvious meaning of the name is "the holly-wood," or "the holly-*age*"; and from the remarkably sharp serrated outline of these mountains, they may readily suggest the figure of the holly-leaf.

The first fifty-five lines of this Duan are given as No. XIV. of Macpherson's "Fragments," and the tale of Du-chomar and Morna (l. 210-286) as No. XV.

2 "Thou delight of strangers."
"A chinn-uidhe nan dàimh."

I do not see that any translator has succeeded in giving fully the meaning of this often-recurring and highly laudatory expression, and I freely confess my own inability in the matter. The words imply that the *ceann-uidhe nan dàimh* was sought out by strangers, and that he presided gracefully and hospitably at his table after receiving them. Next to the praise of "breaking the shields" was this of exercising free and graceful hospitality.

3 "Thy heroes cannot stand before me,
But shall fall low beneath my hand."

Strictly speaking, these lines should be "*could* not stand," &c., and "*would* fall," &c. But, as repeatedly observed, moods and tenses are so freely dealt with by Ossian that it is impossible in many instances to follow him in English.

4 "Let Cuchullin yield him to the prince
Who is stronger than the mountain-storm."

These lines seem to have been addressed to Cuchullin by the spectators of the combat.

5 "As multitude of waters in the clouds."

A difficult line; but the mention of "lightning" in the next line shows that *stuadh* here means "cloud," not "wave," its more frequent meaning.

6 "Thine arrow pierce the roe of Lena."
"Siùbhladh d' *fhiui* tro' earba Léna."

The word for arrow is sometimes written *iuthaidh*, and sometimes, as

here, *fuil*. I have uniformly adopted the first form of these, and every Gaelic scholar will approve of my having done so.

It is often said that the digamma, freely used in Irish, is not known in Gaelic, but we have here an instance showing the inaccuracy of the assertion, and there are many other similar words. In the Gaelic Scriptures we have *oir* and *foir* for "edge" or "hem." In common conversation we have *eagal* and *feagal* for "fear"; *aithne* and *fiathne* for "commandment." My opinion, however, is, that in all these the *f* should be omitted.

[7] "Young son of Mathas," &c.

It is worth mentioning that among the many frivolous proofs of plagiarism brought against Macpherson by Laing, he, under the word *Mathas*, states one which is truly ludicrous. "This name," he gravely says, "is literally Matthew the Apostle!"—Laing's 'Ossian,' vol. i. p. 16.

It is the fact that *Mathas*, "goodness," and *Mathaon*, "a good person," are to the present day, as *MacMhathais* ("Mathieson") and "Mahon," frequently to be met with both in Scotland and Ireland as proper names, having as little connection with the name of the first Evangelist as with that of the last. And I may here observe that the meaning of the well-known "mayor," "maire," "ma-jor," is to be found in this root, *math*, "good." The *ma-or* was in Scotland applied of old to the officer next in power to the king. Both in Gaelic and Irish it still denotes a person to whom authority is delegated. In Welsh it is written *ma-er*, clearly *math-fhear*, "a good man," showing that among the ancient Celts goodness was thought to constitute the best title to power.

[8] "Let every *clan* come clearly forth to view."

It is generally thought that there is no reference in Ossian to what is called the "clan system," which so completely governed the Highlands in modern days; and Dr Blair quotes the want of such reference as a proof of the antiquity of these poems. But a knowledge of the language in which they were composed will show that this opinion is altogether erroneous—that we have repeated mention of the patriarchal or clan system of government, which, in the earlier stages of society, prevailed everywhere. We see among the Romans the "gens," the "patronus," and "cliens"—this last term being the Gaelic *cliamhain* (*cli-uon*), "weak one," "dependent," now applied to a son-in-law. We see Agamemnon arraying his men—"κατα φῦλα, κατα φρήτρας"

(Iliad, Book II. ver. 362)—"according to tribes and brotherhoods." And we see Fingal, like every leader of ancient times, doing the same thing wherever he marshals his hosts.

In the line before us, *dream* evidently means "race," "clan," or "family."

Further, in "Temora" (Duan II. l. 113) we are told that the chiefs came forward—

"Measg farum an ceud *chlann*,"
"Amid the noise of their hundred *clans*."

Clan, I need hardly say, is the Gaelic *clann*, "children," slightly Anglicised; and while we would not, in the present day, apply the term, as Ossian here does, to a gathering of separate tribes, it is the usual designation for the aggregate of individuals who are joined together by the bond of a common ancestry. "Clann Ghriogair," "Clann Dòmhnuill," &c., mean the Clan Gregor, Clan Donald," &c.

Again, "Temora" (Duan III. l. 197), when Cormul advanced, "his *kindred* darkened (or pressed closely) behind him."

"A *chinneadh* a' dubhadh air a chùl."

Cinneadh, *cinneach*, or *cinne*, is just the Eng. "kin," Lat. *gen-us*, Gr. γεν-ος, Sans. *jan*; and, besides various other places, we have the word used, Duan III. l. 172, 173—

"Dh'iarr e do chòmhrag gluasad,
'H-uile *cinneadh* gu luath 's an fhraoch."
"He ordered every *kindred* to advance quickly to battle," &c.

To this day, *ceann-cinnidh*, "the head of a kindred, or kinship," is the common name for "the chief of a clan."

Once more, "Temora" (Duan II. l. 261)—

"Gu *'fhine* féin a ghluais gach treun."
"To his own clan moved every hero."

It is true that *fine* frequently signifies a nation. It cannot do so here, however, as all the chiefs were of the same nation. It must refer to a narrower subdivision; and every one who knows Gaelic is aware that "*Fine*achan Gàedhealach" is the designation of the Highland clans generally. The songs of MacDonald, MacIntyre, and many other bards, prove this. The word *treubh*, "tribe," is so frequently used that I need not give references to it.

Here, then, we have every word by which a clan or tribe, bound together by the ties of consanguinity, can be described, used by Ossian over and over—*Clann*, *cinneadh*, *fine*, *dream*, *treubh*; and if any fur-

ther proof of my assertion were needed, it is given in Fingal, Duan IV. l. 360-68, where the king is said to unfurl the banner, "Deo-gréine," which was, and still is, regarded as in some degree sacred or magical by Highlanders—

> "We raised 'Deo-grainè' to the staff,
> The great banner of the king of spears;
> Joy was in every hero's soul,
> When she spread her wing to the wind;
> Her azure field was flecked with gold,
> Like the great blue shell of night,
> When the stars look down from the sky.
> (*But*) *every chief had pennon of his own,*
> *And stalwart warriors round his steel.*"

We have here the king's banner raised on high, and the whole host was bound to follow it. But they followed in bands or clans whose respective chiefs had distinctive cognisances of their own, just as we read of the march of Israel through the wilderness. The banner of Judah led the van; but every tribe had its own banner, and every man is commanded to "pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house."—Numb. ii. 2. In a short poem published by the MacCallums, "Brataichean na Féinne," we have separate names given to the banners of the several leaders.

I trust that I have thus removed a prevalent error regarding Ossian's account of the relation between leader and follower, ruler and ruled, which existed in his day. An ordinary knowledge of the language in which he wrote shows that the patriarchal system prevailed in Caledonia as everywhere else in primitive times; and had he given a different representation of the state of matters, it would form a strong presumption against the antiquity of his poems.

> "I hear a sound on the mountain-side,
> Like evening flies in drony dance.
> It must be Erin's fiery sons,
> Or the stirring of storm in the wood," &c.

The sounds of "evening flies" and of "the stirring of storm" have been remarked as so widely different that they cannot be said to proceed from the same object. But I imagine that the first faint sounds heard afar off suggested the hum of the "evening flies;" while, as the moving host came nearer, the noise became louder and louder, so as to resemble the "stirring of the storm."

[10] "The light of precious stones about (it)."

In Gaelic it is stones of "powers" or "virtues"—*clachan-buadha*, a name still familiar in the Highlands to denote stones of bright lustre, like the various kinds of rock-crystal to be met with in many mountains, or such stones as were held to possess a special efficacy in the curing of disease. Pieces of rock-crystal were frequently used as charms or amulets; but the efficacy did not depend on the lustre, or on the composition of the stone. I have seen an oblong piece of obsidian, smooth as glass, which was thought to be endowed with much healing virtue, and was consequently preserved with utmost care. I believe many of those stone-amulets (often termed *leug*) may still be found throughout the country, and that they continue to be used for curing various maladies. But let not the people who trust to them be regarded as the most foolish and benighted in the land when "table-turning" and "spirit-rapping" have so many votaries among the wealthy and the learned of the nineteenth century.

The description of the chariot, and of the horse-trappings, brilliant in the lustre of so many of those "stones of power," has been often laughed at on account of the extreme absurdity involved in endowing Cuchullin with such an expensive taste, and such wealth for gratifying it; for who but an Indian nabob would deck horses and car with costly gems!

The fact, however, is, that even to-day a person may, at the expense of some mountain-climbing, without any great outlay of silver or gold, supply himself, either in Ireland or Scotland—in Glen Etive, or the Cairngorm mountains—with such a number of brilliant rock-crystals of various hues as will fully justify the poet's description of Cuchullin's car. The brilliancy of dirks, brooches, and sporans to be seen at Highland gatherings is very dazzling, and not very costly.

In the High. Soc. Rep., App. p. 29, there is a statement made by Mr M'Leod, minister of Glenelg, which is worth inserting here. Writing on 26th March 1764, he says: "It was in my house that Mr Macpherson got the description of Cuchullin's horses and car (in Book I. page 11) from Allan MacCaskle, schoolmaster, and Rory M'Leod, both of this glen. He has not taken in the whole of the description, and his translation of it (spirited and pretty as it appears, as far as it goes) falls so far short of the original . . . . . that in none of his translations is the inequality of Macpherson's genius to that of Ossian so very conspicuous."

Mr M'Leod, in another part of his letter, regrets that Mr Macpherson

omitted a highly-spirited description of Fingal's ships, which he ascribes to his being an inland man, ignorant of nautical terms.

There are several descriptions of Cuchullin's horses and car preserved. One is given by the MacCallums, but so confused, turgid, and often unmeaning, that its preservation is no gain to Celtic literature.

11 "Shining his coat, and speedy
His pace—Si-fadda his name."

"Bright are the sides of the steed; his name is Sulin-Sifadda."—Macpherson.

Much has been said of Macpherson's ignorance of Gaelic, and consequent mistranslation of Ossian. Dr Ross in his notes on "Fingal," and Dr Graham on the Seventh Book of "Temora," seem to take pleasure in dwelling on his mistakes and misrepresentations. I have not considered it my duty to follow their example in this denunciation of a man to whom Gaelic poetry owes so very much. No one can call him a faithful translator. As a rule, he passes by obscure and difficult expressions, sometimes omitting a whole line, or even a couplet, and he often adds epithets not to be found in his text. Considering, however, the frequent obscurity of that text, and the absence of any Gaelic dictionary or grammar to assist him, he deserves great credit for giving such an outline of Ossian's meaning as he has set before us, and in a style which, while attempted by many since his day, has never been equalled—his measured poetic prose. But with all this, the mistake into which he has fallen in the lines before us is so very glaring that it deserves to be noticed.

"'S bu luath
'Shiubhal; Sithfada b'e 'ainm."

He did not perceive that *'shiubhal*, "his pace" or "going," was connected with the previous line, and he changes it into *sulin*, at the same time joining it to the name of the steed, which transforms a very excellent name, "Long-stride," into an utterly unintelligible compound.

12 "Spears clashing, (men) falling."

In the very spirited description of a battle here given—which has been compared to Homer (Iliad, IV. 451), and to Virgil (*Æn.* IX. 663-667)—I have ventured to translate the line before us differently from Macfarlan and Dr Ross. The Gaelic is

"Sleaghan 'bualadh—tuiteam thall."

Both these gentlemen apply the *tuiteam*, "falling," to the spears. I think, however, that the "spears falling" gives a poor account of the strength of the arms which flung them. They would have stood either in the bodies of the enemy, or in the ground; and besides, it is entirely according to the abrupt and elliptical style of Ossian to refer the "falling" to the effect of the spear-throwing, without mentioning who they were that were so affected. I understand the line as describing the strewing of the ground with *men* through the throwing of spears; and I am confirmed in this view by noticing in a similar description of a battle (Duan IV. l. 260)—

"Shields resounding—men brought low;"

or, "men on the ground."

13 "[Though Cormac's hundred bards were there,
Extolling the battle in song,
Hardly could they recount,
Each headless trunk and each death.]"

I have bracketed these four lines, considering them spurious—first, because it is entirely foreign to Ossian's manner to refer to other bards as able to do what he could not do; and secondly, because the lines break the connection between 431 and 436:—

"Like thunder at the back of the mountains,
431 Were the grimness and din of the fight;
436 Many were the deaths of men and chiefs."

I reject also l. 508-511—

"A hundred men were gathering heather," &c. &c.;

for the minute enumeration of those employed in every department is completely at variance with Ossian's uniformly general, often very vague, description of actions and events. Fingal's words in Duan VI. l. 445—

"Oscar, lay the deer on the heather,"

are highly characteristic of the poet's usual style, and in entire opposition to the genuineness of the catalogue of cooks in the lines before us.

14 "Like hundred hammers madly striking
Spark-shower from the ruddy fire, by turns."

These lines are expressed with very great power in Gaelic—power

which I have been quite unable to transfuse into my rendering. I notice them, however, principally to defend my translation of *caoir*, a very expressive word, often used to describe the hissing and boiling rush of a rapid stream, or the roaring and swirling of great flames. Here, however, it evidently denotes the stream or shower of sparks which great hammers strike from red-hot iron.

15 "Her bosom proud, like moon of night,
What time its rim comes forth
From darkness of its shade to light."

This beautiful simile is held to refer to the emerging of the moon from the darkness of an eclipse.

DUAN II.

1 "Like oak-trees with their spoils around their heads,
When the wind is heard amid frost,
And withered leaves whirl through the glen."

This simile shows a very close observation of nature. The oak retains its leaves—its "spoils"—long after the ash, the birch, and its other companions of the forest have shed theirs, which may be seen "whirling through the glen" amid the frosty wind, before even one of its branches has been stripped.

2 "'One half the herd bestow on me.'

Answered Cairbar, 'Let Semo's son
Give thee half the cattle on the hill.'"

We are apt to be surprised at the demand of the unfaithful wife, claiming half the property of the husband whom she was so coolly forsaking; and at his readiness to comply with her demand. I learn, however, from Mr Skene, who is so well versed in all Celtic antiquities, that the law in Ireland of old enacted that when husband and wife separated by mutual consent she was to receive her share of the goods. In the 'Senchus mor,' published by the commission on the Brehon Laws,

it is said (vol. ii. p. 363): "If they separate, let the separation be without fraud; if their separation be from choice, let them divide lawfully." Cairbar, it would appear, was willing to be quit of "his branch of light and pride."

It deserves mention that in the division made by the umpire the possession of the "white bull" was thought a matter of very high importance, and that Dēd-gel's losing it led to very tragical consequences. Further, in Duan I. l. 577-598, we have an account of two brave men and intimate friends fighting to the death for a "white bull." The paper recently published by Dr Mitchell on the superstitions of the Highlands—*vide* 'Proceedings of the Antiquarian Society,' vol. iv. p. 251—has made it generally known that, as late as the year 1656, bulls were offered in sacrifice in at least two parishes of Ross-shire—Applecross and Gareloch. I have no account of such a practice having prevailed in Ireland; but while among Pagan nations generally the bull was held of high value for sacrificial purposes, it is evident that among some of the Aryan tribes, as well as among the old Egyptians, it was regarded as itself worthy of receiving homage and of having sacrifices offered to it—and a white bull, even to this day, is considered peculiarly sacred in many parts of India.

Both these bloody contentions about the "white bull" took place in Ireland. I do not remember any allusion to bulls or domestic cattle of any kind in Albin, and when Fingal (Duan VI. l. 217-221) speaks of what was to support him, he makes no mention of cattle or of crops:—

"The grassy wilderness suffices me—
With deer, and wood, and glens."

DUAN III.

1 "Many are thy feats and deadly strokes."

The Gaelic for "deadly strokes" is *dubh-bhuill*, apparently contracted for *dubh-bhuillean*, literally "black strokes." Both *dubh* and *dearg*, "black" and "red," are used in Gaelic to express the completeness of any evil quality in the subject to which they are applied. Thus either a "black" or a "red rascal" conveys to the Celtic ear the idea of a thorough-paced villain, in whom no redeeming quality need be

looked for; and the "black strokes" of Fingal here describe most deadly ones.

[2] "Snivan, who sang the lay
At Lodin's *Crom-lec* on the hill;
When the stone of spectres heard the sage,
Battle recalled the flying warriors."

It is said that Ossian gives no indication of any kind of worship being practised by his heroes. Without pronouncing absolutely on this opinion, I must bespeak the reader's patience in considering the following statements regarding the *Crom-lec*, so frequently mentioned throughout these poems.

But first, I must say a word regarding the meaning of this term. "The *Crom-lech* consists of three or four unhewn columns supporting a huge table or block of stone."—Wilson's 'Prehist. Ann.,' vol. i. p. 92. I regret that the name is thus understood by British antiquaries generally, for its etymological import conveys a very different idea—an idea which has been correctly taken up by French antiquaries, and prevails universally among the Gaelic-speaking population. Fremenville ('Mon. Anc. de la Bretagne-Finisterre,' p. 60) describes the Crom-lec as "pierres sacrées en courbe, en circle;" and Souvestre ('Dern. Bretons,' vol. i. p. 105) says, "On appelle Cromlechs des cercles Druidiques formés des pierres plantées verticalement en terre."—(Quoted from Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes Leslie.)

The composition of the name means, as I have briefly said in the Explanation of Proper Names, a "circle of stones or of flags," and no more. It may mean a bent flag—*cròm* taken as an adj., and *leac* in the nom. sing.; or *cròm* as part of the verb "to bow" or "bend," will convey the idea of the "bowing-stone" or "worshipping-stone." The simplest explanation is the first of the three—*cròm* in the nom. sing., "a circle"—very frequently so used by Ossian—and *leac* in the gen. pl., "a circle of stones." In the common acceptation of the Gaelic-speaking people, the first and third meanings are combined. They understand by it a circle of stones at which worship was performed. A strong confirmation of this view, familiar to Gaelic men, is found in the fact often observed that Christian churches are frequently called to this day by the name of *clachan*, "the stones."

I mention further, though I do not attach importance to it, that the term for prostration in worship—Gaelic *sleuchd*, Irish *sleachd*—seems to be derived from *leac* or *leuchd*, "a flag" or "stone."

But it is said that these "stones" were raised by the Allophyllic

tribes, who preceded the Celts in their occupation of Scotland, and that the Celtic name or Celtic acceptation of it is not to be taken into consideration in deciding the question. Now granting, what is anything but certain, that the builders were a non-Celtic race, it may be fairly said that the Celts who came into contact with them—who lived at least two thousand years nearer than we do to the time when the "stones" were raised—had better opportunities of knowing their use than we have, and were likely to name them according to the account they received of the purpose for which they had been used.

I notice just one other objection—viz., that these pillared circles were evidently raised as sepulchral monuments, not as places of worship, because the remains of the dead are found around them. The answer to this is easily given. The floors of many of our churches cover the bones of thousands who at one time worshipped in their pews. The "coming New Zealander" may, according to the above inference, argue that they were built solely as monuments of the dead.

I believe it to be an unquestionable fact that "stone-circles" were from the earliest ages used as places of worship and as courts for the administration of justice by the Celts, as by various nations in Europe, Asia, and the north of Africa. I need scarcely refer to the "stones" of Gilgal and Mizpeh, mentioned in the Old Testament.

But let me set before the reader some of the sayings of Ossian regarding the "stone-circles," which I think will be found in accordance with what is said of their uses of old in so many other countries.

In "Ca-Lodin" (vol. i. p. 11), Starno and Swaran are represented as pouring out their rhymes, or *runes*, to the stone of Lodin, and "not in *vain*." Their petitions were granted, or believed to be so.

Again, in "Fingal" (Duan VI. l. 295-298), it is said of the king of Craca, standing in the "circle of Brumo": "Bha 'n sonn *an cainnt* ri cloich nam fuath"—literally, "the king was in speech with the stone of spectres;" the real meaning of which is, that he "conversed" with it. He spoke to the "stone in the circle," and received an answer.

In "Fingal" (Duan I. l. 70) we have mention made of "Cromleac a' ghuth," erroneously rendered by me in the text "echoing Cromla," though in the margin I have given the exact meaning—"Cromlec of the voice." Macfarlan gives "a circo-saxeo vocum." The line clearly implies that an audible answer was given.

In the lines quoted at the beginning of the note, Snivan, a priest or augur, is said to have derived from the stone which he addressed such powers as enabled him to recall to battle the warriors, even when in flight.

In "Temora" (Duan I. l. 284) Cairbar is said to have hidden himself behind the stone of "forms" (spirits) and of "circles"; and I may refer, though it speaks not of the Crom-lec, to the passage which Macpherson says is the only one in the poem that has the appearance of religion ("Fingal," Duan III. l. 153-156), where Cuchullin, deeply anxious for the speedy arrival of Fingal's ships, says:—

> "If any mighty spirit in the skies
> Sit on the mist with full control,
> Turn his vessels from the rocks,
> Thou who ridest on the storms."

From all this it is evident that the "circle of stones," the *Crom-lec*, was considered sacred by Ossian; and that people worshipped there in his day—both in Scandinavia and in Ireland—offered prayers and received answers.

I do not see any direct mention of the object of worship; but from the various addresses to the Sun which these poems contain—one at the opening of "Carric-thura," one at the close of "Car-hon," and another very beautiful one in "Temora" (Duan II. l. 503 *et seq.*); from the fact that they are commonly known by the name of *Laoidh na Gréine*, "Sun-hymn;" and that in the Irvine MS., that in "Car-hon" is called *Urnuigh na Gréine*, "A Prayer to the Sun;" from the many remains of fire-worship still to be found in the Highlands—the first day of May being known as *Beal-tein*, "the fire of Bel," and the kindling of fires at the summer solstice being still practised in some localities;—from all this it seems certain that the Sun, under the name of Bel, was worshipped in these "stone-circles."

I have purposely avoided hitherto calling these circles "Druidical," because, in recent times, various writers on the Highlands, especially M'Culloch and Laing, are inclined to deny that the Druids ever held any important place there.*

Ossian does not mention them by name. It is natural, however, to believe that he refers to them when speaking so often of the "dwellers in the caves," in "the circles of the mountain," &c. But there are various well-known passages quoted from ancient writers—from Cæsar to Bede—stating most expressly that the Druids exercised a powerful sway in Britain, as in various other countries. I will not quote any of these,

* The name is said to be derived from δρυς, "an oak," but a more probable derivation appears to me to be from the common verb *druidh* or *druigh*, signifying "to influence," "to affect," "to penetrate," referring to the great power attributed to these ancient priests.

but conclude my very long note by saying that the name of the Druidical priesthood is deeply engraven on the topography of the Highlands—that the idea of their possessing supernatural power is closely interwoven with the tales, superstitions, and the ordinary language of the people—that they have left unmistakable traces of their existence, which will endure as long as the Gaelic language endures.

[3] . . . "The loch of *Torgul.*"

In the Gaelic this name is *Iorghuil;* but Macfarlan in Latin, and Ross in English, have *Torgul*, which I have adopted as the more probable reading.

[4] "In the conflict of *hurtling* spears."

"'S a' chòmhrag mu-n *iadh* an t-sleagh."

This word *iadh* is of very frequent occurrence, and a very trying one to a translator. Its root meaning is "to wind around." I have here rendered it "hurtling," for want of a better term. The literal rendering of the line is—

"The combat round which wind the spears."

[5] The episode of *Fàinne-Soluis*, "Ring of light," called also the "Maid of Craca," is wanting in the Gaelic of Macpherson, but in its outline is very generally known, and has been the subject of much discussion.

The sixth of Macpherson's "Fragments" is very similar to it. There is a long version of it in Miss Brooke's 'Reliques' under the title of "Moira Borb," or "Laoidh an Mhoighre Bhoirb;" and in the Dean of Lismore's book there is another very similar to, though not identical with, Miss Brooke's. Its title there is "An Dyre Borb." There is one given in Gillies's Collection (where there is also "Dàn na h'-ighin," very like "Fàinne-Soluis"). There is one in the App. to High. Soc. Rep., and various other versions more or less perfect may be met with, some of which the title is "Am Boighre Borb." All these, while differing in expression, give the same account of the leading incidents of the tale, which proves two things—that the poem took a strong hold of the popular mind, and that Macpherson was not the framer of it.

I think the following fact worth mentioning, as an instance of the impression which fragments of this ancient poetry made on the minds

of some of the Highlanders, even while the great bulk of it was forgotten:—

My neighbour and co-presbyter, the Rev. Dr M'Intyre, was visited a few years ago by an old man from Glencoe, who had the name of being acquainted with tales and traditions. Dr M'Intyre produced the Dean of Lismore's book, tried him with the titles of several of the poems. He had a dim recollection of some of them; but when the beginning of "Moighre Borb" was read, he said there was something wanting, and at the end of the 36th line supplied the following beautiful couplet describing the grief of the maid of Craca as she besought aid from Fingal:—

"Mar mhaoth éirigh nan tonn,
Bha fliuch-osna throm a cléibh."
"Like the soft heaving of the waves
Was the tear-laden sigh of her breast;"

or, more literally,

"The wet heavy sigh of her breast."

These lines, far superior to the rest of the poem, suggest the idea that a version of higher merit than any that is now preserved existed at one time.

DUAN IV.

[1] "The wooing of Ossian"—"Suirdhe Oisein"—here related (l. 14-80) is, like the Maid of Craca, very widely known in Gaelic. There is a version of it by Gillies (1786), another in App. High. Soc. Rep., a third by the M'Callums (1816); and others also might be referred to. Of all, however, it must be said that they are far inferior in many respects to that given by Macpherson.

[2] "Faint and slow her voice;"

Gaelic—

"The voice of her mouth."

According to English usage, this is a redundant expression. But I need not remind the classical reader that it is common in the ancient languages. "The words of my mouth," "speaking with the mouth," are familiar to us in the Bible, as also in the Greek and Latin writers.

[3] "[I watched the *terrors* of the night;
Some of them fell darkly in the wood;]"

literally—

"My attention was on the *terrors* (or spectres) of the night;
Light forsook some of them in the wood (or on the hill)."

I cannot understand what *terrors* were watched by Ossian, nor make out the meaning of the second line. It may be that some of the enemy remained in the wood after nightfall, or, as I think more probable, that they were slain by him there—that the light of life forsook them. My rendering is very much conjectural; and I have ventured to bracket the lines, having little doubt that at the least they are erroneously placed where they are.

[4] "Oscar, lay my sword,
My bended yew, and antler of the stag,
Beside the grey stone, at the head
Of the far-off, narrow, darksome cairn."

The remains of various weapons dug out of ancient tombs shows that Ossian here describes a custom which was widely prevalent among nations of old.

The arrangement of the last two lines in Gaelic is very peculiar.

P. 27, l. 295, 296.—"Awaken the conflict with song—
By song the battle is aroused."

So Virgil, lamenting Misenus—

"Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu."
—Æn. VI. 164-65.

P. 29, l. 336.—"Its moss sounds in the wind like hair."

I have in a former note (vol. i. p. 279) observed that Ossian frequently speaks of the "weeping of moss." In the line before me, and in a few other places, the word is spelled *caoineach*, apparently derived from *caoineadh*, "weeping," and would thus mean "the weeper." The common spelling, however, is established as *còinneach*, which I have followed.

P. 33, l. 377-397.—The "choosing of combatants" here related seems to have been widely known. In High. Soc. Rep., App. p. 82, there is a version given by the Rev. Dr Smith, Campbelton. Gillies, under the title of "Comhrag Fhéinn agus Mhànuis," "The Conflict of Fionn and Magnus," gives another. In the Irvine MS. there is another in a

poem called "Eas Laoire, no Cath Mhànuis," "The Ravine of Lora, or Battle of Magnus." In Jerome Stone's MS., "Oran a' Chlérich," or "The Clerk's Song," is very similar; and in Miss Brooke's "Laoidh Mhàghnuis Mhòir," "The Lay of the Great Magnus," there is a further one.

These differ among themselves; but it is remarkable that they all agree in one thing—making Magnus, instead of Swaran, the opponent of Fingal. It deserves also to be mentioned that the demand made by Swaran of Cuchullin (Duan II. l. 180-188), is, in all these versions, made of Fingal by Magnus.

I notice that Miss Brooke calls Fingal's great banner *Geal-grèine*, "the whiteness of the sun," or "the brightness of the sun."

DUAN V.

1 "They flung each piece of armour on the plain," &c.

These lines bring to our recollection descriptions of heroic combats by many poets, ancient and modern, down to Sir Walter Scott's animated account of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' But my reason for noting the passage is, that we have a description of this combat also in those Ballads which I have so repeatedly referred to. In Miss Brooke's "Manus" the resemblance to Macpherson's account is only general. In Gillies, in the Irvine, and in J. Stone's MSS., it is closer; while in High. Soc. Rep., App. p. 84, the description, though far from being a copy of what is here before us, is very similar to it.

2 "Heroes have their (appointed) day on the field."

In many places Ossian speaks as if warriors could control all circumstances, and were almost omnipotent; but in this place, and in others which might be referred to, he shows us the greatest of his heroes acknowledging a superior power as determining all events.

3 "Fingal severed from each other
The thong-fastenings of his shield in war.
The spotted shield fell to ground."

I see no account of the manner in which the shield was fastened by the Caledonians. It is clear from the description before us—a fre-

quently-recurring one—that it could not be merely bound on the arm as in more modern times. If it were so, the fastening could not be severed until the shield had been broken; but we see many descriptions, like that before us, of the shield falling to the ground entire and uninjured. It is probable that it was suspended as among the Greeks in the days of Troy—the manner of which, Professor Blackie, in his very learned notes to his translation of Homer, describes as follows: "The Homeric heroes seem to have supported their shields with a *thong* or belt, τελαμων. . . . Herodotus speaks as if these belts, suspended across the neck and the left shoulder, were the only instruments used for wielding the shield until the Carians invented ὄχανα."

If we suppose such a belt as this around the neck and shoulder of the Ossianic warriors, we can easily understand how they might be stripped of their shields without their being wounded, or the shield being broken.

The other arms were the arrow, called *saighead* (sagitta), *iuthar* (yew), and *iuthaidh* (ιος); the spear, *sleagh*, of which two were sometimes carried in the hand, as we see also in Homer; the sword, *claidheamh* (gladius, glaive), or *lann*, which signifies "blade," "any cutting instrument;" and the mail, *màile*. This last term is often used to denote a helmet as well as a coat of mail. *Clogaid* is the distinctive name for helmet, and we have *lùireach* (loricâ) for the shirt of mail, or habergeon. I am unable to explain how the same word comes to denote things so different. I may observe, however, that in Gaelic *màla* means "bag," whence the English "mail" for letter-bag; and it is possible that, as the helmet enclosed the head, and the shirt of mail the body, they might be both designated by a common term, the original meaning of which is "to enclose."

"[And Bran himself is not, as wont,
Shaking his chain beside the door.]"

I have bracketted these lines, because they have a modern sound about them. The later tales speak of Bran as chained with a gold chain; but the traditions which point out large stone pillars, like *clach a' choin* (the dog's stone) at Dunolly, near Oban, and many similar ones, as the posts to which this celebrated dog was bound, agree far better with the Ossianic idea of him than the description which we have of him here, chained at a door like a common watch-dog, and the idea of his being bound to these great pillars by a gold chain cannot for a moment be entertained. Besides, while Bran is, down to the present

day, a very common name for staghounds, I think Ossian would consider it an insult to the great king that any inferior person should in his day possess a Bran.

6 "He flung the signal-stone of battle."

I am unable to give any explanation of this expression. The *beum-sgéithe*, "striking the shield," which was done with the point or steel-end of the spear—the *stoc*, "horn" or "trumpet"—and the *iolach* or "battle-shout," of which we have such frequent mention in classical writers,—were all signals for combat; but this is the only place where the throwing of a stone is said to be a battle-signal.

7 "Fillan, Fergus, bring over Orla," &c.

The generosity of Fingal in burying beside his favourite son the enemy who had fought with him, is deserving of mention. We see before this (l. 185-191) that whenever Orla fell he charges his two sons to "raise Orla's memory with goodwill," to sing the lay which would enable his spirit to ascend to the cloud-dwellings of his fathers. All this contrasts most favourably with the conduct even of Hector, who fought as keenly as any other Trojan, or Greek, for the possession of the dead body of an enemy; and, as was the fashion of the Homeric heroes, spoke contemptuously and bitterly of those opposed to him.

DUAN VI.

1 "And the chief got his choice in combat."

To grant a warrior his choice in combat, apparently implying the choosing alike of his antagonist and of the arms with which he was to engage him, seems to have been ranked as a high honour and privilege in the days of Ossian. Thus when Swaran, overpowered by Fingal's generosity towards him, enters into a bond of perpetual friendship with him, and expresses the hope that their descendants shall meet around the festive board in Lochlin, he sums up the favours which Fingal's descendants were to receive by saying (l. 215, 216)—

"And their choice they shall have in the glen,
In the conflict of spears with heroes."

[2] "Amid the fire and sound of songs."

"Measg *falloisg* 'us fuaim nan dàn."

* *Falloisg*, which I have more than once adverted to as "moor" or "heather burning," is here applied to bardic fire. It implies much of the "fine frenzy" of the poet, and of high enthusiasm in the singer, far more than any one English word can express. I know no other instance of its being thus applied.

"The shore of *whelks*."

"Tràigh nam *faoch*."

This is the only place where the word *faoch* is used by Ossian; and, while being an ἅπαξ λεγομενον is not sufficient charge against a word to warrant its banishment, I think there are sufficient grounds for treating *faoch* here as an intruder. The *whelk* is among the smallest of our shell-fish, not conspicuous on any shore, and could hardly come to be used by a poet, aiming always at a very lofty strain, to characterise the shore of the great ocean, where a favourite hero was waiting for a wind. *Faobh*, "spoils," is probably the true reading.

[4] "Theirs shall be plenteous feast and cheer;"

Gaelic—

"*Cuirm* . . . 'us *fleagh*."

These two words, according to present usage, are entirely synonymous. "Cuirm" (*curm*) is, however, said to mean, in old Welsh, a kind of beer which the British brewed. Probably the expression before us was at one time synonymous with the "latices epulasque" of the Romans; but as we have no Gaelic warrant for applying *cuirm* to drink alone, I have translated the words generally by "plenteous feast," or some equivalent phrase.

[5] "It will not profit us to be in song,
When we are weak and pale beneath the mound."

The sentiment conveyed in these and the six preceding lines is in remarkable contrast with the general strain of Ossian in regard to "renown in song." Securing a place in the "undying song" seems to be the aim and end of the warrior's very being; and once he has reached this goal he seems to be fully satisfied. The thoughts of Fingal in the words before us are, notwithstanding, very natural, and however at variance with the hero's feelings "amid the conflict of hurtling spears," will press themselves on every one who calmly reflects on the fact that the "dark narrow house" will soon be his abode.

[6] . . . "Said worthless Conan," or "praiseless Conan."

Conan has been repeatedly compared to Thersites; and while Ossian, like Homer, gives glowing descriptions of the personal beauty, or rather grandeur of his heroes—is even tiresome in praising their "heavy" and their "flowing locks," reminding us of the "long-haired Greeks"—Conan is represented as entirely destitute of this highly-prized ornament. *Conan maol*, "bald Conan," is his description, and his alone, even as Thersites is the only one of Homer's warriors who is loaded with personal deformities. Conan's attack on Cuchullin is hardly in keeping with the context.

[7] "High leader of the *Fail* of Erin."

These words seem to imply that there was a race (as some writers maintain) called Fail, or Falans, or Phalans, in Erin of old.

[8] "Carul raised his voice *on the plain*;
I aided the bards *on the hill*."
. . . "*Air a' mhagh*;
. . . "*Air an tom*."

These and similar expressions, descriptive of locality, occur very frequently in Ossian, and often without any clear meaning. "On the hill," "afar," "on the field," &c., present constant difficulties to the translator. Anxious to be literal, I have endeavoured to render them in English; but were I to begin a translation anew, I would frequently disregard them, for I am convinced that very often they are nothing but words to be used when needful to complete a line—or, if it may be said without irreverence to the venerable "voice of Cona," mere "literary padding," for the rounding of periods as occasion may require.

It is, however, possible that their over-frequent use may arise from what seems to be a peculiarity in the Celtic mind as to its conception of existence. I do not see that "being" was ever thought of apart from place—from a "local habitation." "*An ti a tha*," "he who is," is not Gaelic. "*An ti a tha ann*," "he who is *there*," or, more strictly, "who is *in*,"—"in some place or another,"—is the Gaelic equivalent of "he who is"; and this *ann* is a necessary adjunct to the verb *bi*, "to be." Possibly the habit of mind implied in this mode of thought may have led Ossian to localise to excess, which he certainly does.

(Q.—Have we an indication of a somewhat similar phase of thought in the English mind in the common expression of a thing or event taking *place*? Taking a place *where*?)

DUAN I.

ARGUMENT.

"Cairbar, the son of Borbar-duthul, lord of Atha in Connaught, the most potent chief of the race of the Firbolg, having murdered, at Temora the royal palace, Cormac the son of Artho, the young king of Ireland, usurped the throne. Cormac was lineally descended from Conar the son of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the western coast of Scotland. Fingal resented the behaviour of Cairbar, and resolved to pass over into Ireland with an army to re-establish the royal family on the Irish throne. Early intelligence of his designs coming to Cairbar, he assembled some of his tribes in Ulster, and at the same time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him speedily with an army from Temora. Such was the situation of affairs when the Caledonian invaders appeared on the coast of Ulster.

"The poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the army, when one of his scouts brought him news of the landing of Fingal. He assembles a council of his chiefs. Foldath, the chief of Moma, haughtily despises the enemy, and is reprimanded warmly by Malthos. Cairbar, after hearing their debate, orders a feast to be prepared, to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oscar the son of Ossian, resolving to pick a quarrel with that hero, and so have some pretext for killing him. Oscar came to the feast, the quarrel happened, the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual wounds. The noise of the battle reached Fingal's army. The king came on to the relief of Oscar, and the Irish fell back to the army of Cathmor, who was advanced to the banks of the river Lubar, on the heath of Moilena. Fingal, after mourning over his grandson, ordered Ullin, the chief of his bards, to carry his body to Morven, to be there interred. Night coming on, Althan, the son of Conachar, relates to the king the particulars of the murder of Cormac. Fillan, the son of Fingal, is sent to observe the motions of Cathmar by night, which concludes the action of the first day. The scene of this book is a plain near the hill of Mora, which rose on the borders of the heath of Moi-lena, in Ulster."—M.

TIGHMORA.

DUAN I.

Gorm thonna na h-Eirinn 'an soillse,
Ard mhonadh fo bhoillsge an là;
Cranna ciar-cheann ag aomadh fo ghaoith,
Liath shruithean 'taomadh o chàrn;
Dà thoman uaine fo dharaig [a]
Ag iadhadh 's a' tarruing mu chaol-rath,
Caoin shiubhal an uisge tro' ghleannaibh;
Air bruaich an uilld an Cairbre féin,[b]
A shleagh fo chomas an tréin r'a thaobh,
A dhearg shùil fo ghiorrag, 's e 'bròn.
Dh' éirich Cormac 'an anam an rìgh,
'S a lotan gun chli, 'n a thaobh.
Leth-fhaicte bha 'n t-òg 'an dùbhra,
'Fhuil chraobh-dhearg a' sruthadh o 'chliabh.
Thilg Cairbre a shleagh tri chuairt,
Tri chuairt chuir e 'n fheusaig fo 'làimh.

[a] Clothed in oak; lit. *under oak.*

[b] Cairbar; Gael. *the Cairbar himself*—a mode of expression not uncommon in Ossian, and occasionally followed by modern Highland bards.

The blue waves of Erin roll in light. The mountains are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills, with aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On

TEMORA.

DUAN I.

Description of a bright and peaceful scene in Erin;

THE blue waves of Erin are gleaming,
The lofty hills in the brightness of day;
Dark-crested trees bend in the wind,
Hoary streams pour down from cairns;
Two green hillocks clothed in oak[a]
Stretch curving round a narrow plain.
Water wanders slowly through the glen;
By the river-side was Cairbar,[b]
His spear firm grasped by the side of the hero;
His red eye was troubled and in grief.
In the soul of the king rose Cormac,
And the deadly wounds in his side,
Half seen in dimness was the youth,
His bubbling blood red-gushing from his breast.[1]
Three times Cairbar flung his spear;
Three times grasped his beard in his hand.

in the midst of which stood Cairbar, restless and troubled, as the image of the murdered Cormac rose before his mind.

its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eye of his fear is sad. Cormac rises in his soul with all his ghastly wounds. The grey form of the youth appears in darkness. Blood pours from his airy side. Cairbar thrice threw his spear

DUAN I.

Chas e gu tric o 'àrd cheum ;
Chrath e ruighe nam beud gu h-àrd.[a]
Mar nial 'am fàsach am mòr thriath,
'Caochladh fo ghaoith nan sìan a dhealbh,
Na gleannan 'am bròn fo 'n fhireach,
Mu seach fo ghiorrag nam braon.

Ghabh an rìgh a mhòr 'anam dha féin ;[b]
Ghlac e sleagh nan treun 'n a làimh.
Thionndaidh 'shùil gu cùl magh Léna.
Luchd-coimhead nam beud o chuan gorm,
Thàinig iad le ceumaibh fo fhiamh
Tric a' coimhead sìos o 'n t-sàil.
Dh' aithnich Cairbre mu chòrr rìgh nan gnìomh.
Ghairm e dorcha na triath' gu 'làimh.
Ghrad-thàinig ceum fuaimear nan sonn,
An glas lannan lom anns gach làimh.
An sin bha Mòrla 'n dubhre ciar ;
An sin bha Dalla nan ciabh 's a' ghaoith,
Cormar ruadh ag aomadh 'air sleagh,
A' sealladh borb o thaobh a ghruaim.
B' alluidh do shùil chròm, a Mhalthois,
Fo shealladh do mhòr fhabhraid.
Sheas Foldath mar chairaig 'an sruth.
'Ceileadh fo chlobhar a dubh chruth,

[a] His deadly arm ; lit. *the arm of injuries* or *mischiefs.*

[b] Reclaimed his . . . soul ; lit. *took his . . . soul unto himself.*

on earth ; thrice he stroked his beard. His steps are short : he often stops. He tosses his sinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert, varying its form to every blast. The valleys are sad around, and, fear, by turns, the shower. The king at length resumed his soul. He took his pointed spear. He turned his eye to Moi-lena. The scouts of blue ocean came. They came with steps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near.

Often he stayed his hurried step,
And tossed on high his deadly arm.*
The mighty chief was like a cloud of the desert,
Changing its form under stormy wind;
While the glens by the mountain are sad,
As by turns they dread the coming showers.

The king reclaimed his mighty soul;*
In his hand he seized the spear of the brave.
He turned his eye to the edge of Lena's plain.
The watchers for foes from the blue ocean
Came with the steps of fear,
Often glancing down behind.
Cairbar knew the coming of the hero-king.
Gloomily he called the chiefs around him.
In haste came their echoing steps;*
In every hand a bare blue blade.
There was Morna of gloomy frown;
There Dalla was, with hair on the wind;
Red Cormar leaning on a spear,
Fiercely glaring with a sidelong scowl;
Savage was thy downward eye, thou Malhos,
Beneath the look of thy shaggy eyebrow;
Folda stood like a rock in a current,
Which hides its dark head in foam,

Composing himself, he summons around him his warriors, as he apprehended the approach of an enemy.

The names of several of these warriors are given.

He called his gloomy chiefs.

The sounding steps of his warriors came: they drew at once their swords. There Morlath stood with darkened face. Hidalla's long hair sighs in the wind. Red-haired Cormar bends on his spear, and rolls his sidelong-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows. Foldath stands like an oozy rock that covers its dark sides with foam. His spear is like Slimora's

DUAN I.

A shleagh fhada mar ghiubhas nam mòr shliabh,
A thachras rí còrr ghaoith nan speur,
A sgiath làn de chomharan còmhraig,
A dhearg shùil an' còmhnuidh gun fhiamh.
Iads' 'us triath' eile gun chunntas
A' dlùth-theannadh mu rìgh Éirinn,
'N uair thàinig fear-coimhead a' chuain
Moranail gu cruaich mhagh Léna,
Bha 'shùilean 'briseadh claon o 'cheann,
A bhìlean càm a' crith, 's iad liath.[a]

[a] His lips . . . pale; lit. hoary—*liath*, a term applied to the lips only in this instance, as far as I know.

"An seas triathan na h-Éirinn air chùl
Balbh mar bhadan na ciuin oidhche,
Mar gharbh choillè balbh fo mhùig,
'Us Fionnghal mu'n tràigh a' boillsgeadh—
Fionnghal a's fuasaiche beum,
Àrd rìgh nan treun o shruithean Mhòrbheinn?

"Am faca tu 'n gaisgeach nach fann,"
Thuirt Cairbre, o spàirn a chléibh,
"Am bheil a laoich lìonmhor air tràigh?
An tog e sleagh chòmhraig o 'dhéigh.
No an d'thainig an treun 'an sith."

"'An sìth cha d'thàinig e, 'rìgh Éirinn.
Chunna mi roi' 'n treun a shleagh shuas

---

fir that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the strokes of battle. His red eye despises danger. These and a thousand other chiefs surrounded the king of Erin when the scout of ocean came, Mor-annal, from streamy Moi-lena. His eyes hang forward from his face; his lips trembling, pale!

"Do the chiefs of Erin stand," he said, "silent as the grove of

His lengthy spear, like the pine of great mountains,
Which meets the stormy blast of the skies;
His shield was full of battle-dints;
Ever fearless was his fiery eye.
These, and countless other chiefs,
Close pressed around the king of Erin,
When came the watchman of ocean,
Moranal, to the hill of Lena's plain;[2]
His eyes, asquint, were starting from his head—
Trembled his lips, awry and pale![a]

Moranal the scout rushes towards them in terror,

"Do the princes of Erin stand back,
Mute as a wood in the stilly night,
Mute as a great wood under mist,
When Fingal shines upon the shore—
Fingal of terrific stroke,
High king of heroes from the streams of Morven?"

tells of the landing of Fingal (come to avenge the death of Cormac).

"Hast thou beheld the stalwart chief?"
Cairbar said, with labouring chest.
"Are his warriors many on the shore?
Will he draw the spear of battle from his back;
Or comes the strong one in peace?".

Cairbar asks whether he came in peace or in war.

"In peace he comes not, king of Erin.
I saw on high the hero's forward spear,[3]

Moranal answers, in war;

evening? Stand they like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast? Fingal, who is terrible in battle, the king of streamy Morven?" "Hast thou seen the warrior?" said Cairbar, with a sigh. "Are his heroes many on the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?" "In peace he comes not, king of Erin! I have seen his forward spear. It is a meteor of death. The blood

DUAN I.

Mar mhall theine bàis ag éirigh,[a]
Fuil mhìltean a' leumadh m'a chruaidh.
B' es' an ceud fhear 'bhuail an tìr
Làidir fo 'leadanaibh liatha.
Làn, féitheach, garbh chalpan an rìgh,
'Cheuma 'gluasad gun stri air sliabh.
Air thaobh an tréin a chlaidheamh fiar,
An dara beum a chaoidh nach iarr;
A sgiath leathann fhuasach 'n a làimh,
Mar cheareal fuileach ré 's i làn,
Ag éirigh gu dàn tro' stoirm.
An sin Oisian rìgh caoin nam fonn,
Mac Mhorni 'n sonn air ceann nan triath.
Leum Conall air a shleagh o'n tonn;
Sgaoil Diarmad a dhonn chiabh;
Lùb Fillean a bhogha le mòrchuis,
Sealgair òg aig mòr shruth nan sliabh.
Co e sud air ceann nan treun
Mar gharbh shiubhal sruth o bheinn?
Co 'th' ann ach mac Oisein, an triath,
Mar bhoillsge teine 'measg a chiabh,
Mu 'chùl a leadan fada 'n cuaich,
'Fhabhraid dhubh leth-cheilt' 'an cruaidh,
A lann 'an iall a' triall r'a thaobh,
A shleagh 's e 'siubhal a' boillsgeadh baoth.
Theich mi o gharg shùil an t-seoid,
A rìgh Thighmòra nam mòr chliu."

[a] I do not understand what is meant by the "slow fire of death" here. I translate literally.

of thousands is on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong in the grey hair of age. Full rose his sinewy limbs as he strode in his might. That sword is by his side, which gives no second wound. His shield is terrible, like the bloody moon ascending through a storm. Then came Ossian, king of songs; then Morni's son, the first of men. Connal leaps forward on his spear. Dermid spreads

Rising like a slow fire of death[a]
The blood of thousands springing round his steel.
He was the first who struck the shore,
Stalwart under hoary locks;
Full and sinewy are his mighty limbs,
And freely move his steps on the hill.
On the side of the hero slants his sword,
Which never seeks a second stroke;
His broad dread shield is in his hand,
Like the blood-red orb of the moon when full,
Rising fearless through a storm.
Then (came) Ossian, gentle king of song;
Then Morni's son, true leader of the brave;
Sprang Connal on his spear from sea;
Dermid spread his dark-brown locks;
Fillan bent his bow in pride,
A youthful hunter, by great mountain-streams.
Who is there in front of the brave,
Like the rough rushing of torrents from the Ben?—
Who but Ossian's son, the prince,
Like a flame of fire, amid his locks.
His long hair waving down his back,
His black brow half hid in steel,
His thong-girt sword swung by his side,
His spear glanced brightly as he walked.
I fled from the stern eye of the warrior,
King of Temora, of high renown."

describes his terrible appearance,

and that of several of his heroes,

especially that of Oscar.

his dark-brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the young hunter of streamy Moruth. But who is that before them like the terrible course of a stream? It is the son of Ossian, bright between his locks! His long hair falls on his back. His dark brows are half enclosed in steel. His sword hangs loose on his side. His spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora!"

DUAN I.

a Sorry knave; lit. *bad one without use.*

"Teich thusa, 'fhir dhona gun fheum,"[a]
Thuirt Foldath 'an gruaim fheirg,
"Teich-sa gu d' liath shruithean féin,
A mhic an anma ghainn fo mheirg.
Nach fhacas leamsa 'n t-Oscar donn?
Chunna mis' an triath ri còmhrag.
'An cumnart, de na tréin tha 'n sonn.
Togar sleagh le daoin' eil' air chòmhnard;
Is iomadh mac 'th' aig Éirinn cho mòr.
A rìgh Thighmòra nan àrd chraobh,
Leig dhomhsa tachairt ris an t-seòd,
'Us caisgidh mi 'n sruth mòr 'n a dheann.
Tha mo shleagh nighte 'am fuil,
Mo sgiath mar bhalla Thùra."

"An coinnich Foldath 'n a aonar na dàimh?"
Thuirt Malthos nam fabhrad ciar.
"Nach 'eil iad cho lìonmhor air tràigh
Ri coi-thional garbh-shruth nan sliabh?
Nach iad féin na treuna 'thug buaidh
Thar Suaran nan cruaidh bheum,
'N uair 'ghabh sliochd Éirinn an ruaig?
'S an tachair Foldath ri'n ceud treun?
A chridhe chiair an àrdain féin,
Gabh spionnadh nan ceud de shluagh;
Thigeadh Malthos maille ri tréin,

"Then fly, thou feeble man!" said Foldath's gloomy wrath. "Fly to the grey streams of thy land, son of the little soul! Have not I seen that Oscar? I beheld the chief in war: he is of the mighty in danger. But there are others who lift the spear. Erin has many sons as brave, king of Temora of groves! Let Foldath meet him in his strength. Let me stop this mighty stream. My spear is

Folda (one of Cairbar's warriors) reproaches the cowardice of Moranal;

"Flee thou, thou sorry knave,"
Said Folda, with wrathful scowl—
"Flee to thine own grey streams,
Son of the small and churlish soul.
Has brown-haired Oscar not been seen by me?
I have looked on the hero in battle—
He is a hero in the midst of danger.
(But) other men can wield a spear on field:
Erin has many a son as great.
King of Temora of lofty trees,
Let me encounter the warrior;

and offers to meet and defeat Oscar.

I will stem the great flood in its rush:
My spear is bathed in blood,
My shield is like the wall of Tura."

Malhos ridicules the idea of Folda alone going forth to meet Fingal's followers;

"Shall Folda singly meet the foe?"
Said Malhos of the swarthy brow.
"Are they not numerous on the coast
As gathering of rugged mountain-streams?
Are not these the heroes who conquered
Swaran of hard-dealing strokes,
When the sons of Erin took to flight?
And shall Folda meet their foremost warrior?
Thou dark heart of veriest pride,
Take the strength of hundreds of the host;

and counsels him to take hundreds with

Let Malhos with strong ones come.

---

covered with blood; my shield is like the wall of Tura!"

"Shall Foldath alone meet the foe?" replied the dark-browed Malthos. "Are they not on our coast like the waters of many streams? Are not these the chiefs who vanquished Swaran when the sons of green Erin fled? Shall Foldath meet their bravest hero? Foldath of the heart of pride, take the strength of the people, and

DUAN I.

Bha mo chlaidheamh fo bheumaibh ruadh ;
Ach co a chuala gu fiar mo ghuth ?"

"A shliochd Éirinn a's uaine raon,"
Thuirt triath Chlaonrath nan caoin shruth,
"Na cluinneadh Fionnghal 'ur briathra faoin ;
Na biodh sòlas air naimhdean an diugh ;
A' cur spionna 'n an làimh 's an tìr.
Is treun sibh féin, a shìol nam blàr,
Mar ghaillinn o ghàir a' chuain,
Mar stoirm a thachras ri sgeir àird,
'Bheir coille gu làr o chruaich.
Ach gluaiseamaid ar spionnadh fèin,
Mall mar threun choi-thional nial.
Bi' dh giorrag air sàr mhac nam beum ;
Tuitidh 'gharbh shleagh gun fheum o 'n triath.
'Chi sinn dubh-nial dorch' a' bhàis,'
Their iads', 'us faileus 'fàs mu 'n tuar,
Bròn air Fionnghal aosda na bàigh,
A chliu a' sìoladh o 'n tràigh gun bhuaidh.
Cha-n fhaic air Mòrbheinn ceum a thriath ;
Bi' dh còinneach nam bliadhn' air Selma."

An sàmhchair chuala Cairbre ruadh,
Mar dhubh nial nan stuadh fo bhraon.
A sheasas dorch' air Cromla shuas,

---

let Malthos come. My sword is red with slaughter, but who has heard my words?"

"Sons of green Erin," said Hidalla, "let not Fingal hear your words. The foe might rejoice and his arm be strong in the land. Ye are brave, O warriors! ye are tempests in war. Ye are like storms which meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods. But let us move in our strength, slow as a gathered cloud. Then

My sword is red with cleaving blows;
But who has heard my voice in boast?"

him to such a combat.

"Race of Erin of greenest fields,"
Said the chief of Clonra of placid streams,
"Let not Fingal hear your idle words;
Let not joy be to our foes to-day,
Giving strength to their hands in our land.
Strong ye are, ye sons of battle,
Like tempest from the roar of ocean—
Like storm which meets a lofty cliff,
And strews the wood upon the hill.
But let us move in all our strength,
Slow as a great gathering of clouds.
Fear shall seize the son of cleaving blows,
His great spear fall useless from the chief.
'We see the dark cloud of death,'
They will say, as shadows gather round their face.
Fingal the aged and the kind shall mourn,
As ebbs his fame from the shore of (his) defeat.
He shall not see his warriors' steps in Morven;
The moss of years shall cover Selma."

The chief of Clonra stops their quarrel;

urges them all to unite in repelling Fingal;

and assures *them of* success if they do so.

In silence listened red-haired Cairbar,
Like a black cloud of the waves in shower
Which darkly rests on Cromla's height,

Cairbar listens in silence for a time.

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shall the mighty tremble; the spear shall fall from the hand of the valiant. We see the cloud of death, they will say, while shadows fly over their face. Fingal will mourn in his age; he shall behold his flying fame. The steps of his chiefs will cease in Morven; the moss of years shall grow in Selma."

Cairbar heard their words in silence like the cloud of a shower: it stands dark on Cromla till the lightning bursts its side. The

DUAN I.

Gus am bris an tein-athair a thaobh,
Lasaidh gleanna ri boillsge nan speur;
Bi' dh tannais gun fheum fo shòlas.
Mar sin 'an sàmhchair sheas an rìgh;
Ghrad-chualas le brìgh a ghuth.

"Sgaoilear a' chuirm air Moi-léna;
Thigeadh mo cheud bàrd a nall.
'Olla nan ciabh dubh-ruadh, éirich;
Gabh clàrsach rìgh Éirinn 'ad làimh;
Siubhail gu treun Oscar nan lann,
'Us iarr e a nall gu fleagh.
An diugh bi' dh cuirm 'us fonn 's a' ghleann;
Am màireach a bhrisear leinn sleagh.
Innis da gu-n d' thog mi suas
Uaigh Chathuil fo luaidh nam bàrd;
Thug mi a thruagh charaid do ghaoith.
Innis da gu-n cualas m'a bhuaidh,
Air 'chliu aig sruth fuaimear Charuinn.
Cha-n fhaic mi 'n so mo bhràthair treun;
Cha-n eil Cathmor nan ceud ri m' thaobh;
Tha ar làmhan lag 'an airm.
'S nàmhaid Cathmor do strì nam fleagh;
Is mòr anam mar dhearrsa na gréine.
Ach brisidh Cairbre 'us Oscar an t-sleagh,
'Thriatha Thighmòra, air còmhnard Léna.

---

valley gleams with heaven's flame; the spirits of the storm rejoice. So stood the silent king of Temora; at length his words broke forth. "Spread the feast on Moi-lena; let my hundred bards attend. Thou red-haired Olla, take the harp of the king. Go to Oscar, chief of swords. Bid Oscar to our joy. To-day we feast and hear the song; to-morrow break the spears! Tell him that I have raised

Till the sky-fire rends its side:
The glens are flaming with the heavens' flash,
(And) spectres are in empty joy.
Thus, in silence, stood the king;
Soon was heard his voice with power.

Then orders a feast to be spread, and sends Olla with professions of friendship towards Oscar to invite him to a feast.

"Let the feast be spread on Moi-Lena;
Let my hundred bards draw near.
Olla of dark-red locks arise,
In thy hand take the harp of Erin's king;
Hie thee to brave Oscar of swords,
And bid him hither to the feast.
To-day be feast and song in the glen;
To-morrow we shall break the spear.
Tell him I have reared on high
Ca-hul's tomb with song of bards;
That I gave to the winds his hapless friend.
Tell him his victory has been heard,
His fame by the sounding stream of Carron.
I see not Ca-mor my brave brother—
Ca-mor of hundreds is not by my side;

He tells his warriors that he would take advantage of his brother Ca-mor's absence, and compass the death of Oscar,

Weak are our hands in arms.
Ca-mor is a foe to fray at feast;
Great is his soul as the shining of the sun.
But Ossian and Cairbar shall break the spear
On Lena's plain, ye chiefs of Temora.

---

the tomb of Cathol; that bards gave his friend to the winds. Tell him that Cairbar has heard of his fame at the stream of resounding Carun. Cathmor my brother is not here. He is not here with his thousands, and our arms are weak. Cathmor is a foe to strife at the feast. His soul is bright as that sun. But Cairbar must fight with Oscar, chiefs of woody Temora. His words for Cathol were

DUAN I.

Bu labhar mu Chathul a bheul;
Las m' anam dhomh féin le feirg:
Tuitidh es' air Moi-léna fo chreuchd;
'Am fuil éiridh mo chliu air leirg."

Shoillsich sòlas nan treun mu'n cuairt;
Sgaoil iadsan mu chruaich Mhoi-léna,
Cuirm slige 'g a deasachadh shuas,
Fonn bàrda nan duan ag éirigh.
Chuala triathan Shelma an sòlas,
Shaoil gur Cathmor còrr a thàinig,
Cathmor còrr, ceann-uidhe nan dàimh,
Bràthair Chairbre nan ruadh chiabh.
Cha bu choimeas anama dhoibh;
Bha sòlus speur 'an uchd an triath',
Air Atha nam bruach a thùr àrd.
Seachd aisre gu talla nan sìan,
Air gach aisre sheasadh bàrd
'Cuireadh coigrich gu clàr na fial;
Shuidh Cathmor fo choille nan sliabh,
Gus nach cluinnteadh leis trian de 'chliu.

Thàinig Olla ruadh le dàn;
Ghluais Oscar gun dàil gu cuirm,
Tri cheud fo cheuman r'a làimh

---

many; the wrath of Cairbar burns. He shall fall on Moi-lena. My fame shall rise in blood."

Their faces brightened round with joy. They spread over Moi-lena. The feast of shells is prepared. The songs of bards arise. The chiefs of Selma heard their joy. We thought that mighty Cathmor came: Cathmor, the friend of strangers! the brother of

DUAN I.

Bold for Ca-hul was his voice—
My soul was fired with wrath:
He shall fall on Moi-Lena with wounds;
My fame shall rise on the field in blood."

who had offended him by praising Cahul.

Joy brightened among the warriors;
They spread around Moi-Lena's hill—
The feast of shells was prepared;
The song of tuneful bards arose.
The chiefs of Selma heard the mirth;
We thought that peerless Ca-mor had arrived—
Peerless Ca-mor, friend of strangers,
Brother to red-haired Cairbar.
Far different were their souls:
In the breast of the chief was the light of the skies.
By Atha of mounds was his lofty tower;
Seven pathways led to the hall of storms;
At every path there stood a bard
To bid the stranger to the board of cheer:
Ca-mor sat in the mountain-wood,
That he might not hear his praise.

Ossian describes the generous and hospitable character of Ca-mor.

Red-haired Olla came with song;
Straightway went Oscar to the feast,
Three hundred strode beside him

Oscar, unsuspicious of treachery, accepts Cairbar's invitation.

---

red-haired Cairbar. Their souls were not the same. The light of heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor. His towers rose on the banks of Atha; seven paths led to his halls. Seven chiefs stood on the paths, and called the stranger to the feast. But Cathmor dwelt in the wood to shun the voice of praise!

Olla came with his songs. Oscar went to Cairbar's feast. Three

DUAN I.

Troi Léna nan làn-shruth gorm ;
A liath-choin a' leum 's an fhraoch
'S an garbh chaoineadh a' sgaoileadh thall.
Chunnaic Fionnghal an sonn a' triall,
Thuit anam an triath fo bhròn
D' eagal Chairbre nan smuaintean ciar
Measg slige nam fial ag òl.
Thog mo mhac sleagh Chormaic thall.
Ceud bàrd a bha nall air sliabh.
Cheil Cairbre am bàs a bha 'snàmh
Fo dhùbhra 's an àm 'n a chliabh.
Fleagh sgaoilte, na sligean a' fuaim,
Dhealraich sòlas 'an eudann an t-sluaigh ;
Ach sòlas mar ghréin a tha fann,
'Claon-dhearrsadh tro' mheadhon nan gleann,
Us e 'ceileadh 'dhearg-cheann 's an stoirm.

Dh' éirich Cairbre thall 'an airm
'Tional dùbhra nam marbh 'n a ghruaidh.[a]
Chaisg clàrsaich nan ceud an toirm ;
Chualas screadan nan sgiath mu'n cuairt.
Fada thall, air uchd nan sliabh
Thog Olla nan ciabh guth bròin.
Dh' aithnich Oscar comhara 'bhàis ;
Ghluais 'us ghlac gun dàil a shleagh.

[a] Face ; lit. *cheek.*

hundred warriors strode along Moi-lena of the streams. The grey dogs bounded on the heath ; their howling reached afar. Fingal saw the departing hero. The soul of the king was sad. He dreaded Cairbar's gloomy thoughts amid the feast of shells. My son raised high the spear of Cormac. An hundred bards met him with songs. Cairbar concealed with smiles the death that was dark in his soul.

Over Lena of the full blue streams;
His grey dogs bounded on the heath—
Their loud howling reached afar.
Fingal beheld the chief depart;
The soul of the prince fell under sorrow,
Through dread of Cairbar of dark thoughts,
While drinking 'mid the festive shells.
My son raised high the spear of Cormac.
A hundred bards came forward on the hill.
Cairbar hid the death which swam,
Even then, in darkness through his breast.
The free-spread feast of shells resounds;
Joy kindles in the people's face,
But joy like the sun when faint
He shines with slanting beam across the glens,
And hides his red head in the storm.

They sat down to the feast;

Cairbar rose up in armour,
Gathering on his face the darkness of the dead.[a]
The harps of hundreds hushed their sound;
The gride of shields was heard around.
Far away on the breast of the hill,
Long-haired Olla raised a voice of woe.
Oscar knew the sign of death;
He rose, and straightway grasped his spear.

but Cairbar soon rose in armour, the bards ceased to sing, and Olla raised a voice of sadness.

Oscar, understanding the meaning of these signs, prepared for combat.

[a] The feast is spread; the shells resound. Joy brightens the face of the host; but it was like the parting beam of the sun when he is to hide his red head in a storm!

Cairbar rises in his arms. Darkness gathers on his brow. The hundred harps cease at once. The clang of shields is heard. Far distant on the heath Olla raised a song of woe. My son knew the sign of

DUAN I.

"'Oscair," thuirt an Cairbre ruadh,
"Tha mi 'faicinn sleagh buaidh na h-Éirinn,
Sleagh fhada Thighmòra nan stuadh
'Boillsgeadh ann ad làimh ag éirigh.
'Mhic Mhòrbheinn nan coille ciar,
Sleagh, deagh àrdan nan ceud rìgh,
Bàs 'am frìth do thréin o shean;
Géill i, 'mhic Oisein, gun strì,
Géill i do Chairbre nan carbad."

"An géill mi," 's e fhreagair an treun,
"Na thug rìgh Éirinn nam beum cruaidh,
Na thug Cormac 'ciabh àillidh dhomh féin,
'N uair a sgap mi fo bheum na Tuaith?
Thàinig mi gu talla na féile,
'N uair a theich iad o Fhionnghal nam buadh;
Dh' éirich sòlas 'an aghaidh na h-òige;
Chuir 'am làimh sleagh Thighmòra nan triath;
Cha d'thug e do lag i fo dhòghruinn,
No dh' anam fo mhòrchuis gun ghnìomh.
Cha stoirm dhomh féin do dhùbhra donn,
Cha theine bàis do shùil dhomh féin;
Cha-n eagal dhomh do sgiath, no 'm fonn
O 'n Olla, 'tha 'lom de bheum;[a]
A Chairbre, cuir giorrag air tràill,
Tha Oscar a ghnàth mar charraig."

[a] Powerless to smite; lit. *bare*, or *full of blows.*

death, and, rising, seized his spear. "Oscar," said the dark-red Cairbar, "I behold the spear of Erin. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of woody Morven! It was the pride of an hundred kings; the death of heroes of old. Yield it, son of Ossian; yield it to car-borne Cairbar!"

"Shall I yield," Oscar replied, "the gift of Erin's injured king? the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oscar scattered his foes?

Cairbar demanded from him a spear which had belonged to the kings of Erin.

"Oscar," said Cairbar the red-haired,
"I see the conquest-spear of Erin—
The long spear of Temora of waves—
Gleaming in thy hand on high.
Son of Morven of the dusky woods,
That spear, the rightful pride of hundred kings,
Was death on the field to heroes of old.
Son of Ossian, yield it without strife—
Yield it to Cairbar of the chariots."

Oscar refuses, saying that Cormac, the rightful king of Erin, had given it to him;

"Shall I yield," replied the hero,
"What Erin's king of heavy blows,
What Cormac of shining locks, on me bestowed,
When I scattered the Northmen with my stroke?
I came unto the festive hall
When they fled from conquering Fingal;
Joy brightened on the face of youth,
In my hand he placed the spear of Temora of chiefs;
Not to the helpless or the weak he gave it,
Or to a soul of pride without brave deeds.
No storm to me is thy gloomy scowl;
No death-fire is thine eye to me;
No dread thy shield; nor yet the song
From Olla—powerless to smite."
Cairbar, terrify a slave:[4]
Oscar is ever as a rock."

and that he would retain it.

[4] I came to Cormac's halls of joy when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladness rose in the face of youth. He gave the spear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble; neither to the weak in soul. The darkness of thy face is no storm to me, nor are thine eyes the flame of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield? Tremble I at Olla's song? No, Cairbar; frighten the feeble: Oscar is a rock!"

DUAN I.

"Nach géill thu fhéin an t-sleagh gun dáil?"
Thuirt Cairbre, 'us 'àrdan ag éirigh.
"Bheil d'fhocala stoirmeil 'us àrd
Mu Fhionnghal air tràigh na h-Éirinn,
Fionnghal nan leadana liath,
O choille nan sliabh, o Mhòrbheinn?
Bha 'bheuma riamh ri daoine fann;
Ach thigeadh e nall do Chairbre;
Mar fhaileus sìolaidh e 's a' ghleann,
No ceathach 'tha mall 's an fhàsach,
'Tha 'g aomadh 's a' taomadh o Atha."

"Na -m biodh an treun 'thog beum air fann,
A'tarruing gu teann air Cairbre,
Bheireadh Cairbre o Atha nan gleann
Éirinn uaine a nall gun armaibh.
Na labhair mu na tréin, a thriath;
Tionndaidh claidheamh nan sgiath riumsa;
Ar spionna fo choimeas gu 'n trian;
Tha Fionnghal nan sgiath cliuiteach,
Àrd cheannard nan àrd thriath."

Chunnaic an càirdean maraon
Dùbhra nach robh faoin mu'n gruaidh.
Chualas toirm an ceuma claon:
Bha 'n sùilean mar theine fo bhuaireadh;

"Wilt thou not yield the spear?" replied the rising pride of Cairbar. "Are thy words so mighty because Fingal is near? Fingal, with aged locks, from Morven's hundred groves! He has fought with little men. But he must vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of mist before the winds of Atha!" "Were he who fought with little men near Atha's haughty

"Wilt thou not quickly yield the spear?"
Said Cairbar, kindling in wrath.
"Are thy words thus noisy and high
Since Fingal is on Erin's shore—
Fingal of the hoary locks,
From the wood-covered hills of Morven?
He always fought with feeble men;
But let him come near to Cairbar;
He shall vanish as a shadow from the glen,
Or like sluggish mist of the forest
Gliding and pouring from Atha."

Cairbar sneers at Oscar's boldness, and attributes it to his reliance on Fingal; but says that he would soon overpower even Fingal, who had previously fought only with feeble men.

"Were the hero who fought with the feeble
Pressing closely on Cairbar,
Cairbar from Atha of glens would give
Green Erin away without a blow.
Speak not of the strong, thou chief;
Turn on me the sword of shields;
In strength we are fairly matched:
Fingal of shields is renowned—
The high leader of high heroes."

Oscar replies that if Fingal were present, Cairbar would readily surrender his usurped kingdom without venturing to strike a blow in defence.

Their friends on either side beheld
A threatening gloom on either face.
The sound of their hurrying steps was heard,
Their wrathful eyes were like a fire;

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chief, Atha's chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage! Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar! Turn thy sword on me. Our strength is equal; but Fingal is renowned; the first of mortal men!"

Their people saw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding steps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thousand swords are half

DUAN I.

Leth gach claidheimh o mhile slios;
Chaisg Olla nam fios am fonn,
Olla ruadh nam brosnacha-dàna.
Chrith ànam an Oscair le sòlas,
Le sòlas a b' àbhaisd do 'n triath,
'N uair ghluaiseadh còrn-caismeachd an righ,
Dorcha, mar thonn ciar a' chuain,
Seal mu-n éirich air stuaidh, gaoth,
'N uair dh' aomas a cheann gu bruaich,
Ghrad-thàinig sluagh Chairbre r'a thaobh.

A nighean Thoscair, c' ar son do dheoir?
Cha do thuit an triath mòr nach faoin;
'S iomadh bàs a bha 'g iadhadh mu'n tòrr,
Mu-n d'aom am fear còrr air 'thaobh.
Faic mar thuiteas iad roimh 'n triath,
Mar choille nan sliabh 's an fhàsach,
An uair le feirg thig taibhs' nan sian
Fo 'n oidhche gu dian o 'n àiridh,
A làmh sgaoilte mu cheannaibh nan crann.
Thuit Mòrla, 's Mathronnan fo bhàs;
Dh'aom Conachar air làr 'am fuil;
Theich Cairbre o lann a mhòr shàir
E 'sìoladh 'bhàin fo dhùbhra dubh[a]
Air culaobh cloiche nan cruth 's nan còm.
Thog e gu dìomhair a shleagh;

[a] He downward crept; Gael. *e'sioladh bhàin*—lit. "subsiding or filtering down." *Bhàin*, more commonly *a bhàin*, is now a provincial term.

unsheathed. Red-haired Olla raised the song of battle. The trembling joy of Oscar's soul arose; the wonted joy of his soul when Fingal's horn was heard. Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds when it bends its head near the coast, came on the host of Cairbar!

Daughter of Toscar! why that tear? He is not fallen yet. Many

They and their followers engage.

A thousand swords were half unsheathed;
Olla the seer ceased the song[5]—
Red Olla of the stirring strains.
Joy trembled in the soul of Oscar—
Joy familiar to the hero
When woke the war-horn of the king.
Dark as the dusky wave of ocean,
Ere rises the wind on the billow,
Rolling onwards its crest to the shore,
The host of Cairbar pressed to his side.

Oscar cuts down many of his opponents.

Daughter of Toscar, why thy tears?
The great and mighty prince has not fallen;
Many the deaths which hovered round the hill
Before the peerless one bent down.
See how they fall before the prince,
Like trees in mountain-wilderness
When comes the wrathful spirit of the storm,
Speeding at night from the height,
Grasping in his hand the heads of trees.
Fell Morla and Maronna in death;
Bowed Conachar to the earth in blood;
Fled Cairbar from the hero's sword—
In shadow dark he downward crept
Behind the stone of circles and of forms.
Secretly he raised his spear;[6]

Cairbar fled from his presence; but, hiding himself behind "a stone of circles and of forms,"

were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell!

Behold, they fall before my son like groves in the desert; when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand! Morlath falls; Maronnan dies; Conachar trembles in his blood! Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword! He creeps in darkness behind a stone. He lifts the spear in secret: he pierces

DUAN I.

Bhuail esan taobh Oscair. Air sgéith —
Thuit an gaisgeach air 'aghaidh 's a' mhàgh;
Air a' ghlùn bha taice do 'n triath;
Bha 'shleagh fhada fèin 'n a làimh.
Faic Cairbre! 's e thall fo smùir.
Ghluais geura na cruaidhe tro' 'cheann
A'sgoltadh a ruadh-chiabh air chùl:
Mar charraig bhriste dh' aom an sonn,
A thuiteas grad o shliabh nan eròm,
'N uair chrathas Éirinn uain' i féin
O bheinn gu beinn, o mhuir gu muir.

Cha-n éirich Oscar donn a chaoidh:
E 'g aomadh ri copan a sgéithe,
Bha sleagh nan ciar bhàs ann a làimh.
Sheas Éirinn fada thall air sliabh.
An glaodh mar onfha garbh nan sruth;
Fhreagair Léna nan cruth am fuaim.

Chuala Fionnghal thall an toirm;
Ghlac e sleagh Shelma nam beum.
Sgaoil e 'cheum air uchd nan sliabh,
Ghrad-mhosgail o 'n triath guth bròin.
"Cluinneam àrd iorghuil a' chòmhraig;
Tha Oscar 'n a aonar 's a' bhlàr.

---

my Oscar's side! He falls forward on his shield; his knee sustains the chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See, gloomy Cairbar falls! The steel pierced his forehead and divided his red hair behind. He lay like a shattered rock which Cromla shakes from its shaggy side, when the green-valleyed Erin shakes its mountains from sea to sea.

He struck Oscar in the side. On his shield
Fell the hero forward on the plain:
His knee supported the chief;
His own long spear was in his hand.
See Cairbar in the dust!
The sharpness of the steel went through his head,
Sundering the red locks behind:
The hero fell like a riven rock,
Which swift falls down from the bowing hill,
When green Erin shakes herself
From Ben to Ben—from sea to sea!

he secretly flung his spear at Oscar, who fell on his knee; but, gathering up his strength, threw his spear at Cairbar, and drove it through his head.

Brown-haired Oscar shall rise no more:
He leans upon his bossy shield,
The spear of dark deaths was in his hand.
Far off stood Erin on the hill,
Their cry like the hoarse strength of streams;
Lena of ghosts re-echoed to the sound.

The people raise a loud cry,

Fingal heard the noise afar;
He grasped the gashing spear of Selma,
And stretched his stride on the face of the hill.
Straightway rose the prince's voice in woe:
"I hear the loud din of conflict;
Oscar is alone in battle.

which is heard by Fingal.

But never more shall Oscar rise! He leans on his bossy shield. His spear is in his terrible hand. Erin's sons stand distant and dark. Their shouts arise like crowded streams. Moi-lena echoes wide. Fingal heard the sound. He took the spear of Selma. His steps are before us on the heath. He spoke the words of woe. "I hear the noise of war. Young Oscar is alone. Rise, sons of Mor-

DUAN I.

Gluaiseadh sìol gharbh-threun na Mòrbheinn,
'Us thugadh iad còmhnadh d'a lann."

Bu ghrad mo cheuman féin air raon;
Leum Fillean thar fraoch Mhoiléna;
Le neart ghluais Fionnghal nach faoin.
B' fhuasach an dealradh 'bha 'g éirigh
O sgéith nam beum air treun nan sluagh.
Chunnaic sìol Éirinn fada thall
Dealradh mall o cheann na leirg.
Dh' aithnich iad nach d' éirich gann
Do rìgh nan lann a bhròn-feirg.
Bha 'm bàs ag iadhadh dall mu'n smuaintibh.[a]
Thàinig sinne; bhuail sinn còmhrag;
Chaisg triath' na h-Éirinn ar gruaim.[b]
'N uair thàinig an rìgh 'n a mhòr fhuaim,
C'e an cridhe 'bhiodh [do-ghluasad] fo chruaidh?[c]
Theich iadsan o chruachan Mhoiléna,
An dubh bhàs a' beumadh 'n an ruaig.
Chunnaic sinn òg Oscar air sgéith,
'S a dhearg fhuil ag iadhadh m'a thaobh.
Bha sàmhchair mu eudann gach triath
A' tionndadh gu 'chulaobh fo dheoir.
Bha 'n rìgh a' ceileadh a dheoir féin,
Bha 'ghaoth o bheinn 'n a fheusaig liath;

[a] Death brooded blindly o'er their thoughts —*i.e.* they saw death approaching, but knew not whom it would strike first.

[b] The chiefs' of Erin quenched our grief,—a remarkable expression of the joy felt in avenging their friend.

[c] There is a blank in this line. I have filled it conjecturally by the word *do-ghluasad*. E. M'Lachlan makes it *do-dòna*. Macfarlan has "firmum."

ven, join the hero's sword!"

Ossian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Moi-lena. Fingal strode in his strength. The light of his shield is terrible. The sons of Erin saw it far distant: they trembled in their souls. They knew that the wrath of the king arose, and they foresaw their death. We first arrived. We fought. Erin's chiefs withstood our

Let Morven's strong warrior-race rush on,
And carry succour to his sword."

He instantly goes forward to Oscar's aid, and calls upon his warriors to follow him.

Swift were my steps on the hill;
Fillan bounded o'er Moi-Lena's heath;
In strength the mighty Fingal strode.
Dreadful was the gleam which shone
From the war-worn shield of the hero of hosts.
The race of Erin saw afar
The steady light on the edge of the plain;
They knew that measureless arose
The grieving wrath of the king of spears.
Death brooded blindly o'er their thoughts.[a]
We came; we struck in combat—
The chiefs of Erin quenched our grief.[b]
When the monarch came in sounding din,
What heart, though clad in steel, [could stand]?[c]
They fled from the heights of Moi-Lena,
Black death consuming them in flight.
We saw young Oscar on a shield,
His red blood wandering down his side.
Silence was on the face of every chief,
As tearfully he turned aside.
The king was hiding his own tears;
The mountain-wind went through his hoary beard:

They soon reach Erin's host, attack, and rout them utterly.

They find Oscar wounded mortally.

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rage. But when the king came in the sound of his course, what heart of steel could stand! Erin fled over Moi-lena. Death pursued their flight. We saw Oscar on his shield. We saw his blood around. Silence darkened every face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His grey beard whistled in the wind. He bends his head above the chief. His words are:

DUAN I.

Dh' aom e 'cheann thar an treun;
Thuit osna measg 'fhocal o 'n triath.

"'N do thuit thu, Oscair shàir nan lann,
'Am meadhon do gharbh astair féin!
Tha cridhe na h-aoise fo spàirn
'Faicinn chòmhrag a' bhuineadh do thréin;
Na cathan do-m bu chòir a bhi nall,
Chaidh 'n gearradh gu gann o chliu.
C' uin a chòmhnuidh's an sòlas air Selma?
C' uin a ghluaiseas am bròn o Mhòrbheinn?
Thuit, o àm gu h-àm, mo chlann;
Tha Fionnghal 'an deireadh de 'shìol.
Mo chliu a' sìoladh sìos o luaidh,
Bi' dh m' aois-sa fo thruaigh gun chàirdean,
Mar nial de cheò 'am thalla féin.
Cha chluinn mi 'tilleadh o bheinn mac
'Am meadhon mòrchuis 'us smachd 'airme.
Tuiteadh deoir o ghaisgich Mhòrbeinn;
Cha-n éirich Oscar òg a chaoidh."

Thuit na deoir, a righ nan lann,
Cha robh anam gu gann mu 'n triath;
Ghluais esan gu còmhrag nan gleann;
Chaidh naimhdean air chall roi' 'sgiath;
Measg an sòlais bha 'thilleadh 'an sìth.

---

mixed with sighs.

"Art thou fallen, O Oscar! in the midst of thy course? the heart of the aged beats over thee! He sees thy coming wars! The wars which ought to come he sees! They are cut off from thy fame! When shall joy dwell at Selma? When shall grief depart from Morven? My sons fall by degrees; Fingal is the last of his

Over the strong one he bowed his head;
Sighs rose amid the words of the prince:

Fingal mourns for him,

"Hast thou fallen, Oscar, chief of spears,
Midway in thy rugged race?
The heart of age is in distress,
Beholding wars which belonged to the brave;
The battles which ought to have come
Have been bereft of (their) renown.
When shall gladness dwell in Selma?—
When shall grief depart from Morven?
My children fall from time to time;
Fingal is 'mid the last of his race.
My fame is ebbing from the song;
Sad shall be my age, and friendless,
Like a cloud of mist in my hall;
I shall not hear a son on the hill,
Amid the pride and power of arms.
Let the heroes of Morven shed tears—
Young Oscar shall rise no more."

and speaks sadly of his own lonely state, as his children fall away.

Fell the tears, thou king of swords—
Towards the chief no heart was cold:
He went forth to the war of the glens;
Foemen vanished before his shield;
And their joy was his return in peace.

Ossian describes the sorrow of all the warriors for the untimely fall of Oscar;

race. My fame begins to pass away: mine age will be without friends. I shall sit a grey cloud in my hall: I shall not hear the return of a son in his sounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more shall Oscar rise!"

And they did weep, O Fingal! Dear was the hero to their souls. He went out to battle, and the foes vanished. He returned in

DUAN I.

Cha robh bròn air athair m'a mhac,
'Thuit 'an còmh -stri 'an tlachd 'òige.
Ghluais iadsan gun deoir fo sgàile,
'N uair shìnteadh air làr ceann an t-sluaigh.
Bha Bran a' donnalaich r'a thaobh,
Luath gruamach nan raon fo bhròn;
Is minic a ghluais iad maraon
Do sheilg 'us do ruadhaibh na fàsaich.

'N uair a chunnaic e 'chàirdean mu'n cuairt,
Ghluais a spàirn gu luath fo 'chliabh
"Osna nan triath àrda fo aois,[a]
Caoineadh nan con, 'us am fonn
A' briseadh trom o bheul nam bàrd;
Leagh sud m' anam féin fo bhròn,
M' anam nach do leaghadh riamh
'An còmh -stri nan sgiath, no 'n còmhrag;
Bha e coslach ri cruaidh mo lainne.
Giùlain mi do m' chruaich, a thréin,
Tòg clachan 's a' bheinn do m' chliu;
Cuir cabar an ruaidh rium féin,
Lann thana nam beum ri m' thaobh.
Togaidh sruth, an cian, an ùir;
Chi sealgair gu cùl a' chruaidh;
'So claidheamh gharbh Oscair fo smùir,
Ard mhòrchuis nam bliadhna 'chaidh uainn.'"

[a] L. 367-73 may be the words either of Ossian or of Oscar. I give them to the latter in deference to Macpherson.

peace amidst their joy. No father mourned his son slain in youth; no brother his brother of love. They fell without tears, for the chief of the people is low! Bran is howling at his feet; gloomy Luäth is sad, for he had often led them to the chase, to the bounding roe of the desert!

When Oscar saw his friends around, his heaving breast arose. "The groans," he said, "of aged chiefs, the howling of my dogs,

No father sorrowed for his son
Who fell in war in the flower of youth;
They passed, unwept, into the shade,
When the head of the people lay low.
Bran was howling by his side;
Grim Lu-a of the mountain-slope is sad—
Ofttimes had they gone together
To chase the deer of the forest.

and speaks of the howling of Bran and Lu-a beside him.

When (Oscar) saw his friends around him,
Quickly heaved his labouring chest.
"The sighs of noble and of aged chiefs,"
The whine of dogs, and the song
Bursting in grief from the lips of bards—
These melt my soul in sorrow,
My soul which never was softened
In combat or conflict of shields;
It was like to the steel of my sword.
Bear me to my hill, thou hero;
Raise stones on the Ben to my renown;
Close by me lay the antler of the stag,
And the sharp cleaving blade by my side.
Long time hence the stream will sweep the earth away;
The hunter will see the steel all bare—
'Here is the sword of Oscar in rust,
High pride of the years which have gone.'"

The painful scene melted Oscar's heart as it never was melted before.

He asks his father to bear him to his mound, and raise stones to his fame.

the sudden bursts of the song of grief, have melted Oscar's soul; my soul that never melted before. It was like the steel of my sword. Ossian, carry me to my hills! Raise the stones of my renown. Place the horn of a deer, place my sword by my side. The torrent hereafter may raise the earth; the hunter may find the steel and say, 'This has been Oscar's sword, the pride of other years!'" ("Fallest thou, son of my fame? shall I never see thee,

DUAN I.

"'N do thuit am mac a thug dhomh cliu?
Nach fhaic mi thu, 'Oscair, a chaoidh?
'N uair a chluinneas triathan mòr mu'n cloinn,
Nach cluinn mi 's an àm ort, a thriath?
Bi 'dh còinneach air do chlachan liath;
Bi 'dh gaoth measg an ciabhan fo bhròn.[a]
Cuirear còmhrag gun thusa air sliabh;
Cha lean thu eilid chiar mu thòrr.
'N uair a thilleas an gaisgeach o strì
'S e 'g innseadh mu thìr nan Gall,
'Chunna' mi uaigh aig an t-sruth,
'Bha 'beucadh o dhubh nan càrn,
Còmhnuidh gun leus do thriath;
Thuit e le Oscar nan carbad,
Ceann nan garbh do 'n dàn am bàs.'[b]
Theagamh gu-n cluinneam féin a ghuth;
Bi 'dh sòlas air dubh mo chléibh."

Thuiteadh an oidhche fo bhròn;
Cha-n éireadh le sòlas a' ghrian
'An sgàile fiar na dòghruinn;
Sheasadh na triathan mar scorran
Air Moilén' nan tòrra fo mhùig,
Fo fhallus fuar gun luaidh air còmhrag;
Sgaoil an rìgh gu caoin am bròn
'S e 'togail a mhòr ghuth.

[a] Their hair—*i.e.* the moss on the grey stones,—more than once called "hair" or "locks."

[b] The mighty doomed to die; lit. *the mighty to whom death is song—i.e.* whose death is in song. *Ann an dàn*, "in song," means "fated" or "fixed."—*Vide* Note 5, vol. i. p. 346. Macfarlan translates "Quibus erat carmen mors."

Oscar? When others hear of their sons, shall I not hear of thee! The moss is on thy four grey stones; the mournful wind is then. The battle shall be fought without thee; thou shalt not pursue the dark-brown hinds.' When the warrior returns from battles, and tells of other lands: 'I have seen a tomb,' he will say, 'by the roaring stream, the dark dwelling of a chief; he fell by car-born

Ossian mourns over him.

"Has he fallen, the son who brought me fame?
"Oscar, shall I never see thee more?
When mighty chiefs hear of their sons,
Shall I hear nought of thee, thou chief?
"Moss shall cover thy grey stones;
The wind amid their hair shall mourn;[a]
War shall be waged without thee on the hill;
Thou wilt not chase the brown hind on the peak.
When the warrior shall return from battle,
And tell of the land of the Gall:
'I beheld a grave by the river
Which roared from the blackness of the cairns,
The lightless dwelling of a chief
Who fell by Oscar of chariots—
Head of the mighty, doomed to die.'[b]
Perchance even I may hear his voice;
It will cheer the darkness of my breast."

The warriors were wholly swallowed up in grief;

Night would have fallen in sorrow;
Nor would the sun with gladness rise
On the troubled gloom of their distress;
The chiefs would have stood, like jagged cliffs,
On Moi-Lena of misty peaks,
In chilly sweat, without a word of war:
Gently the king dispelled their grief,
Lifting his mighty voice.

* * * * *

Oscar, the first of mortal men:' I perhaps shall hear his voice. A beam of joy will rise in my soul."

Night would have descended in sorrow, and morning returned in the shadow of grief. Our chiefs would have stood like cold dropping rocks on Moi-lena, and have forgot the war, did not the king disperse his grief, and raise his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-

DUAN I.

Mhosgail na treuna 'n a chòir,
Mar o aisling a' traoghadh o dhubh.

"Cia fada a thuiteas na deoir
Air Moilén' nan tòrr o Éirinn?
Cha till dhuinn na treuna na 's mò;
Neart Oscair a chaoidh cha-n éirich.
Tuitidh gaisgich 'n an làithean féin;
Cha-n fhaicear 's a' bheinn an triall.
C' àit am bheil ar n-athaire treun,
A shìol nam beum o 'n àm a dh' iadh?
Thuit iad mar reultan fo thòrr,
Thog solus mòr air tìr fo mhùig.
Cha chluinn sinn ach fuaim an cliu;
Ach bu chliuiteach iadsan féin
'Am bliadhnan nan treun a dh' aom.
Fuasach 'us baoth na dh'fhalbh.
Mar sin a theid sinne o 'n raon
'An làithean fo chaol nam marbh.
Bitheamaid 's an àm so fo chliu,
'Us fàgamaid air chùl ar n-ainm,
Mar dhealradh na gréine gun smùr,
'N uair a cheilear fo dhùbhra a ceann,
Fear-astair fo bhròn 'us e 'triall
'G a cuimhneachadh 's an iar a' dealradh.
'Ullin, mo bhàrd féin fo aois,

awakened from dreams, lift up their heads around."

"How long on Moi-lena shall we weep? How long pour in Erin our tears? The mighty will not return; Oscar shall not rise in his strength. The valiant must fall in their day, and be no more known on their hills. Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have set like stars that have shone. We

The chiefs woke up around him
As from a dream when it ebbs from blackness.

but Fingal rouses them, telling them that death was the appointed lot of all;

"How long shall fall the tears
On Moi-Lena of hills in Erin?
The brave will return to us no more;
Never will the strength of Oscar rise.
Heroes shall fall in their own day;
On the Ben their path shall not be seen.
Where are our valiant fathers—
Race of cleaving blows from time now fled?
They fell as stars behind the hill,
Which shed great light on a land in gloom.
We hear but the sound of their fame;
Yet they were indeed renowned.
In the years of the brave who have passed:
Dread and wondrous were they who are gone.
So we shall pass from the field
Through time into the strait of death.
Let us now achieve renown,
And leave our name behind,
As the pure brightness of the sun,
Ere he hides his head in darkness:
The traveller on his way laments
As he recalls his shining in the west.
Ullin, my own aged bard,

and that their duty was to acquire renown in the present.

only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their years: the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass away in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may, and leave our fame behind us, like the last beams of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west. The traveller mourns his absence, thinking of the flame of his beams. Ullin, my aged bard! take

DUAN I.

Gabh long a tha faoin o 'n rìgh ;
Tog Oscar gu Selma nan raon.
Tuiteadh deoir o dìghean nam frìth,
O ainnir nan làn uchd 'am Mòrbheinn.
Buailidh sinne còmhrag na h-Éirinn
Mu shìol nan treun a thuit le Cormac.
Tha làimo bhliadhna fo smal ;
Tha laigs' ann am ruighe nach gann ;[a]
Tha m' aithriche 'g aomadh o'n nial
Gu faoin-astar an liath-mhac,
Cha tréigear an t-aite so féin
Gun dealradh ag éirigh do 'chliu.
Bi' dh m' anam mar dhearg-shruth nan speur
Do bhàrdan nam beul ciuin."

Thog Ullin seoil bhàn' ri Tuath.
Bhuail gaoth air an stuaidh o dheas ;
Leum luingeas gu Selma thar cuain.
Sheas mise fo ghruaim thall
Gun fhocal mall gu cluais uam féin.
Bha fleagh 'us cuirm air sliabh Mhoiléna.
Chuir tuille 'us ceud gun bheud fo ùir
Garbh Chairbre nan tùr àrd.
Cha chualas fonn ó bheul gu 'chliu ;
Bha 'anam fo smùir 's fo fhuil.

[a] Sore enfeebled is my arm ; lit. *there is weakness not scant in my arm.*

thou the ship of the king. Carry Oscar to Selma of harps. Let the daughters of Morven weep. We must fight in Erin for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail. I feel the weakness of my arm. My fathers bend from their clouds to receive their grey-haired son. But before I go hence, one beam of fame shall rise. My days shall end as my years began, in fame. My

DUAN I.

Take thou an idle ship of the king's;
Bear Oscar to Selma of plains.
Let the maids of the forests weep—
The full-bosomed daughters of Morven.
We shall fight the battle of Erin
For the race of the brave who fell with Cormac.
The days of my years are in gloom,
Sore enfeebled is my arm:
My fathers bend down from the cloud
To the lagging step of their grey-haired son;
(But) this same place we shall not quit
Till we kindle the light of his renown.
My life shall be as the red stream of the skies
To the bards of tuneful mouth."

He orders Ullin his bard to take a ship, and to bear Oscar's remains to Selma.

He resolves to follow the war, for the restoration of Cormac to his throne; and speaks of his old age and declining strength.

Ullin raised the white sails for the north;
The south wind struck the waves;
Bounded the barque to Selma o'er the sea.
I stood apart in sorrow;
I spoke not a whisper to an ear.
A plenteous feast was on Moi-Lena's hill.
More than a hundred, with due rites, interred
Rough Cairbar of the lofty towers.
In his praise no song was heard;
His soul was in darkness and in blood.

Ullin sails for Selma.

Cairbar is buried, but no bard ventures to raise a song in his praise.

life shall be one stream of light to bards of other times!"

Ullin raised his white sails. The wind of the south came forth. He bounded on the waves toward Selma. I remained in my grief, but my words were not heard. The feast is spread on Moi-lena. An hundred heroes reared the tomb of Cairbar. No song is raised over the chief. His soul had been dark and bloody. The bards

DUAN I.

Chuimhnich na bàrdan an righ :[a]
C' uim a bhiodh Cairbre 'an strì nan dàn ?

Thuit truscan ua h-oidhche mu'n cuairt ;
Chìteadh shuas o cheud craobh
Dealradh 'lasadh mu ghruaidh nan nial.
Shuidh Fionnghal fo dharach na h-àirde ;
Sheas Althan nan dàn 'n a chòir
Le sgeul an dùbh-bhròin mu Chormac,
Althan mac Chonachair nan seòd,
Caraid gaisgich a' mhòr charbaid.
Bha 'thuinidh mar ri Cormac féin
'An Tighmora nan treun ghaoth,
'N uair a cheileadh mac Sheuma fo nial,
Air taobh Légo nan ciar shruth.
Bu bhrònach sgeul o Althan liath,
A rosgan 'cur sìos nan deur,
'N uair a labhair gu còrr am bàrd.

[a] Grian bhuidhe a' plaosgadh mu Dhòra,
An liath-fheasgar a' tòiseachadh thall,
Chrith coille mu'n cuairt do Thighmòra
Fo ghaoith 'bha 'caochladh mu chàrn ;
Thionail niala dubh, fuar 's an iar
'Us dearg reul' fo 'n sgiathan ag éirigh ;
Sheas mi 'm aonar air aomadh nan sliabh

[a] The king—*i.e.* Cormac, murdered by Cairbar.

remembered the fall of Cormac! what could they say in Cairbar's praise?

Night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks arose. Fingal sat beneath a tree. Old Althan stood in the midst. He told the tale of fallen Cormac. Althan, the son of Conachar, the friend of car-borne Cuthullin. He dwelt with Cormac in windy

The bards remembered the king:
Why should Cairbar be in vying songs?

Night comes on.

The robe of night fell all around;
From hundred trees was seen on high
Light mantling on the cheeks of clouds.
Fingal sat beneath an oak-tree on the height;
Near him stood Althan of the songs
With the black sad tale of Cormac—
Althan son of Conachar of heroes,
Friend of the chief of great chariots.
He dwelt with Cormac himself
In Temora of stormy winds,
When Semo's son was hidden under cloud,
By the side of Lego of brown streams.
Mournful was the tale of grey-haired Althan;
His eyes overflowed with tears
As spake the bard in touching words:

Althan, one of the bards of Erin, relates to Fingal the murder of Cormac the young king of Erin by Cairbar.

"The yellow sun shone dim on Dora,
Grey eve began to descend;
Trembled the wood around Temora,
Under the fitful wind of the cairn;
Clouds cold and black thronged in the west,
And red stars rose beneath their wings.
Alone I stood on the slope of the hills,

He describes an evening scene on Dora, where, looking at the clouds above him, he recognised the spirit of Cuchullin, who had had command of Erin's forces.

Temora, when Semo's son fell at Lego's stream. The tale of Althan was mournful. The tear was in his eye when he spoke.

"The setting sun was yellow on Dora. Grey evening began to descend. Temora's woods shook with the blast of the unconstant wind. A cloud gathered in the west: a red star looked from behind its edge. I stood in the wood alone. I saw a ghost on the

DUAN I.

'Faicinn tannais air ciar nan speur.
Bha 'cheuman mòr o chruaich gu cruaich,
Sgiath leathann gun tuar air a thaobh.
'S e 'bh' ann mac Sheuma nam buadh;
'S maith a b' aithne dhomh gruaim an laoich.
Shiubhail e 'n a osaig féin;
Bha dorcha gun leus mu'n cuairt.
Thuit m' anam fo bhròn gun fheum:
Ghluais mi gu talla nan stuadh,
Talla slige nam fuaim fial.
Mìle solus ag éirigh àrd,
Làn cheud de na bàird fo theud,
Sheas Cormac 'n am meadhon cho àillidh
Rì òg-reull ag éirigh 's an speur,
'N uair sheallas i 'an sòlas ciuin
O chùl nan sliabh mùgach 's an ear,
A h-ùr dhealra a' glanadh o dhrùchd
Gun smùr a' siubhal o lear;
Gluaisidh a h-astar sàmhach suas
Gun nial a' ceileadh fo ghruaim a leois.
Claidheamh Artho 'an làimh an rìgh,
'Us e 'g a tharruing 'an strì òige;
Tri chuairt a tharruing e le neart,
Tri chuairt dh'fhan fo bheairt an lann.[a]
A chiabhan donn m'a ghuaillibh shuas,
Las solus 'n a ghruaidhean òg.

[a] Three times the sword refused to start; lit. *three times under sheath remained the sword.*

darkening air! His stride extended from hill to hill. His shield was dim on his side. It was the son of Semo. I knew the warrior's face. But he passed away in his blast, and all was dark around! My soul was sad. I went to the hall of shells. A thousand lights arose. The hundred bards had strung the harp. Cormac stood in the midst, like the morning star when it rejoices on

DUAN I.

during Cormac's minority.

Beholding a ghost on the dusk of the sky.
His great strides were from peak to peak,
A broad dim shield was by his side:
It was the son of conquering Semo;
Well did I know the hero's frown.
He passed away on his own blast;
Rayless darkness fell around.
My soul, unnerved, sank under grief:
I went to the hall of towers—
The hall of festive-sounding shells.

In deep distress he went to the palace of young Cormac.

A thousand lights rose up on high,
Full hundred bards attuned the string.
Stood Cormac in their midst, as bright
As a young star, when, rising in the sky,
It looks in gentle gladness
From the back of misty mountains in the east,
Its fresh brightness shining through the dew
That travels in pureness from ocean;
In silence moves its path on high,
Without a cloud in frown to dim its light.

He describes the brightness of the king's appearance.

In the hand of the king was Artho's sword,
And he drew it in eagerness of youth;
Three times he pulled with his might—
Three times the sword refused to start.
Round his shoulders fell his dark-brown hair,
Light glowed in his youthful cheeks.

Cormac tries to draw the sword of Artho his father, but fails in doing so.

the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers. Bright and silent is its progress aloft, but the cloud that shall hide it is near! The sword of Artho was in the hand of the king: he looked with joy on its polished studs. Thrice he attempted to draw it, and thrice he failed. His yellow locks are spread on his shoulders! his cheeks of youth are red. I mourned over the beam of youth,

DUAN I.

Bha bròn domh féin mu'n dearrsa ghlan,
'Bha gu tuiteam fo smal cho grad.

"Thuirt an t-òg le fiamh a ghàire,
'Am fac' Althan am bàrd an treun?
'S trom claidheamh righ Éirinn 'bu shàire;
Bha 'ruighe ro làidir gu beum.
'S truagh nach coltach mi 'an còmhrag
Ri m' athair còrr fo mhosgladh feirg;
Thach'rainns' 'an iomairt nàn, seòd
Ri nàmhaid mòr Chuchullin féin;
Ceanntàla nan garbh charbad.
Is maith gu-n druideadh bliadhna suas,
'Althan nan duan, 's gu-m bi 'n làmh so
Làidir 'an còmhrag nan treun.
An cual' thu mu mhac Sheuma an àigh,
Ceann-uidhe 'an àrd Thighmòra?
Truagh nach eil e nall le 'chliu,
'Us a ghealladh 's an àm dhomh féin.
Tha bàrda 'g a fheitheamh le foun,
Cuirm sgaoilte 'an talla nan teud.'

"Chuala mi Cormac 'an sàmhchair;
Thuit deoir gu tlàth o mo ghruaidh,
Is mi 'g an ceileadh le m' liath-chiabh.
Chunnaic an righ mo dhubh bhròn.[a]

[a] My deep distress; lit. *my black grief.*

for he was soon to set!

"'Althan,' he said, with a smile, 'didst thou behold my father? Heavy is the sword of the king; surely his arm was strong. O that I were like him in battle when the rage of his wrath arose! then would I have met with Cuthullin, the car-borne son of Cantéla! But years may come on, O Althan! and my arm be strong.

I mourned for the brightness pure,
So soon to set in darkness.

"The youth said, with a gentle smile,
'Has Althan, the bard, beheld the hero?
Weighty the sword of Erin's greatest king;
His arm was very strong to smite.
Would that in battle I were like
My matchless father when his wrath was roused!
In the conflict of heroes I would meet
Even the great foe of Cuchullin,
Kentala of the rugged cars.
Haply the years will hasten on,
Althan of songs, and then this arm
Shall be strong in conflict of the brave.
Hast thou heard of Semo's noble son,
The ruler in high Temora?
Would he were here with his renown,
As he promised me erewhile!
Bards await him with the song—
The feast is spread in the hall of harps.'

"In silence I listened to Cormac;
Tears fell softly down my cheek,
While I hid them with my hoary locks:
The king perceived my deep distress."

He longs for the day when he shall be able to wield his father's sword, so that he may meet Kentala, the chief opponent of Cuchullin;

and asks Althan if he had heard tidings of Cuchullin, whose presence he much longed for.

Noticing that Althan was in deep grief, he asks if Cuchullin has fallen, or if Torla or Cair-

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Hast thou heard of Semo's son, the ruler of high Temora? He might have returned with his fame. He promised to return to-night. My bards wait him with songs: my feast is spread in the hall of kings.'

"I heard Cormac in silence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my aged locks. The king perceived my grief. 'Son of

DUAN I.

'Mhic Chonachair nan còrr dhàn,
'Bheil mac Sheuma nan lann, losal?
C' uim a bhriseas an osna gu dìomhair,
Na deoir a' dol sìos le do ghruaidh?
'Bheil Torlath nan carbad aig làimh?
Fuaim Chairbre nan ruadh chiabh?
Thàinig iadsan; chi mi do bhròn;
Triath Thùra nan tòrr fo smal.
Nach gluais mi do chòmhrag nan seòd?
Cia mar thogas sleagh mhòr nan cath?
Nam biodh mo ruighe mar Chuchullin,[a]
Theicheadh Cairbre o 'n tulaich fo fhiamh;
Mhosgladh cliu mo shìnns're treun,
Thigeadh gnìomhan fo dhéigh a hall.'[b]

"Glac esan bogha còm 'n a làimh,
Na deoir a' snàmh m'a ghruaidh
O rosgaibh reachdmhor an òg thriath.
Bha bròn a' dorchadh trom mu'n cuairt;
Bha bàrda nan duan ag aomadh
Thar faoin thoirm an ceud clàrsach.
Bha mall aiteal thall air teudaibh;
Bha fuaim ann gun fheum, 'us balbh.[c]
Chualas guth 'bha fada uainn,
Mar aon fhear fo ghruaim 'us bròn.
B' e Carull o aimsir na luaidh

a Were my arm but as (that of) Cuchullin; lit. *as Cuchullin*—a peculiar form of expression to which I have adverted elsewhere.

b Deeds to be remembered would be done; lit. *deeds after it* (*i.e.* "the fame of my mighty sires") *would come over*—an expression frequently used for "happening," "taking place."

c "Dumb" is the literal rendering; "dull" is more according to English idiom.

Conachar,' he said, 'is the son of Semo low? Why bursts the sigh in secret? Why descends the tear? Comes the car-borne Torlath? Comes the sound of red-haired Cairbar? They come; for I behold thy grief. Mossy Tura's chief is low. Shall I not rush to battle? But I cannot lift the spear. O had mine arm the strength of Cuthullin, soon would Cairbar fly! the fame of my

'Connachar's son of matchless lays,
Is Semo's son of swords (laid) low?
Wherefore breaks thy secret sigh,
And tears flow down thy cheek?
Is Torla of the chariots nigh?
Is the noise of red-haired Cairbar (heard)?
They have come; I see thy grief—
The lord of Tura of towers (is) in gloom.
Shall I not go forth to the conflict of heroes?
How shall I lift the great spear of battle?
Were my arm but as (that of) Cuchullin,[a]
Cairbar would flee from the hill in fear;
The fame of my mighty sires would awake,
And deeds to be remembered would be done.'[b]

bar, his enemies, were approaching.

"In his hand he grasped the bended bow,
Tears streaming down his cheek
From the burning eyes of the youthful prince.
Grief was darkening deep all round;
The bards of song bent down
O'er the hollow sounding of their hundred harps;
Slow airs lingered on the chords—
There was sound, but meaningless and dumb.[c]
A voice was heard from afar,
Like (that of) one in gloom and sorrow.
It was Carul from times of renown

He grasped his bow, but an ominous silence fell over the harps of his hundred bards;

and a voice of wailing was heard at a distance—the voice of Carul,

fathers would be renewed, and the deeds of other times!'

[b] "He took his bow. The tears flow down from both his sparkling eyes. Grief saddens round. The bards bend forward from their hundred harps. The lone blast touched their trembling strings; the sound is sad and low! A voice is heard at a distance as of one in grief. It was Carril of other times who came from dark Slimora.

DUAN I.

'Thàinig thairis o chiar nan sliabh mòr.
Labhair e mu bhàs Chuchullin,
M' a ghnìomhan uile 'an cath nan seòd.
Labhair e mar sgaoil an sluagh
Ag iadhadh m'a uaigh an àird,
An arma air talamh gun ghnìomh;
Cha robh [smuain] mu sgiath no còmhrag;
Thuit esan 'chuir teine fo bheum.

"'Co iadsa,' thuirt Carull caoin,
'Tha luath mar ruadhaibh nam faoin bheann?
Co iadsa mar òg choill' nan cranna
'An ùrlar nan gleanna fo bhraon?
Co, ach clann Usnoth nan triath
O Étha nan liath shruth?
Mhosgail an sluagh ri 'n taobh,
Mar neart teine air faobhair chàrn,
'N uair a gluaiseas gu grad a' ghaoth
Air a sgiathan faoin o 'n fhàsach,
Mala chiar nan scòrr a' boillsgeadh;
Seasaidh maruich fo shoillse air cuan.
Chualas sgiath Chathbaid fo fhuaim.
Chunna' gaisgich 'an gruaidh Nàthois
Neart 'us buaidh Chuchullin féin:
Mar sin a bha 'cheuman air fraoch.
Thà còmhrag air taobh na Légo,

a "Without a *thought* of shield or battle." There is a blank in this Gaelic line. E. M'Lachlan supplies *comradh*, which I do not understand; Macfarlan, "memoria." I have inserted *smuain*, "thought."

He told of the fall of Cuthullin; he told of his mighty deeds. The people were scattered round his tomb; their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the war, for he, their fire, was seen no more!

"'But who,' said the soft-voiced Carril, 'who come like bounding roes? Their stature is like young trees in the valley growing in a shower! Soft and ruddy are their cheeks! Fearless souls look

DUAN I.

who told of the death of Cuchullin, and of the scattering of his host after his fall;

Who came through the dusk of great hills.
He spake of the death of Cuchullin,
And of all his deeds in the war of the brave.
He told how the people had fled (the field)
To gather around his grave on the hill;
Their arms (cast) idly on the ground,
Without [a thought] of shield or battle;[a]
Fallen is he who had fired the fight.

but Na-hos from Eta restored the fight,

"'Who are these,' said gentle Carul,
'Fleet as the deer of desert Bens?
Who like the trees of a young forest
On the floor of glens under shower?
Who but the sons of noble Usnoth,[7]
From Eta of the hoary streams?
The people leaped up by their side,
Like the strength of fire on mountain-ridge
When swiftly travels the wind
On its wandering wings from the desert.
The dusky brows of peaks are gleaming;
The mariner on ocean stands in light.
Heard is the shield of Ca-bad sounding.
Heroes saw, in the face of Na-fios,
The mastering strength of Cuchullin's self;
Such was his step on the heather.
A combat is on the banks of Lego,

defeated the foe, and was soon to visit Cormac in Temora.

forth from the eyes! Who but the sons of Usnoth, chief of streamy Etha? The people rise on every side like the strength of an half-extinguished fire, when the winds come sudden from the desert on their rustling wings. Sudden glows the dark brow of the hill; the passing mariner lags on his winds. The sound of Caithbat's shield was heard. The warriors saw Cuthullin in Nathos. So rolled his sparkling eyes! his steps were such on heath! Battles

DUAN I.

'S òg Nàthos nan lann fo bhuaidh :
Thig an triath gasda gu h-ealamh
Gu do thalla, a rìgh Thighmòra.'

" 'Faiceam gu h-ealamh an triath,'
Thuirt Gorm-shùil nan ciabha donn ;
'Ach tha bròn a' dùbhradh mo chléibh
Mu Chuchullin nan sgiath 's nan sonn ;
Is minic air Dòra nan sìan
'Ghluais sinne gu seilg nan ruadh,
Is minic a chòmhraidh mu threunaibh,
Air gnìomhan 's air beuman mo shìnns're,
Mo shòlas a' dealradh 's ag éirigh.
Suidh-sa sìos, a Charuill féin,[a]
Aig cuirm nan teud, 'us cluinneam dàn.
Is taitneach a ghnàth do ghuth ;
Tog am fonn mu chliù Chuchullin,
'S mu Nàthos nan cunnart o Étha.'

" Grad a mhosgail an là o stuaidh
Le 'uile dhearrsa ruadh o 'n ear.
Thàinig Crathan gu talla nam buadh,
Mac Geal-làmh, a bhuail an aois.
'Chunna' mi dubh-nial 's an fhàsach,
A rìgh nan sàr thriath 'an Éirinn :
Bu nial e do réir mo smuainte—

[a] Loved Carul ; lit. *Carul thyself.*

are fought at Lego. The sword of Nathos prevails. Soon shalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of Temora of groves !'

" 'Soon may I behold the chief,' replied the blue-eyed king ; 'but my soul is sad for Cuthullin. His voice was pleasant in mine ear. Often have we moved on Dora to the chase of the dark-brown hinds. His bow was unerring on the hills. He spoke of mighty

And young Na-hos of spears prevails:
The gallant prince will straightway come
To thy hall, thou king of Temora.'

Cormac laments the fall of Cuchullin.

"'Soon may I see the prince,'
Said the blue-eyed of dark-brown hair;
'But sorrow darkens my breast
For Cuchullin of shields and of heroes.
Ofttimes on Dora of storms
Did we range in chase of the deer;
Often discoursed we of the brave—
Of the deeds and blows of my fathers,
Kindling and brightening my joy.
Sit thou down, loved Carril,"
To the tuneful feast, and let me hear a song;
Pleasing always is thy voice.
Raise the lay to the fame of Cuchullin,
And to danger-daring Na-hos from Eta.'

In the morning of the following day Cra-han tells Cormac "

"Straightway woke the day from the wave,
With all its ruddy glow from east.
Came Cra-han to the hall of victories,
Son of Lam-gel, stricken in age:
'I saw a black cloud in the desert,
King of high chiefs in Erin:
A cloud I deemed it was in sooth—

men; he told of the deeds of my fathers. I felt my rising joy. But sit thou at the feast, O Carril! I have often heard thy voice. Sing in praise of Cuthullin, sing of Nathos of Etha!'

"Day rose on Temora with all the beams of the east. Crathin came to the hall, the son of old Gellama! 'I behold,' he said, 'a cloud in the desert, king of Erin! a cloud it seemed at first, but

DUAN I.

Ach sluagh so tha 'dùnadh mu lear.
'S fear mòr, 'us a cheuman fo neart,
A ruadh chiabh mu seach anns a' ghaoith,
Sgiath a' boillsgeadh ri soillse o 'n ear,
Sleagh fhada a' casadh 'n a làimh.'

"'Gairm e gu cuirm Thighmòra,'
Thuirt òg rìgh a' sìoladh gu soillse;
'Gairm e gu talla nam mòr thriath,
'Mhic Geal-làmh nan gnìomh 's nan dàn.
'S e 'n gaisgeach o Étha a th' ann,
E 'tighin a nall fo chliu.
Ceud fàilte air coigreach nan treun,
An caraid thu féin do Chormac?
'Charuill, 's gruamach e 's cha chiùin;
Tha e 'tarruing o 'chùl an lann.
An e so mac Usnoth fo chliu,
A bhàird a chuir as ùr na bh'ann?'

"'Cha-n e mac Usnoth a th' ann,
Ach Cairbre, do nàmhaid fo cholg,
C' uim a thàinig thu fo lann,
A thriath dhubh-ruaidh nam mala borb?
Na tog do chruaidh, a threin, air rìgh.
C' uim a ghluaiseas gun strì do luath' s?'
Ghluais esan 'n a dhùbhra ciar;

now a crowd of men! One strides before them in his strength. His red hair flies in wind. His shield glitters to the beam of the east. His spear is in his hand.' 'Call him to the feast of Temora,' replied the brightening king. 'My hall is the house of strangers, son of generous Gellama! It is perhaps the chief of Etha coming in all his renown. Hail, mighty stranger! art thou of the friends

But 'tis a host which musters on the plain.
And a great one strides in his strength,
His red locks streaming on the wind;
(His) shield is gleaming to the light from east,
A long spear firm-grasped in his hand.'

of warriors with a mighty leader at their head.

"'Bid him to the feast of Temora,'
Said the youthful king, calming in joy;
'Call him to the hall of mighty chiefs,
Son of Lam-gel of deeds, and of song.
The hero from Eta it is,
Coming onward in his renown.
A hundred welcomes to the mighty stranger;
Art thou indeed a friend to Cormac?
Fierce, and not mild, he is, O Carul!
And he draws his blade from his back.
Is this the renowned son of Usnoth,
Thou bard, who renewest the past?'

Cormac asks Cra-han to invite him to the feast, and as he draws near, believing him to be Nahos, welcomes him warmly; but as the warrior came closer, he saw signs of wrath on his countenance, and asks Carul who he is..

"'It is not the son of Usnoth,
But Cairbar, thy foe, in wrath.
Wherefore comest thou in arms,
Thou dark-red chief of savage brow?
Lift not thy steel against the king, thou strong one.
Why speed so fast in time of peace?'
Onward he pressed in his dusky gloom;

Carul tells him that it is Cairbar his enemy; and turning to Cairbar, commands him not to injure the king.

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of Cormac? But Carril, he is dark and unlovely; he draws his sword. Is that the son of Usnoth, bard of the times of old?'

"'It is not the son of Usnoth,' said Carril; 'it is Cairbar thy foe. Why comest thou in thy arms to Temora, chief of the gloomy brow? Let not thy sword rise against Cormac! Whither dost thou turn thy speed?' He passed on in darkness. He seized the

DUAN I.

Ghlac e làmh an rìgh 'n a làimh.
Chunnaic Cormac féin am bàs,
Lasair feirg a' snàmh m' a shùilean.[a]
'Tréig so, a thriath Atha nam beud;
Thig Nàthos an treun le còmhrag.
Tha thu dàna 'am meadhon mo thalla,
'S mo ruighe neo-neartor, fo lann.'[b]
Ghluais an claidheamh suas tro' 'chliabh;
Thuit 'an talla a shìnns're an triath,
A chiabhan àluinn sgaoilt' air thalamh,
'Us deathach na fala mu'n cuairt.

"'N do thuit anns an talla,' thuirt Carull,
'Mac Artho 'bu taithrise fial,
Gun sgiath Chuchullin 'bhi mar ris,
No sleagh athar, am mòr thriath?
Is brònach sibhs', a chruacha Éirinn,
'Us e gun éirigh measg a shluaigh.
Sìth le d'anam féin, a Chormaic,
Chaidh thusa fo dhorcha 'an òige.'

"Thàinig focala Charuill suas
Gu cluais Chairbre nan ruadh chiabh.
Dhùin e na bàrdan fo dhùbhra;
Bha eagal air m'a lann a shìneadh
Gu bàrd, ge dorcha cli a chliabh.

[a] Gleamed round his eyes; lit. *swam*, &c.

[b] Weak; lit. *unstrong*.

hand of the king. Cormac foresaw his death; the rage of his eyes arose. 'Retire, thou chief of Atha! Nathos comes with war. Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak.' The sword entered the side of the king. He fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust; his blood is smoking round.

"'Art thou fallen in thy halls?' said Carril. 'O son of noble

In his hand he seized the hand of the king.
Cormac saw that it was death;
A flame of wrath gleamed round his eyes:[a]
'Forbear, Atha's chief of direful deeds!
Na-hos the brave will come with combat.
Thou art bold in the midst of my hall,
Since my arm is weak to wield a brand.'[b]
The sword passed upwards through his breast;
In the hall of his fathers fell the prince,
His lovely locks spread in the dust,
And the smoke of his blood around.

Cormac himself reproaches him for taking advantage of his youth, and tells him of the speedy approach of Na-hos.

Cairbar answers by plunging his sword in his breast.

"'Has he fallen in the hall,' said Carul,
'Artho's son, the generous and the true,
Without the presence of Cuchullin's shield,
Or the spear of his father—mighty prince?
Mournful are ye, ye peaks of Erin,
Since he will never rise amid his hosts.
Peace to thy soul, O Cormac!
Thou hast gone into darkness in youth.'

Carul laments his fall.

"The words of Carul reached
The ear of red-haired Cairbar.
Into darkness he thrust the bards;
He feared to stretch his sword
Against a bard, though dark and hard his heart.

Cairbar, offended at this, imprisons Carul and the other bards in a cave; but dared not shed their blood on account of the

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[a] Artho! the shield of Cuthullin was not near; nor the spear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low! Blest be thy soul, O Cormac! Thou art darkened in thy youth.'

"His words came to the ears of Cairbar. He closed us in the midst of darkness. 'He feared to stretch his sword to the bards, though

DUAN I.

Fada bha sinne fo bhròn.
Thàinig Cathmor còrr, an triath;
Chual' e ar guthan o 'n chòs:
Thionndaidh è 'shealladh gu fiar
Air Cairbre nan ciar smuainte.

"'A bhràthair Chathmoir,' thuirt an seòd,
'Cia fada bhios bròn air m' inntinn,
Do chridhe gun chaomh mar chatraig,
Do smuaintean làn fala, 'us dorcha?
Ach 's bràthair thu do Chathmor féin,
Bi' dh Cathmor le feum 'an còmhrag.
Cha choltach ar n-anaman, a thréin,
Thusa, 's laige làmh 'an còmh -stri.
Tha solus mo chléibh -sa fo smal
Le gnìomhan cas mo bhràthar.
Cha chuir bàrdan fonn air mo chliu;
Their iadsan, 'Bha Cathmor treun,
Ach bha 'bheuman air taobh Chairbre.'
Theid iadsan thar m' uaigh gun leus;
Cha chluinnear mo chliu a chaoidh.
A Chairbre, tuasgail-sa na bàird;"
Is iadsan clann an àm' 'chaidh sìos;
Cluinnear an guthan air àrd,
'N uair dh'aomas gu làr ar sìol,
Sìol rìghre Thighmòra nan crann.'

a Give freedom, &c.; Gael. *tuasgail*, generally written *fuasgail*, which is evidently a better form, connecting itself readily with *fo sgaoil*, "at large."

his soul was dark. Long we pined alone! At length the noble Cathmor came. He heard our voice from the cave. He turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

"'Brother of Cathmor,' he said, 'how long wilt thou pain my soul? Thy heart is a rock; thy thoughts are dark and bloody. But thou art the brother of Cathmor, and Cathmor shall shine in

Long time were we in sorrow.
Ca-mor came, the matchless prince;
He heard our voices from the cave:
He turned a frowning look
On Cairbar of the gloomy thoughts.

sacredness of their character.

After some time Ca-mor came, and deeply reproaching his brother for his conduct to the bards,

"'Brother of Ca-mor,' said the hero,
'How long shall my mind be in sorrow?
Thy heart is ruthless as a rock—
Thy thoughts are full of blood, and dark:
But thou art brother to Ca-mor,
And Ca-mor shall aid thee in war.
Unlike each other are our souls, thou hero,[8]
Thou of feeblest hand in battle.
The light of my breast is in shade
By the froward deeds of my brother.
Bards will not join my praise to song;
They will say that Ca-mor was brave,
But that he struck in the cause of Cairbar.
They will pass my lightless grave;
My renown shall never be heard.
Cairbar, give freedom to the bards;[a]
They are children of the bygone time;
Their voices shall be heard on high
When our race has fallen to the ground—
The kingly race of Temora of woods.'

orders their immediate release.

thy war. But my soul is not like thine, thou feeble hand in fight! The light of my bosom is stained with thy deeds. Bards will not sing of my renown. They may say, "Cathmor was brave, but he fought for gloomy Cairbar." They will pass over my tomb in silence. My fame shall not be heard. Cairbar, loose the bards. They are the sons of future times. Their voice shall be heard in

DUAN I.

"Thàinig sinne mach mar thubhairt,
Chunna sinn an curaidh 'n a neart;
Bu choltach e, a rìgh, ri d' òige,
'N uair 'thog thu an tòs a mhòr sgiath.
Bha eudann mar thuar na soillse,
Grian a' boillsgeadh gun nial air speur.
Cha robh dorcha air astar a ghruaidhe.
Thàinig e le miltean de 'shluagh
Gu cobhair Chairbre nan ruadh chiabh.
A nis a dhìoghalt' a bhàis.
A rìgh Mhòrbheinn nan àrd chraobh."

"Thigeadh Cathmor," a fhreagair an rìgh;
"Tha mo làmhsa 'an strì nan treun;
Tha 'anain 'am mòrchuis a' boillsgeadh;
Tha 'ruighe 'an soillse a neirt,
A chìomraga 'g iadhadh mu 'chliu.
An t-anam beag mar chearb de cheò,
Tha 'còmhnuidh mu loch gun ghaoith;
Cha ghluais e mu na cruachan mòr,
Eagal gu-n tig 'n a chòir, 's e faoin,
Osag fhiar o fhaobh'r nam beann;
Tha 'chòmhnuidh 'am meadhon nan carraig
A' gluasad gath tannais a' bhàis.
Tha ar n-òigre, a ghaisgeàcha treun,

other years, after the kings of Temora have failed.' We came forth at the words of the chief. We saw him in his strength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal! when thou first didst lift the spear. His face was like the plain of the sun when it is bright. No darkness travelled over his brow. But he came with his thousands to aid the red-haired Cairbar. Now he comes to revenge his death, O

Althan describes Ca-mor's splendid appearance, which resembled that of Fingal in his youth.

"Forth at his word we came;
We saw the hero in his strength:
Like thee in youth was he, O king!"
When first thou liftedst the great shield.
His face was like the sheen of light
When shines the sun in cloudless sky;
No darkness ever crossed his cheek.
He has come with thousands of his host
To the help of Cairbar of red hair—
Now to avenge his death,
King of Morven of lofty trees."

He tells that Ca-mor was now at hand with a numerous host to avenge the death of Cairbar.

"Let Ca-mor come," replied the king;
"My hand (delights) in the strife of the strong;
In glory his soul is shining;
His arm is in the brightness of its strength—
His battles crowd around his fame.
The little soul is like a patch of mist
Which bides on the windless loch;
It never climbs the lofty peaks,
Lest there should come to its weakness
A whirling blast from the brow of the Bens:
It dwells in the hollow of the crags,
Speeding the dart of the spectre of death.
Our young men are, ye valiant heroes,

Fingal rejoices in the prospect of meeting such an enemy;

and speaks contemptuously of the "little soul"—the coward—who is like "a patch of mist by the windless lake."

king of woody Morven!"

'Let Cathmor come," replied the king; "I love a foe so great. His soul is bright; his arm is strong; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill, lest the winds should meet it there. Its dwelling is in the cave, it sends forth the dart of death. Our

DUAN I.

Mar ar sinns're féin fo chliu
'N an òige measg còmh -stri nam beum.
Thuit iadsan le beus 's an ùir.
Tha Fionnghal féin 'an dùbhra mall
Nam bliadhna thall. Na tuiteam féin,
Mar dharaig thar sruth a tha gann ;
'N a [fochar] tha ceuman an t-sealgair,[a]
'S i sìnte seargta fo gharbh-ghaoith ;
"Cia mar thuit an crann so féin !"
'S e 'feadadh 's a' leum air falbh.

"Togar suas am fonn, an àird,
Fonn sòlais, a bhàrda Mhòrbheinn.
Cuirear dì -chuimhn air àm a dh'fhalbh ;
Biodh gach anam mu gharbh chòmhrag.
Tha reultan a' sealltuin o nial,
'An sàmchair 'dol sìos gu tonn.
Grad thig an dearrsa gu h-iar[b]
A' feuchainn gu 'n trian naimhdean Chormaic.
'Fhillein, a mhic, gabh mo shleagh,
Gluais gu Mòra nam mala ciar ;
Biodh do shealladh aig astar nan sliabh ;
Coimhid gu 'n trian ar naimhdean ;
Coimhid astar Chathmoir na fial.
Cluinneam fuaim 'tha fada thall,
Mar charraig nan càrn 'tha 'tuiteam sìos.

a "The steps of the hunter are by its side." There is no word in Gaelic for *side*. I have supplied the blank by *fochar*. E. M'Lachlan gives a word of the same meaning, *'n a ghair*. Macfarlan, "in ejus propinquitate."

b "Soon shall brightness come to the west"—a manner of describing the morning light peculiar to Ossian, as far as I have observed.

young heroes, O warriors! are like the renown of our fathers. They fight in youth. They fall. Their names are in song. Fingal is amid his darkening years. He must not fall as an aged oak across a secret stream. Near it are the steps of the hunter as it lies beneath the wind. 'How is that tree fallen!' he says, and, whistling, strides along. Raise the song of joy, ye bards of Morven! Let our

DUAN I.

He praises the prowess of his young followers, who will quite equal the deeds of their fathers, and will not allow him in his old age to fall without renown.

Like to their ancestors, renowned;
In youth they mixed in conflict stern—
They fell with honour in the dust.
Fingal himself is in the dull shade
Of bygone years. Let me not fall
Like an oak across a scanty stream;
The steps of the hunter are by its [side],[a]
Strewn and blighted by a mighty wind:
'How has this tree fallen here?'
He whistles, and he bounds along.

He orders bards to raise a cheerful strain, and his warriors to prepare for combat on the following morning.

"Let a tune be raised on high,
A joyful strain, ye bards of Morven!
Forgotten be the bygone time;
Dwell every mind on combat stern.
The stars look forth from the clouds,
Silently descending to the wave:
Soon shall brightness come to the west,[b]
Showing all the foes of Cormac.
Fillan, my son, take thou my spear—

He sends his son Fillan to watch the motions of the enemy,

Speed to Mora of the dusky brow;
Be thine eye on the range of the hills,
And narrowly scan our foes:
Watch the course of generous Ca-mor.
I hear a noise from afar
Like rocky cairns which tumble down

souls forget the past. The red stars look on us from clouds, and silently descend. Soon shall the grey beam of the morning rise and show us the foes of Cormac. Fillan, my son, take thou the spear of the king! Go to Mora's dark-brown side. Let thine eyes travel over the heath. Observe the foes of Fingal; observe the course of generous Cathmor. I hear a distant sound like falling rocks in the

DUAN I.

'An gleannaibh fiar nan ciar fhàsach.
Buail-sa an sgiath air an àm,
Mu-n tig iad à nall tro' 'n oidhche,
Eagal tuiteam do chliu na Morbheinn.
Tha mis 'am aonar an so, a' thriath;
Na tuiteadh mo chliu 'an ciar na h-aois.

Chualas àrd ghuth caoin nam bàrd;
Tha aomadh an righ air sgéith Thréinmhoir;
Thuit cadal mu shùilean an tréin,
Sàmhla còmhraig ag éirigh 'n a inntinn.
Tha 'n sluagh fo chadal balbh mu'n cuairt.
Tha Fillean dubh-ruadh ri naimhdean;
Tha 'cheuman air cruachan nan stuadh;
Chuala sinne air uair à sgiath.

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desert. But strike thou thy shield at times, that they may no
through night, and the fame of Morven cease. I begin to be a
my son. I dread the fall of my renown!"
The voice of bards arose. The king leaned on the shield of Tr

In the winding glens of dusky deserts.
Strike thou the shield betimes,
Ere they come nigh us at night,
Lest the renown of Morven fail.
I am here alone, O hero!
Let not my glory wane in the dusk of age."

and lays himself to sleep on the shield of Treunmor.

The bards' sweet voice was heard on high;
The king leans on the shield of Treunmor.
Sleep fell on the eyes of the hero—
A vision of battle rose in his mind.
The host around is in silent sleep.
Dark-red Fillan watches the foe;
His steps are on the cloudy peaks;
From time to time we hear his shield.

Sleep descended on his eyes; his future battles arose in his
ns. The host are sleeping around. Dark-haired Fillan ob-
s the foe. His steps are on the distant hill. We hear at times
anging shield.

DUAN II.

ARGUMENT.

"This book opens, we may suppose, about midnight, with a soliloquy of Ossian, who had retired from the rest of the army to mourn for his son Oscar. Upon hearing the noise of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the conversation of the brothers, the episode of Conar, the son of Trenmor, who was the first king of Ireland, is introduced, which lays open the origin of the contests between the Caledonians and Firbolg, the two nations who first possessed themselves of that island. Ossian kindles a fire on Mora, upon which Cathmor desisted from the design he had formed of surprising the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs; reprimands Foldath for advising a night attack, as the Irish army were so much superior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the story of Crothar, the ancestor of the king, which throws further light on the history of Ireland, and the original pretensions of the family of Atha to the throne of that kingdom. The Irish chiefs lie down to rest, and Cathmor himself undertakes the watch. In his circuit round the army he is met by Ossian. The interview of the two heroes is described. Cathmor obtains a promise from Ossian to order a funeral elegy to be sung over the grave of Cairbar, it being the opinion of the times that the souls of the dead could not be happy till their elegies were sung by a bard. Morning comes: Cathmor and Ossian part; and the latter, casually meeting with Carril, the son of Kinfena, sends that bard with a funeral song to the tomb of Cairbar."—M.

DUAN II.

'Athair nan triath garbh, a Thréinmhoir,
'Ard-chòmhnuidh leat 'am fiar-ghaoith,
'Measg thorrunn dubh-ruadh nan speura,
Tein-athair a' beumadh nan nial.
Fosgail talla ciar nan stoirm,
Thigeadh bàrdan le toirm nan dàn;
Thigeadh iad o 'n àm a dh'aom,
Le clàrsaichean faoin a nall.
Cha lag a thuineas 'an ceò mall,
Cha shealgair shruth gann 'an còmhnard,
'S e Oscar nan carbad a th' ann
O leirg nan cath garbh 's nan còmhrag.
Is grad do chaochla-sa, mo mhac,
O do dhreach air chiar Mhoiléna;
Tha 'n osag 'g ad thilleadh 'o smachd,
'N uair is fuaimear a neart air speuraibh;
An seall thu mu 'n athair 'tha faoin
Ri taobh shruth gàireach na h-oidhche?

FATHER of heroes! O Trenmor! high dweller of eddying winds, where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds; open thy stormy halls! Let the bards of old be near. Let them draw near with songs and their half-viewless harps. No dweller of misty

DUAN II.

FATHER of mighty heroes, Treunmor,
Dwelling above on the eddying wind,
Among the dark-red thunders of the skies,
While the lightning rends the clouds,
Open the dusky hall of storms,
Let bards approach with the sound of song—
Let them come from the time which has declined,
Hither with their airy harps;
No feeble dweller in sluggish mist,
No hunter on the plain of scanty streams,
(But) Oscar of the chariots it is
From the field of stern battles and strife.
Sudden is thy change, my son,
From thy glory on dark Moi-Lena.
The blast now turns thee at will,
When sounds its strength in the sky.
Wilt thou look at the father who is lonely
Beside the noisy streams of night?

Ossian calls upon his great ancestor Treunmor to open his halls to receive the spirit of Oscar.

valley comes; no hunter unknown at his streams! It is the car-borne Oscar from the fields of war. Sudden is thy change, my son, from what thou wert on dark Moi-lena! The blast folds thee in its skirt, and rustles through the sky! Dost thou not behold thy

DUAN II.

Tha triathan Mhòrbheinn fo chadal air raon;
Cha do chaill iadsan mac o shoillse.[a]
Chaill sibh gaisgeach treun 'an còmhrag,
A thriatha Mhòrbheinn nam fuaim àrd.
Co 'n gaisgeach 'bu choimeas do 'n òg threun,
Rì taobh garbh chòmh-stri nam blàr,
Mar dhùbhra trom nan uisge dòmhail?
C' uim tha m' anam féin fo mhulad?
Bu chòir dha 'bhi 'lasadh 'an cunnart,
Éirinn ri mo làimh le neart,
Rìgh Shelma 'n a aonar le feart.
'N a aonar cha bhi m' athair treun,
'N uair a dh'éireas sleagh fhada dhomh féin.

Ghluais mi 'am armaibh gu grad,
Mo chluas ri guth lag na h-oidhche.
Cha chualas sgiath Fhillein nam buadh;
Chrith m' anam mu luath mhac an rìgh.
C' uim thuiteadh treun nan ciabha donn?
C' uim thigeadh naimhdean nall tro' 'n oidhche?
Fada thall bu bhalbh am fuaim,[b]
Mar onfhadh truagh o loch na Léige,
'N uair thraoghas uisg' o thaobh gu taobh,
'An là 'tha caom 'us reothadh mall,[c]
An eigh uile 'briseadh 's a' beucadh,

[a] In death; lit. *from light.*

[b] Sullen sound; lit. *dumb sound.*

[c] Of failing frost; lit. *of slow frost*—evidently referring to a thaw.

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father at the stream of night? The chiefs of Morven sleep far distant. They have lost no son; but ye have lost a hero, chiefs of resounding Morven! Who could equal his strength when battle rolled against his side like the darkness of crowded waters? Why this cloud on Ossian's soul? It ought to burn in danger. Erin is near with her host. The king of Selma is alone. Alone thou shalt

DUAN II.

After mourning anew for Oscar, he rouses himself to action, and resolves to go where Fingal was.

The chiefs of Morven slumber on the plain;
They have not lost a son in death.[a]
You have lost a warrior strong in battle,
Ye chiefs of Morven of loud sounds!
What hero matched the mightful youth
Amid the stern conflict of war
Like the deep darkening of swelling waters?
Why is my soul in sadness?—
It should kindle in midst of danger;
Erin is near me in her strength;
The mighty king of Selma is alone.
My brave father shall not be alone,
While a long spear can be raised by me.

Thinking, however, of the danger of his brother Fillan, who watched the enemy on the hill, he turns towards him.

I advanced with speed, in my armour,
Listening to the feeble voice of night.
Unheard was the shield of conquering Fillan;
Trembled my soul for the king's swift son.
Why should the brown-haired warrior fall?
Why should the foe come on (us) by night?
Far away was their sullen sound,[b]
Like mournful noise from the lake of Lego,
When the water ebbs from side to side,
On a calm day of failing frost,[c]
The ice all breaking and groaning:

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not be, my father, while I can lift the spear!

I rose in all my arms; I rose and listened to the wind. The shield of Fillan is not heard. I tremble for the son of Fingal. Why should the foe come by night? Why should the dark-haired warrior fall? Distant sullen murmurs rise, like the noise of the lake of Lego when its waters shrink in the days of frost, and all its

DUAN II.

Sìol Làra 'coimhead crònì nan speura
A' gabhail dhòibh féin na stoirm.
Chunnas Fillean dorcha, balbh,
Ag aomadh thall o charraig Mhòra.
Chual' e glaodh nan naimhde mall,
Ghluais giorrag air 'anam le sòlas.
Bhuail farum mo cheum a chluas;
Ghrad chas e le fuaim a shleagh.

"An d' thàinig mac oidhche 'an sìth?
No 'n tachair thu le strì ri gruaim?
Is naimhdean an so, naimhdean an rìgh;
Labhair cli, no fairich cruaidh,[a]
Cha sheasar an so le fear faoin,[b]
'Tha mar sgéith do thriath Mhòrbheinn."

"Na seasadh gun fheum, no gu faoin
Sìol Chlàtho nan caoin rosg mall.
Tha Fionnghal 'n a aonar an aois,
Dùbhra dùnadh m'a làithean 'tha 'falbh.
Tha dà mhac aig rìgh nan triath,
Do 'm bu chòir dealradh measg cath;
Do 'm bu chòir 'bhi mar theine nan sliabh
D'a cheum 's e 'dol sios mar ghath."

[a] L. 54 may be translated "speak weakly, or feel the steel."

[b] No weakling standeth here; lit. *it is not stood here by a weakling*—the impers. form of the verb, very common with Ossian.

bursting ice resounds. The people of Lara look to heaven, and foresee the storm! My steps are forward on the heath. The spear of Oscar in my hand! Red stars looked from high. I gleamed along the night.

I saw Fillan silent before me bending forward from Mora's rock. He heard the shout of the foe. The joy of his soul arose. He heard my sounding tread, and turned his lifted spear. "Comest

The race of Lara scan the vault of heaven,
And they foresee a coming storm.
Seen was Fillan, dark (and) silent,
Bending on the rock of Mora.
He heard the dull sound of the foe;
Trembled his soul with gladness.
The sound of my footsteps struck his ear,
And his rattling spear he straightway raised.

Fillan challenges him as he approaches in the darkness.

"Comes the son of night in peace?
Or wilt thou with battle meet my wrath?
The foemen of the king are foemen here;
Speak softly, or abide hard steel.[a]
No weakling standeth here[b]—
He is the shield to the chief of great Bens."

Ossian makes himself known.

"Nor weak nor useless may he ever stand,
The son of Clatho of slow-moving eye.
Fingal is lonely in his age,
Darkness closing o'er his fleeting days.
Two sons has the king of heroes,
Who ought to shine in war—
Who ought to be as the mountain-fire
To his steps, which pass like an arrow."

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thou, son of night, in peace? or dost thou meet my wrath? The foes of Fingal are mine. Speak, or fear my steel. I stand not in vain the shield of Morven's race." "Never mayst thou stand in vain, son of blue-eyed Clatho! Fingal begins to be alone. Darkness gathers on the last of his days. Yet he has two sons who ought to shine in war; who ought to be two beams of light near the steps of his departure."

DUAN II.

"'Mhic Fhionnghail," ghrad fhreagair an t-òg,
"Cha-n fhada sleagh mhòr ann am làimh;
Cha lionmhor comharan mo lainn';
Teine nach gann m' anam féin,
Triathan Bholga 'dlùthadh mu 'n cuairt
Sgiath Chathmhoir nan cuacha fial;
An garbh thional thall air an t-sliabh.
An sìn mi sìos mo cheum 'n an còir?
Do 'n Oscar ghéill a mhàin mo luath' s[a]
'An còmh-stri mu chruachan Chòna."

"Fhillein, na gluais-sa 'n an còir;
Na tuiteadh am fear òg gun chliu:
Chualas air m' ainm-sa am fonn,
Theid mise null 'n uair is éigin.
O thruscan ciar na h-oidhche chiuin,
Chì mise gu 'n cùl an sluagh.
C' uim a bha d'-aithris mu 'n Oscar?
C' uim a mhosgladh leat osunn mo chléibh
Cuirear air chùl am mòr thriath,
Gus an slolaidh na sianan o 'r taobh.
Na seasadh mulad measg a' chunnairt,
No deoir tuirse 'an sùil nan sonn.
[Dhìoch'nich ath'ra an sàr chlanna
Gu deireadh lanna blàir 'us arm.[b]]

[a] To Oscar alone; lit. *to the Oscar alone*, &c.

[b] L. 87, 88 are bracketed, not as at variance with the sentiment of Ossian, but as singularly rugged, and ungrammatical in language.

"Son of Fingal," replied the youth, "it is not long since I raised the spear. Few are the marks of my sword in war. But Fillan's soul is fire! The chiefs of Bolga crowd around the shield of generous Cathmor. Their gathering is on that heath. Shall my steps approach their host? I yielded to Oscar alone in the strife of the race on Cona!"

"Fillan, thou shalt not approach their host, nor fall before thy

DUAN II.

Fillan proposes to draw nearer the enemy, that he might discover their strength.

"Son of Fingal," straightway said the youth,
"Brief time has the great spear been in my hand;
Few are the marks of my sword,
(But) my soul is a glowing fire.
The chiefs of Bolga press around
The shield of Ca-mor of festive cups;
Their great gathering is on yonder hill.
Downward to them shall I stretch my step?
To Oscar alone did I yield in speed[a]
In the chase on the peaks of Cona."

Ossian forbids him, and says that the work better befitted himself.

"Fillan, go not near them;
Let not the youth fall unrenowned:
My name has been heard in song—
If needs be I will go forward.
From the dusky robe of the silent night
I will view their host throughout.
Wherefore was thy mention of Oscar?
Why waken the sigh in my breast?
Forgotten be the mighty prince
Till the storms subside around us.
Let not sorrow dwell 'mid danger,
Or tear of grief in the eye of warriors.
[Fathers forgot their bravest sons
Till war had ceased and arms were laid aside.][b]

fame is known. My name is heard in song: when needful I advance. From the skirts of night I shall view them over all their gleaming tribes. Why, Fillan, didst thou speak of Oscar? Why awake my sigh? I must forget the warrior till the storm is rolled away. Sadness ought not to dwell in danger, nor the tear in the eye of war. Our fathers forgot their fallen sons till the noise of arms was past. Then sorrow returned to the tomb, and the song of

DUAN II.

Thionndaidh 'n sin am bròn as ùr,
Fonn glan o thùirse nam bàrd.

"Conar, brathair còrr do Thrathal,
Ceann nam fear do 'n dàn am bàs.[a]
Fuil a naimhde mu mhìle sruth,
Le 'chliu lìonadh gleanna Eirinn
Mar aiteal beusach gaoith' 's i fann.
Chruinnich cinneachan mòr Ullin;
Chuir iad cuireadh gu rìgh nan lann,
Gu rìgh o shinns're mòr a' mhonaidh,
Sìol Shelma nan cruaidh nach fann.
Triathan Eirinn o dheas ag éirigh
'An dùbhra dùinte 'n àrdain thréin;
'An dubh chòs Mhòma 'dìothadh ri 'cheile,
'An sanas mhùig am focala féin.[b]
'Is minic,' thuirt iadsan, 'mu 'n tom
Chìteadh tannais lom nam fear,
'Feuchainn an crutha dubh-dhearg còm
O charragh bhristé lom na lear,
'Cur cuimhne mu chliu nam Bolg.
C' uime,' thuirt iad, 'bhiodh Conar 'n a rìgh,
Sìol coigrich na strì o Mhòrbheinn?'
Thàinig iad mar shruithean o shliabh
Measg farum an ceud chlann.[c]
Bha Conar mar charraig an triath;

[a] Among mortal men; lit. *men fated to die*, or *to whom death is in song.*

[b] "In secret spoke their dark design"—a very difficult line; lit. *in the misty intimation of their own words.*

[c] Of their hundred clans; Gael. *clann*, "children."

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bards arose." The memory of those who fell quickly followed the departure of war. When the tumult of battle is past, the soul in silence melts away for the dead.

"Conar was the brother of Trothal, first of mortal men. His battles were on every coast. A thousand streams rolled down the blood of his foes. His fame filled green Erin, like a pleasant gale. The nations gathered in Ullin, and they blessed the king—the king of the race of their fathers, from the land of Selma.

Then their grief called forth anew
Fitting songs from sorrowing bards.

Meantime he tells the story of Connar, who had been elected king of Ireland, and was brother to Trahal, Fingal's grandfather.

"Connar, the noble brother of Trahal,
Was foremost among mortal men:[a]
His foemen's blood (was) on a thousand streams;
Erin's glens were filled with his renown
As with an even breeze of gentle wind.
The great tribes of Ullin gathered;
They invited the king of spears—
A king from the mighty kindred of the hills—
Selma's race of champions strong.

The chiefs of the south of Erin—the Bolgi—rebelled against him.

The chiefs of southern Erin rose
In the close darkness of their mighty wrath;
They gathered to the black cave of Moma,
And in secret spoke their dark design:[b]
'Ofttimes,' they said, 'about the hill
Are clearly seen the ghosts of men,
Showing their bent and dark-red forms
From the bare broken rocks of the sea,
Recalling the fame of the Bolgi.[1]
Why,' say they, 'should Connar be king,
Son of Morven's fighting foreign race?'
They came like torrents from the mountain
In the noise of their hundred clans.[c]
Connar, the prince, was like a rock;

"The chiefs of the south were gathered in the darkness of their pride. In the horrid cave of Muma they mixed their secret words. 'Thither often,' they said, 'the spirits of their fathers came, showing their pale forms from the chinky rocks, reminding them of the honour of Bolga. Why should Conar reign,' they said, 'the son of resounding Morven?'

"They came forth like the streams of the desert with the roar of their hundred tribes. Conar was a rock before them; broken, they

DUAN II.

'Briseadh, thaom iad sìos o 'lann,
Ach thill iadsan minic 'us tric;
Thuit, a Shelma, do shliochd 'am blàr;
Sheas an rìgh measg uaighean nan treun,
'Us 'eudann fo bheud ri làr;
Thrus 'anam e féin fo smachd;
Chuir e comhara, 's clach air sliabh,
Anns an tuiteadh an triath le cliu,
'N uair a thàinig 'n a neart fo sgéith
Mòr Thrathal o neulaibh Mhòrbheinn,
Bràthair Chonair am mòr thréun.
Cha d'thàinig an gaisgeach leis féin;
Bha Colgar gun bheud r'a thaobh,
Colgar mac do rìgh nan lann,
'Us ainnir nam mall rosga gorma.

"Mar Threunmor 'an truscan de dhealan
A' teurnadh o thalla nan sian,
Measg torrunn 'cur dòghruinn o thalamh
Air dubh-dhruim na mara fo nial,
Mar sin a bha Colgar 'an cath
'S e 'caitheadh 's 'cur as an raoin."[a]
Mòr sòlas 'athar féin mu 'n triath,
Thàinig iuthaidh gu dìomhair air treun;
Dh'éirich clach dha gun deur air sliabh:
Dìolaidh 'n rìgh a gharbh mhac féin.

[a] "Wasting and consuming the field." The Gaelic words here are very strong—implying "the doing away with," or "annihilating," the field.

rolled on every side. But often they returned, and the sons of Selma fell. The king stood among the tombs of his warriors. He darkly bent his mournful face. His soul was rolled into itself, and he had marked the place where he was to fall, when Trathal came in his strength, his brother, from cloudy Morven. Nor did he come alone. Colgar was at his side—Colgar, the son of the king and of

Broken, they rolled backwards from his blade.
But many and often they returned;
Selma, thy children fell in battle:
Stood the king on the tombs of the brave,
His face, in sorrow, bowed to earth.
His soul resumed self-mastery:
He placed a mark and stone on the hill
Where the chief might fall with renown,
When came, in his strength and with his shield,
Great Trahal from the clouds of Morven,
Brother to Connar, great and strong.
The warrior came not alone
By his side was faultless Colgar—
Colgar, son to the king of spears
And to the maid of blue slow-moving eyes.

"As Treunmor in robe of lightning
Coming down from the hall of storms,
'Mid thunders sending uproar from the land
Over the dark back of the cloudy sea,
So was Colgar in the strife,
Wasting and consuming the field."[a]
Great (was) his father's joy in the prince.
A viewless arrow struck the chief:
On the hill his tomb was raised without a tear.
The king will avenge his mighty son.

Connar defeated them more than once; but they always rallied, and threatened to overpower him,

when his brother Trahal, with his young son Colgar, came to his aid.

They utterly routed the Bolgi, but Colgar was killed by a random arrow.

white-bosomed Solin-corma.

"As Trenmor, clothed with meteors, descends from the halls of thunder, pouring the dark storm before him over the troubled sea, so Colgar descended to battle, and wasted the echoing field. His father rejoiced over the hero; but an arrow came! His tomb was raised without a tear. The king was to revenge his son. He light-

DUAN II.

Bhoillsg Treunmor 'an còmhrag mar dhealan ;
Thréig Bolgai an talamh fo bheud.

"'N uair thill sìth do raon a' bhàis,
'N uair ghluais gorm thonn an treun do Mhòrbheinn,
'N sin chuimhnich an rìgh a mhac féin ;
Thuit sàmhach o cheud na deoir.
Ghairm bàrdan nam fonn tri chuairt
Aig còsaibh nam fuar-thonn dòmhail
Anam Cholgair, triath garbh nam buadh
G' a chruachan o thalamh a' chòmhraig.
Chual' e iadsan 'n a chèo mall,
Chuir Trathal a lann 'an còs,
Ball sòlais do 'mhac 'am bàs."

"A Cholgair, 'mhic Thrathail," thuirt Fillean,
"Bha cliu dhuit measg dhaoine, 's tu òg :
Cha do sheall an rìgh air mo lann-sa,
A bha 'dealradh 's an àm air chòmhnard,"
Tha mise 'dol maille ri sluagh
'S a' tilleadh le buaidh gun chliu.
Tha naimhdean 'druideadh oirnn, a thriath,
Tha farum air sliabh fo mhùig,
Tha farum an casan mar thorrunn
'S e 'gluasad fo thalamh gu baoth,

ened forward in battle, till Bolga yielded at her streams !

"When peace returned to the land, when his blue waves bore the king to Morven, then he remembered his son, and poured the silent tear. Thrice did the bards, at the cave of Furmono, call the soul of Colgar. They called him to the hills of his land. He heard them in his mist. Trathal placed his sword in the cave, that the

Gleamed Treunmor in the fight like lightning;
The Bolgi, scathed, forsook the land.

His body was carried to Morven; the people lamented his fall, and the bards sang his praise.

"When peace returned to the field of death,
When the blue wave bore the hero to Morven,
Then the king remembered his son;
Hundreds silently shed tears.
Three times called the bards of song[2]
Beside the caves of cold and swelling waves
The soul of Colgar, great and glorious chief,
To his own mountain-peaks from the land of war;
He heard them in his tranquil mist.
Trahal placed his spear in a cave,
A source of joy to his son in death."

Fillan envies Colgar's fate, and complains that he himself was unnoticed in the battle. He hears the sound of the enemy approaching.

"Colgar, son of Trahal," said Fillan,
"Thou, though young, wast renowned among men.
The king did not mark my blade
When lately it flashed on the field.
I go in the midst of a host,
And come in victory without renown.
The foe approaches us, O prince!
There is noise on the mist-covered hill;
The noise of their steps is like thunder,
As fitfully it rolls beneath the ground

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spirit of his son might rejoice."

"Colgar, son of Trathal," said Fillan, "thou wert renowned in youth! But the king hath not marked my sword bright-streaming on the field. I go forth with the crowd: I return without my fame. But the foe approaches, Ossian! I hear their murmur on the heath. The sound of their steps is like thunder in the bosom

DUAN II.

'N uair a chrathas na beanntan àn crannan,
'S nach éirich mall anail o ghaoith
Air mala ghruamaich fhuair nan speur."

"Thionndaidh Oisian grad air a shleagh.
Thog mi lasair air magh o gharbh chraoibh,
Sgaoil mi air a' ghaoith am fuaim.
Sheas Cathmor nam buadh o 'cheum;
Sheas e mar charraig a' boillsgeadh
Measg seacharan na h-oidhche ghàothair',
'N uair ghlacas an osag an sruth
'G a dhlùthachadh tiugh fo eigh.
Mar sin a sheas cara' nan dàimh;
Thog osna nan càrn a chiabh—
Treun a's mò 'shiol Éirinn à th'ann,
Rìgh Atha nan garbh shruth ciar.

"A chèann nam bàrd," thuirt Cathmor féin,
"'Fhonnair, gairm' triath' na h-Éirinn;
Gairm Cormar a's dearg-ruadh ciabh;
Gairm Malthos a's fiadhaiche fàbhrad;
Thigeadh gruaim Mharonnain a nall,
'Us Foldath an àrdain fhiair;
Faicear dearg-shùil Thùrloich nan lann;
Na dì chuimhn' Hidala, an triath—
Is caoin a ghuth 'an cunnart baoth,"[a]

[a] In danger dire; lit. *in danger wild*, or *mad*—*i.e.* danger in which ordinary men would become helpless and mindless.

of the ground when the rocking hills shake their groves, and not a blast pours from the darkened sky!"

Ossian turned sudden on his spear. He raised the flame of an oak on high. I spread it large on Mora's wind. Cathmor stopped in his course. Gleaming he stood, like a rock on whose sides are the wandering of blasts, which seize its echoing streams, and clothe them over with ice. So stood the friend of strangers. The winds

When the mountains shake their trees,
And the wind breathes not (even) a slow breath
On the gloomy cold brow of the skies."

Ossian turned quickly on his spear.
From a great tree I raised a flame on the field,
And on the breeze dispersed the sound.
Conquering Ca-mor checked his step;
He stood like a rock which gleams
Amid the wanderings of a windy night,
When the blast has grasped the stream
And pressed it closely into ice.
So stood the friend of strangers;
The wind of the mountains raised his locks—
The hero, greatest of the race of Erin,
King of Atha, of brown brawling streams!

Ossian immediately kindled a fire, which, as soon as observed by Ca-mor, caused him to abandon his purpose of surprising Fingal's army.

"Thou head of bards," said Ca-mor;
"Fonnar, call the chiefs of Erin:
Call Connar of the dark-red hair;
Call Malthos of the fiercest brow;
Let the gloom of Maronnan draw near;
And Folda of wayward pride;
Let me see the red eye of Turloch of spears;
Forget not Hidala, the chief—
Pleasant his voice in danger dire,[a]

He orders Fonnar his bard to call a council of his chiefs around him.

lift his heavy locks. Thou art the tallest of the race of Erin, king of streamy Atha!

"First of bards," said Cathmor, "Fonar, call the chiefs of Erin. Call red-haired Cormar; dark-browed Malthos; the sidelong-looking gloom of Maronan. Let the pride of Foldath appear; the red rolling eye of Turlotho. Nor let Hidalla be forgot: his voice in danger is the sound of a shower when it falls in the blasted vale,

DUAN II.

Mar fharum a' bhraoin a thuiteas mall
Mu 'n fheasgar air seacadh nan raon
Aig Atha nan sruth traoghta, gann ;
Is ciuin am fuaim air cluain an fhéir,
Torrunn briste nan speur a' falbh."

Thàinig iad 'n an armaibh grad,
Dh'aom gun stad gach ceann r'a ghuth,
Mar gu-n labhradh tannas o nial
O 'n sinns're, 's iad 'triall na h-oidhche.
Fuasach an dealra dubh-ruadh
Mar eas Bhrùmo 'tuiteam 'an toirm
'N uair a ghluaiseas tein-athair tro' 'n dùbhra
Mu shùilean fir-astair 'an stoirm.
Critheas e truagh measg a fhriall',
'S e 'feitheamh ri gréin o 'n ear.

"An sòlas do Fholdath," thuirt an rìgh,
"Dortadh fola 'an strì na h-oidhche ?
An gann a bheuman measg bruaillein na frith,
'N uair a lasas gath latha 'an soillse ?
Cha lionmhor ar naimhdean mu 'n chuan ;
C' uim bhiodh truscan na gruaim oirnn fein ?
Is àillidh solus do na tréin,
A tha 'bualadh bheud o'n tìr.
Faoin do chomhairl'-sa, 'thriath Mhòma ;

near Atha's falling stream. Pleasant is its sound on the plain whilst broken thunder travels over the sky!"

They came in their clanging arms. They bent forward to his voice as if a spirit of their fathers spoke from a cloud of night. Dreadful shone they to the light, like the fall of the stream of Brumo, when the meteor lights it before the nightly stranger.

Like sound of gentle shower which slowly falls
At evening on the thirsty fields,
By Atha of the failing scanty streams;
Soft is their sound on the grassy meadow,
As the broken thunders of the sky depart."

They obey the summons.

Quickly they came in their armour.
Each head bowed straightway to his voice,
As though a spirit spake from the clouds
Of their fathers travelling the night.
Fearful was their dark-red gleam,
Like the torrent of Brumo falling in noise,
When the lightning flashes through the murk
Before his eyes who travels in the storm;
Woe-begone, he trembles on his way,
And longs for the sun from the east.

He reproaches Folda for having advised the night-attack.

"Is there joy to Folda," said the king,
"In shedding of blood in the conflict of night?
Strikes he rarely in the storm of (battle-) field
When shine the beams of day in brightness?
Few are our foes from ocean;
Why should robes of darkness shroud us?
Joyful is light to the brave,
Who strike to save their native land.
Foolish thy counsel, chief of Moma:

Shuddering, he stops in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the morn!

"'Why delights Foldath," said the king, "to pour the blood of foes by night? Fails his arm in battle in the beams of day? Few are the foes before us; why should we clothe us in shades? The valiant delight to shine in the battles of their land! Thy council was in

DUAN II.

Cha-n'eil sùilean Mhòrbheinn fo rosg,[a]
Mar iolair a' faire na còrr thriath'
Air còinneach na scòrr-bheinn' àird.
Biodh gach triath fo nial le 'shluagh,[b]
Neart dòmhail nam fuaim àrd:
Mu 'n ear 'an solus gluaiseam féin
A' thachairt nan ceud mu Bholga.
B' fhuasach, ge h-ìosal an treun
Mac Dubh-shuil nam beud, Borbail."

"Cha-n ann gun chomhara," thuirt Foldath,
"'Ghluais mo cheuman fa chòir nan triath:
'An soillse bhuaileadh leam 'an còmhrag
Le Cairbre 'an còmh-stri nan sliabh.
Ach dh'éirich a chlachsan gun deoir;
Cha robh bàrd do rìgh Éirinn air 'uaigh.
'M bi sòlas aig naimhdean 'n fhir mhòir
Air còinnich 'us scòrr-bheinn nan cruach?
B' e mo charaid féin a bh' ann;
'S iomadh focal, air àm 'bha dìomhair,
A lùb sinn mu shàmhchair nan gleann[c]
'An còs Mhòma nan àrd thriath,
'N uair bha thusa 'ad bhalachan faoin
A' leantuinn air raon, nan cluaran.
Le gaisgeachaibh Mhòma ri m' làimh

[a] The eyes of Morven are not closed; lit. . . . *under eyelids.*

[b] Let every chief withdraw his band; lit. *be every chief under cloud with his people.*

[c] L. 228-29 *Bending words* appears to be a harsh expression; but we are quite familiar with *inflecting* verbs and nouns, conveying exactly the same meaning.

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vain, chief of Moma!' The eyes of Morven do not sleep; they are watchful as eagles on their mossy rocks. Let each collect beneath his cloud the strength of his roaring tribe. To-morrow I move in light to meet the foes of Bolga! Mighty was he that is low, the race of Borbar-Duthul!"

"Not unmarked," said Foldath, "were my steps before thy

The eyes of Morven are not closed;[a]
The brave chiefs watch as an eagle
'Mid the moss of high and rugged Bens.
Let every chief withdraw his band,[b]
Compact in strength and loud of sound.
With light from east will I advance,
To encounter hundreds by Bolga.
Terrible, though (now laid) low, was the hero,
Son of death-dealing Du-hul Borbar."

He orders each chief to withdraw with his clan, and says that with morning light he will attack the enemy.

"Not without mark," said Folda,
"Have been my steps in presence of the chiefs:
In light I have struck in combat
With Cairbar in the battle of the hills.
But his stone was raised without a tear;
On the tomb of Erin's king no minstrel stood.
Shall the foes of the great one rejoice
Amid the moss and peaks of the hills?
Cairbar was indeed my friend:
Many a word, in secret converse,
Did we *bend* 'mid the silence of the glens,[c]
In the cave of Moma of high chiefs,
When thou wert a heedless boy,
Chasing thistles through the plain.
With the heroes of Moma by my side,

Folda says that his great friendship for the fallen Cairbar roused his utmost wrath against Fingal's army;

race. In light I met the foes of Cairbar. The warrior praised my deeds. But his stone was raised without a tear! No bard sung over Erin's king. Shall his foes rejoice along their mossy hills? No; they must not rejoice! He was the friend of Foldath! Our words were mixed in secret in Moma's silent cave; whilst thou, a boy in the field, pursuedst the thistle's beard. With Moma's sons

DUAN II.

Bheir mi mach fo lann na naimhdean,
O dhùbhra dùint' an cruacha féin.
Tuitidh Fionnghal gun fhonn air sliabh,
Rìgh nan leadana liath o Shelma."

"Am barail leat, 'fhir a's laige làmh,"
Thuirt Cathmor fo sgàth feirge;
"Am barail leat gu-n tuit an sonn
Gun iomradh, no fonn 'an Éirinn?
Nam biodh na bàrdan féin 'an sàmhchair
Mu-chloich air tràigh do rìgh Shelma,
Bhriseadh fo 'n anail an rùn,"
'S bhiodh [a]nam fo chliu do 'n rìgh.
'S ann 'n uair thuiteas tusa 's a' bhlàr,
A dhì-chuimhn 'eas bàrdan am fonn.
Dorcha, gruamach thusa féin,
Ged tha ruighe nam beum 'an còmhrag,
Mar mhòr thional dòghruinn nan speur.
An dì-chuimhn do Chathmor rìgh Éirinn
'An tùineas caol gun leus an uaigh?
An dì-chuimhn domhsa féin an Cairbre,
Mo bhràthair garg nach tréig mo luaidh?[b]
Chomharaich mi dealra an t-sòlais
'Bha 'siubhal le mòrchuis nan gniomh
Air 'innsinn sios fo nialaibh dubh,
'N uair a thill mi le cliu o shliabh
Gu Atha nan sian 'us nan sruth."

[a] Their rapture would break forth beneath their breath—*i.e.* they could not maintain silence, though resolved to do so.

[b] Brother, ever loved; lit. *whom my love* (or *my praise*) *will not forsake.*

I shall rush abroad and find the foe on his dusky hills. Fingal shall lie without his song, the grey-haired king of Selma."

"Dost thou think, thou feeble man," replied Cathmor, half-enraged—"dost thou think Fingal can fall without his fame in Erin? Could the bards be silent at the tomb of Selma's king? The song would burst in secret! the spirit of the king would ro-

and still proposes to advance against them, saying that he will easily defeat them.

I will drive the foe with my spear
From the close darkness of their crags.
Fingal shall fall upon the hill unsung—
The king of hoary locks from Selma."

Ca-mor charges him with utter folly in speaking so lightly of Fingal and his warriors,

"Thinkest thou, man of weakest arm,"
Said Ca-mor, in the shadow of wrath—
"Thinkest thou the hero shall fall
Without renown or song in Erin?
If the bards themselves were silent,
On the shore by the stone of Selma's king,
Their rapture would break forth beneath their breath,"
And the soul of the king would dwell in renown.
It is when thou shalt fall in war
That bards will forget the song.
Dark and surly, verily thou art,
Though thy cleaving arm in battle
Be like the gathering of storms on high.
Does Ca-mor forget the king of Erin,
Dwelling darkly in the narrow grave?
Do I indeed forget thee, Cairbar,
My daring brother, ever loved?[b]
I marked the brightness of joy
Which passed, for the glory of (my) deeds
Across his soul, beneath black clouds,
When I returned with fame from the hill,
To Atha of storms and of streams."

and declares his own strong love for his brother Cairbar.

joice! It is when thou shalt fall that the bard shall forget the song. Thou art dark, chief of Moma, though thine arm is a tempest in war. Do I forget the king of Erin in his narrow house? My soul is not lost to Cairbar, the brother of my love! I marked the bright beams of joy which travelled over his cloudy mind, when I returned with fame to Atha of the streams."

DUAN II.

Mòr, fo fhocal àrd an rìgh,
Gu 'fhine féin a ghluais gach treun;[a]
Iad ag aomadh mu chrualaich na frìth,
Dealradh faileis 'an strì nan reultа,[b]
Mar thonnan 'an cala nan scòrr -bheann,
Fo ghaoith 'an còmh -strì na h-oidhche.
Ri daraig shìn an rìgh e féin,
Sgiath bhallach nam beum 'an gruaim
Ri carraig air làimh do 'n àrd-threun.
Sheas coigreach nam beus o chuan,
Gath soluis a rùin fo chiabh,
O Lùmon nan sliabh 's nan ruadh.
Is fada thall a chualas guth
O Fhonnar nan cruth, 's nam fonn,
Le gnìomhan trom an àm' o shean.
Chailleas air uairibh na dàin
'An toirm Lùbair nach gann fuaim?

"Thuinidh Cròthar," thubhairt am bàrd,
"'An Atha nan allda gorma.
Le mìle craobh o shlios nan càrn
Dh'éirich talla nan àrd chuirm,
An sin bha tional baoth an t-sluaigh
Mu 'n cuairt fleagh rìgh a's guirme sùil.
Co esan measg triath nam buadh
Bu cholltach ri Cròthar fo chliu?

[a] "Each chief to his own *clan*;" Gael. *'fhine*, the common word for clan.

[b] "Their shadows seen in the light of the stars." I am not sure of the exact meaning of this line: lit. *a shining of shadows in the striving of stars.*

Tall, they removed, beneath the words of the king. Each to his own dark tribe, where, humming, they rolled on the heath; faint-glittering to the stars: like waves in a rocky bay before the nightly wind. Beneath an oak lay the chief of Atha. His shield, a dusky round, hung high. Near him, against a rock, leaned the fair stranger of Inis-huna; that beam of light, with wandering locks, from Lumon

DUAN II.

At the high bidding of the king the chiefs
Returned, each leader to his clan;[a]
They lay 'mid the rocks of the mountain—
Their shadows seen in the light of stars,[b]
Like waves in a bay of rugged cliffs,
Under the wrestling of winds at night.
Beneath an oak the king lay stretched,
By his bossy, dinted, frowning shield.
Against a rock beside the hero,
A gentle stranger from the ocean stood—
The long-haired sunbeam of his love,
From Lumon of mountains and deer.
Far away was heard the voice
Of Fonnar of visions and of lays,
Singing the mighty deeds of olden days.
At times the strains were lost
In the noise of Lubar loud-resounding.

"Cro-har dwelt," thus spake the bard,
"In Atha of blue streams.
Of thousand trees from the mountain-side
Was raised the hall of noble feasts:
There was the joyous gathering of men
To the banquet of the king of bluest eye.
Which of the victorious chiefs
Was like to Cro-har in renown?

The chiefs lie down to rest;

Sulmalla, in disguise, was near Ca-mor.

Fonnar, the bard, relates the tale of Cro-har, one of Ca-mor's ancestors.

Cro-har, the chief of the Bolgi, dwelt in Atha.

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of the foes. At distance rose the voice of Fonar with the deeds of the days of old. The song fails at times in Lubar's growing roar!

"Crothar," began the bard, "first dwelt at Atha's mossy stream! A thousand oaks from the mountains formed his echoing hall. The gathering of the people was there around the feast of the blue-eyed king. But who among his chiefs was like the stately Crothar?

DUAN II.

Las gaisgich 'am fianuis an triath ;
Bhris osna gu dìomhair o dhigh'
Laoch cliùthar Alnecma nan sliabh,
Ceann fineacha ciar nam Bolg.

"Bhuail e sealg 'an Ullin chaoimh
Air faobhar còinnich nan Druim-àrd.
O chòille sheall ainnir nan laoch,
Nighean Chathmhìn, mu-n luaidh na bàird,
Gormshùil ghlan 'bu chaoine làmh.
Bhris a h-osna gu dìomhair mu 'n t-sonn.
Bha aomadh gruaidh ainnir nan triath
Measg seachrain a ciabha donn,
Choimhid rè tro' oidhche, 's i làn,
Air ruighe bàn a' ghuasad thall.
Bha 'smuaintean mu Chròthar nan dàn,
'An ciar aimsir nan aisling mall.

"Tri làì sgaoil Cathmìn a' chuirm ;
Air a' cheathramh thog toirm na ruaidh.
Ghluais Caomh-làmh gu seilg nan tom,
Mar shiubhal nam fonn a ceum.
Thachair i ri Crothar an triath
'An aisre chumhainn nan sliabh faoin.
Thuit bogha 'us iuthaidh o 'làimh ;
Thionndaidh i gu mall a gruaidh

Warriors kindled in his presence. The young sigh of the virgins rose. In Alnecma was the warrior honoured; the first of the race of Bolga.

"He pursued the chase in Ullin, on the moss-covered top of Drumardo. From the wood looked the daughter of Cathmin, the blue-rolling eye of Con-lama. Her sigh rose in secret. She bent her head midst her wandering locks. The moon looked in at night

DUAN II.

Warriors glowed in presence of the prince;
From maidens broke the secret sigh;
Renowned was the hero of Alnecma of hills—
Chief of the dusky tribes of Bolgi.

"He followed the chase in Ullin of plains,
On the mossy ridge of Drumard.
From a wood looked the maiden of heroes—
Daughter of Ca-min, sung by bards,
The bright blue-eyed of smoothest hand.
For the warrior rose her secret sigh:
The cheek of the maiden of chiefs was hid
Among the wanderings of her dark-brown locks.
The moon, when full, looked through night
At the white arm tossing to and fro;
Her thoughts were of Cro-har of songs
In the dusky hour of tranquil dreams.

He went to Ullin to visit Ca-min, and to hunt on his hills.

Com-la, daughter of Ca-min, fell in love with him,

"For three days Ca-min spread the feast;
On the fourth the sound aroused the deer.
Moved Com-la to the hunt on the hills;
Like the march of music was her step.
She met with Cro-har the prince
In a narrow pass of the desert hills:
Fell bow and arrow from her hand;
She slowly turned away her face,

and followed him to the chase.

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and saw the white-tossing of her arms, for she thought of the mighty Crothar in the season of dreams.

"Three days feasted Crothar with Cathmin; on the fourth they awaked the hinds. Con-lama moved to the chase with all her lovely steps. She met Crothar in the narrow path. The bow fell at once from her hand. She turned her face away, and half hid it

DUAN II.

Leth-cheilte fo 'tlàth chiabhan.
Mhosgail rùn an tréin gu luath;
Thug e ainnir nam buadh gu Atha;
Thog bàrdan am fonn 'n a còir.
Thuinidh sòlas mu chòir nighin Chàthmhin.

"Mhosgail àrdan o Thùrloch nam beum,
Òg treun a thug rùn agus annsa
Do gheal-làmh nan rosga caoin.
Thàinig e le còmhrag gu Atha,
Gu Alnecma nan eilide ruadh.
Ghluais Cormul amach gu strì,
Bràthair do rìgh nan carbad;
Ghluais a mach; ach thuit an triath;
Bhris osna air sliabh o 'shluagh.
Sàmhach 'us mòr thar nan sruitheau
Thàinig dubh-ghruaim neart an rìgh:
Thaom e an nàmhaid o 'n tìr,
O Alnecma nam frìth, 'us thill e
Measg sòlais Chonlàmha nan teud.
Bhuail cath air cath; thaom fuil air fuil;
'N àm oidhche chìteadh mìle cruth
Air iomall àrd niala na h-Éirinn.
Thionail o dheas gach àrd thriath
Mu sgéith Chròthair a's àrd fuaim.

with her locks. The love of Crothar rose. He brought the white-bosomed maid to Atha. Bards raised the song in her presence. Joy dwelt round the daughter of Cathmin.

"The pride of Turloch rose, a youth who loved the white-handed Con-lama. He came with battle to Alnecma, to Atha of the roes. Cormul went forth to the strife, the brother of car-borne Crothar.

Half hidden in her smooth, soft hair.
Straightway kindled the love of the chief:
He brought the goodly maid to Atha;
Bards raised their songs around her—
Joy dwelt with the daughter of Ca-mìn.

He returned her love, and took her to Atha as his wife.

"Awoke the wrath of warlike Turloch,
A youthful hero who gave heart and love
To the White-hand of gentle eye.
He came with combat to Atha,
To Alnecma of dark-brown hinds.
Cormul went forth to battle,
Brother to the king of chariots;
Forth he went—but fell the chief:
The sigh of his people rose on the hill.
Silent and great, across the streams,
Came the dark frown of the strength of the king:
He drove the foemen from the land,
From Alnecma of woods, and he returned
To the joy of Com-la of harps.
Battle pressed on battle; blood flowed over blood;
In night-time thousand forms were seen
On the skirts of the high clouds of Erin:
Mustered from south each noble chief
To the loud-sounding shield of Cro-har.

A neighbouring chief, Turloch, who had loved her, went to war with Cro-har, and slew his brother Cormul.

He went forth, but he fell. The sigh of his people rose. Silent and tall, across the stream, came the darkening strength of Crothar; he rolled the foe from Alnecma. He returned midst the joy of Con-lama.

"Battle on battle comes; blood is poured on blood. The tombs of the valiant rise. Erin's clouds are hung round with ghosts. The chiefs of the south gathered round the echoing shield of Crothar.

DUAN II.

Thàinig e le bàs a nall,
Gu aisre ghann a naimhde féin.
Thuit deura o dighean na h-Ullin,
'S iad a' coimhead ri mullach nan sian;
Cha teurnadh òg shealgair o mhonadh;
Tha sàmhchair a' dubhadh 's an tìr:
Mall 'us truagh an osag thall
'Am feur a tha gann air uaigh.

"'Teurnadh mar iolair nan speur
Le 'uile sgéith fhuaimear r'a thaobh,
'N uair a thréigeas e 'ghaoth le sòlas,
Thàinig mac Threinmhoir nam beum,
Conar treun, garbh làmh nan creuchd,
O Mhòrbheinn nan treun, 's nan craobh.
Thaom e 'neart air Éirinn ghuirm,
Am bàs dubh borb air chùl a lainn',
Leth-fhaicte le 'cheumaibh mòra."
Theich sìol Bholg o thriath nan lann,
Mar fhear-astair o shruth nach gann,
A bhriseas o fhàsach nan sian,
'S a bhuaineas an talamh o 'n t-sliabh
Le crannaibh fuaimear garbh.
Ghluais Cròthar 'an còmhrag, an treun,
Theich Alnecma fo bheud o leirg;
Shiubhail an righ, ach mall a cheum;

a l. 348, 349. The construction here—one of frequent occurrence—is like the abl. abs. in Latin.

He came with death to the paths of the foe. The virgins wept by the streams of Ullin. They looked to the mist of the hill. No hunter descended from its folds. Silence darkened in the land. Blasts sighed lonely on grassy tombs.

"Descending like the eagle of heaven with all his rustling wings, when he forsakes the blast with joy, the son of Trenmor came.;

Cro-har defeated Turloch, and pursued him to Ullin, which he was laying utterly waste,

Onward he came with death
To the narrow passes of his foes.
Tears fell from the maids of Ullin,
As they came to the stormy height;
The youthful hunter came not from the hill;
Silence is darkening in the land;
Slow and mournful is the breeze,
Through grass thin-growing on the graves.

when Conar, son of Treunmor, came to the aid of Ullin, and thoroughly defeated the invaders.

"Descending like the eagle of the skies,
With sounding wing all folded by his side,
When with joy he forsakes the blast,
Came the son of warlike Treunmor—
Brave Conar, strong arm to wound,
From Morven of trees and of heroes.
Over green Erin he poured his strength—
Death, grim and black, behind his blade,
Half seen in his mighty strides."[a]
Fled Bolga's race from the prince of spears,
As flees a traveller from a strong torrent
Which bursts from the desert of storms,
And rends the earth from the hill
With its great and sounding trees.
Cro-har, the brave, advanced to battle;
Alnecma, worsted, fled the field:
The king withdrew, but slow his step;

Conar, arm of death, from Morven of the groves. He poured his might along green Erin. Death dimly strode behind his sword. The sons of Bolga fled from his course as from a stream that, bursting from the stormy desert, rolls the fields together with all their echoing woods. Crothar met him in battle, but Alnecma's warriors fled. The king of Atha slowly retired in the grief of his soul. He

DUAN II.

'Anam mùchtà fo bhròn feirg.
Dhealradh leis mu dheas 'n a dhéigh,
Mar ghréin foghair nach 'eil treun,
'N uair a thig i 'an truscan nan nial,
Gu Làra nan sruth 's nan sian:
Bi 'dh dealta air seacadh nan raon;
Tha 'n dealra gu faoin fo bhròn."

"C'uim a mhosgladh am bàrd dhomh féin,"
Thuirt Cathmor an treun, "na seoid
A thréig an leirg, ge mòr an cliu?
'N d'aom tannas do chluas o nial
Gu Cathmor 'chur sios o 'n raon
Le sgeulaibh faoin an àm' o shean?
Sibhs' a chòmhnuidh's 'an cirb nan nial,
Mar osaig shian 'ur guth dhomh féin,
A ghlacas ceann nan cluaran dubh,
A' sgaoileadh leth 'fheusaig air sruth,
Tha guth iosal 'am meadhon mo chléibhe,
Nach buail cluas eile le fuaim.
Do 'anam tha smachd air righ Éirinn,"
'S cha-n fhàg e 'n a dhéigh an comhrag."

'Shiolaidh sios am bàrd 'an oidhche
'S e 'g aomadh gun soillse thar sruth,
A sniuaintean air làithean 'an Atha,

* *Air* righ Eirinn: the preposition *aig* would now be used instead of *air*, and probably is the correct reading.

afterwards shone in the south, but dim as the sun of autumn, when he visits, in his robes of mist, Lara of dark streams. The withered grass is covered with dew; the field, though bright, is sad."

"Why wakes the bard before me," said Cathmor, "the memory of those who fled? Has some ghost from his dusky cloud bent forward to thine ear, to frighten Cathmor from the field with the tales

DUAN II.

His soul (was) smothered in the grief of wrath.
He shone thereafter in the south,
Like the sickly sun of autumn
When he comes in robe of clouds
To Lara of streams and of storms:
Dew falls on the withering plains;
The gleam is feeble (and) in sorrow."

Cro-har escaped, and afterwards earned fame in the south; but it was like the sickly sun of autumn.

"Why does the bard recall to me,"
Said valiant Ca-mor, "the warriors
Who fled the field, though great their fame?
Has a ghost from a cloud stooped to thine ear
To banish Ca-mor from the field
With idle tales of the time of old?
Ye that dwell on the edge of clouds,
To me (is) your voice as the blast of a storm,
Which seizes the head of the darksome thistle,
And strews half its beard on the stream.
A quiet voice is within my breast,
Which strikes no other ear in sound:
Erin's king is master of his soul,
And he will not quit the field."

Ca-mor blames the bard for trying to deter him from following the wars by tales of those who had failed, and expresses his firm determination to fight.

The bard shrank down into night,
And he leaned in darkness over a stream;
His thoughts (were) of days in Atha,

The bard retires, grieving that his counsel was slighted.

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of old? Dwellers of the skirts of night, your voice is but a blast to me, which takes the grey thistle's head and strews its beard on streams. Within my bosom is a voice. Others hear it not. His soul forbids the king of Erin to shrink back from war."

Abashed the bard sinks back in night: retired, he bends above a stream. His thoughts are on the days of Atha, when Cathmor heard

'N uair a chualas le sàr a ghuth ;
Bha deoir a' tuiteam sìos le 'ghruaidh,
Gaoth fhuar 'us i 'fuaim 'n a fheusaig.

Thuit cadal mu ghorm shùilean Èirinn.
Cha robh cadal do threun m'a shùilibh.
Dorcha 'n a anam ag èirigh
Garbh Chairbre nam beud fo smùire ;
Chunnaic e gun fhonn, no dàn
Air osaig a' snàmh na h-oidhche.
Mhosgail 'us ghluais e 'cheuman
Air iomall nan ceud gu 'n cùl,
'S bhuail e sgiath chopach nam beum.
Thàinig fuaim air mo chluais 's a' mhùig
Air mala ghruamaich còinnich Mhòra.

"Òg Fhillein, tha 'n namhaid a' triall ;
Ceart chluinneamsa sgiath nam blàr.
Seas, a ghaisgich, 'an cuaich nan sliabh ;"
Chi mise gu 'n trian na sàir.
Ma shaltraicheas sluagh thar mo bhais
O chopa tog àrd an fhuaim ;
Dùisg Fionnghal air faire nan càrn
Seal mu -n siubhail a chliu, 's a bhuaidh."
Mi 'gluasad 'an torrunn nan arm,
Mo gharbh cheum thar sruithean a' leum,

a "In the *corrie* of the hill." The word *corrie* has not yet been admitted to the full privileges of English citizenship ; but it is used by Sir Walter Scott, is well understood, and seems to express better than any word I know, the meaning of the Gaelic here, which is *cuach*, "cup," or "bowl."

his song with joy. His tears come rolling down. The winds are in his beard. ERIN sleeps around. No sleep comes down on Cathmor's eyes. Dark in his soul he saw the spirit of low-laid Cairbar ; he saw him without his song, rolled in a blast of night. He rose. His steps were round the host. He struck at times his echoing shield. The sound reached Ossian's ear on

When his voice was heard by the great.
Tears were falling down his cheek;
The wind was cold, and whistled through his beard.

Ca-mor is unable to sleep: the vision of Cairbar, destitute of due funeral rites, troubles him. He walks past his sleeping warriors;

Sleep fell on the blue eyes of Erin.
It came not to the hero's eyes:
Darkly rising in his soul
(Was) rough and scathful Cairbar in the dust;
He saw him without song or lay,
Swimming on the blast of night.
He started and bent his steps
By the side of the host, and passed,
Striking the bossy dinted shield.
A sound struck my ear through the mist
On the frowning mossy brow of Mora.

is heard by Ossian and Fillan.

"Young Fillan, the foemen are moving;
I clearly hear the shield of battles.
Stand, thou hero, in the corrie of the hill;[a]
I will closely mark the warriors.
If the host should trample me in death,
From thy boss raise high the sound;
Wake Fingal on the edge of cairns,
Before his prowess and renown depart."
I advanced in the thunder of armour,
My rough stride bounding over streams,

Mora's mossy brow.

"Fillan," I said, "the foes advance; I hear the shield of war. Stand thou in the narrow path. Ossian shall mark their course. If over my fall the host should pour, then be thy buckler heard. Awake the king on his heath, lest his fame should fly away." I strode in all my rattling arms, wide-bounding over a stream that

DUAN II.

'Bha 'g iadhadh tre 'n dùbhra ro' shàr
Rìgh Atha nam blàr, 's nam beum;
Ghrad-thàinig righ Atha fo shleagh
Air mo shiubhal tro' mhagh 'am mùig.
An sin a bhiodh an còmhrag garbh
Mar thannais nam marbh a' spàirn,
A' cromadh o nialaibh 'tha 'falbh,
'Taomadh gaoith air faobhar nan càrn;
Mur faiceadh Oisian àrda shuas
Cruaidh cheanna-bheairt rìghre na h-Éirinn,
Sgiath iolair a' sgaoileadh mu 'n cuairt,
Measg iomairt nam fuar ghaoth;
Measg itean bha reull a' boillsgeadh.
Chaisg mi 's an oidhche mo shleagh.

"Tha ceanna-bheairt nan rìghrean a'm chòir!
Co thusa, 'mhic dubhadh nan speur?
Am bi cliu do shleagh Oisein, 'fhir mhòir,
'N uair a thuiteas 'an còmhrag an treun?"
Ghrad-aom e a shleagh o 'cheann,
'Mo choinneamh a' fàs an cruth mòr.
Shìn e anns an oidhch' a làmh
'S e 'labhairt focail chòrr nan righ.

"A chara' taibhse faoin nan sonn,
'N do thachair 'an dùbhra sinn fèin?

darkly winded in the field before the king of Atha. Green Atha's king, with lifted spear, came forward on my course. Now would we have mixed in horrid fray, like two contending ghosts, that bending forward from two clouds, send forth the roaring winds, did not Ossian behold on high the helmet of Erin's kings. The eagle's wing spread above it, rustling in the breeze; a red star

Which glided in darkness before great
Atha's king of battles and of blows.
Straightway came Atha's king with spear,
Across my path through the plain in mist.
Then would have been a conflict fierce,
Like spirits of the dead in strife
Bending from driving clouds,
While winds rush from the brow of cairns,
Had Ossian not descried on high
The steel helmet of the kings of Erin:
An eagle's wing was spread abroad,
In the tossing of the chilly winds;
Amid the feathers shone a star.
I stayed my spear in the night.

Ossian goes forward and meets him in the darkness.

As he was about to attack him, he noticed the eagle's wing on his helmet, showing him to be of kingly race.

"The helmet of kings is near me!
Who art thou, son of the darkening of the skies?
Shall Ossian's spear be renowned, thou great one,
When the hero shall fall in battle?"
Quickly he lowered his spear from his head;
Before me grew the lofty form;
In the night he stretched forth his hand,
And uttered the noble words of kings:

He asks who he is, and whether he is a foe worthy of Ossian.

"Friend of the shadowy warrior-forms,
Have we met together in darkness?

Ca-mor addresses him with great

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looked through the plumes. I stopped the lifted spear.

"The helmet of kings is before me! Who art thou, son of night? Shall Ossian's spear be renowned when thou art lowly laid?" At once he dropped the gleaming lance. Growing before me seemed the form. He stretched his hand in night; he spoke the words of kings.

"Friend of the spirits of heroes, do I meet thee thus in shades?

DUAN II.

C'uim nach fhacas do cheum, a sheoid,
'An làithean sòlais Atha nan teud ?
C'uim a thogar ortsa sleagh ?
Chi grian sinn air magh 'an còmhrag,
'N uair a thionndaidh's gu beud an dà righ
A' dealradh 'an strì na mòrchuis.
Chi gaisgich 'n ar déigh am ball
'Am mòr eagal mu 'n àm o shean ;
Chi iad é mar àite fuaith
'Cur sòlais 'us gruaim mu 'n inntinn."

"An dì-chuimhn' iad," fhreagair mi féin,
"Aite-coinnimh do thréin 'an sìth ?
'Bheil cuimhn' a' chòmhraig 'an còmhnuidh,
Cho taitneach do mhòrchuis nan triath ?
Nach fhaic sinn le sòlas na raoin,
'S an d' sgaoil sinns're nach b'fhaoin am fleagh ?
Ach lionar ar sùilean le deoir
Air an leirg do 'n robh còmhrag nan treun.
Éiridh 'chlach so féin air àird,
Measg còmnich nan càrn ciar
Le focail do bhliadhnan nach d'fhalbh.
'N uair chaillear thusa, 'chlach nan saoi ;
'N uair a thraoghas sruth Lùbair o lear,
Aomaidh fear-astair a thriall,

w "When thou art lost," &c. The thoughts and expressions here, from l. 451 to l. 458, are very similar to what is said in the poem of "Golnandona," l. 48-68.

I have wished for thy stately steps in Atha in the days of joy. Why should my spear now arise? The sun must behold us, Ossian, when we bend gleaming in the strife. Future warriors shall mark the place; and, shuddering, think of other years. They shall mark it, like the haunt of ghosts, pleasant and dreadful to the soul."

"Shall it then be forgot," I said, "where we meet in peace? Is

Wherefore unseen was thy step, thou hero,
In days of joy at Atha of harps?
Why raise a spear against thee (now)?
The sun shall behold our battle on the field,
When the two kings close in strife,
Shining in the conflict of glory.
Future warriors shall behold the spot
With great amaze at the olden time;
They will behold it as a haunt of spirits,
Bringing joy and dread to their souls."

regard; regrets that their meeting was not at the feast in Atha; says that they will not fight until the sun looks on their "conflict of glory," the place of which, future warriors will view with awe.

"Shall they forget," I then replied,
"The place where heroes meet in peace?
Is constant memory of war
So pleasant to the pride of heroes?
Shall we not in joy behold the plains
Where our great fathers spread the feast?
But our eyes shall be filled with tears
On the fields where warriors fought.
This very stone shall rise on high,
Amid the moss of dark-brown hills,
With words to the coming years,
When thou art lost, stone of the brave,[a]
When Lubar's stream shall fail on the plain,
The traveller will bend his course

Ossian replies that the place where heroes meet in peace ought to be remembered with greater pleasure than their battle-fields;

and says that the stone at which they then met would preserve their memory for ages.

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the remembrance of battles always pleasant to the soul? Do not we behold with joy the place where our fathers feasted? But our eyes are full of tears on the fields of their war. This stone shall rise, with all its moss, and speak to other years. 'Here Cathmor and Ossian met; the warriors met in peace!' When thou, O stone! shalt fail,—when Lubar's stream shall roll away,—then shall the

DUAN II.

'An cadal air sliabh nam fear:
Gluaisidh ré mar chearcal dubh
Thar a cheann 'an aisling nan cruth;
Thig sinne suas 'n a shealladh faoin,
A' cur a chuimhne air an raon.
C'uim a thionndaidh's tu cho dorch',
'Mhic Borbair nan colg fiar?"

"'An dì-chuimhn', 'mhic Fhiounghail nan lann,
Cha bhi sinne a' snàmh nan gaoth,
Ar gnìomhan 'an dealradh nach gann
Roimh shùilibh nam bàrd a chaoidh.
Tha dùbhra dubh mu Atha féin;
Tha rìgh 'bu treun gun dàn, gun fhonn.
Bha dealra glan a' briseadh riamh
Do Chathmor o 'chiar inntinn,
Mar ré 'us i 'coimhead o nial
'Measg thorrunn dubh-ruadh na h-oidhche."

"'Mhic Éirinn," fhreagair mi féin,
"Cha-n'eil m' fhearg 'dol 'n a dhéigh gu tùr;
Ghluais mo ghamhlas mar iolair nan speur
O naimhdean fo bheud 'us smùir;
Cluinnear leis na bàird le fonn;
Biodh sòlas air sonn 's a' ghaoith."

traveller come and bend here, perhaps, in rest. When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our shadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place. But why turnest thou so dark away, son of Borbar-duthul?"

"Not forgot, son of Fingal, shall we ascend these winds. Our deeds are streams of light before the eyes of bards. But darkness

To sleep on the hill of heroes:
The moon will move like a dark hoop
Above his head which dreams of ghosts,
In his shadowy vision we shall appear,
Fixing his memory upon this field.
Wherefore hast thou changed to gloom,
Son of Borbar of warlike mood?"

He asks Ca-mor why he looked so gloomy.

"Forgotten, son of Fingal of spears,
We shall not swim on the winds;
In brightest light our deeds
Shall ever dwell in the eyes of bards.
Darkness black encircles Atha;
A mighty king is without song or lay.
Brightness clear, at all times, shone
On Ca-mor, from his gloomy mind,
Like the moon looking forth from a cloud,
Through the dark-red thunders of night."

Ca-mor answers that his brother, a mighty king, being without song or lay, is the cause of his "darkness."

"Son of Erin," I replied,
"Not to his grave does my wrath pursue him;
My vengeance flies, like eagle of the skies,[3]
From foemen in death and in dust:
Let bards with songs be heard by him;
Let joy be to the hero on the blast."

Ossian replies that his wrath did not follow Cairbar to the grave; and consents to his hearing the song of bards.

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is rolled on Atha; the king is low without his song: still there was a beam towards Cathmor from his stormy soul; like the moon in a cloud amidst the dark-red course of thunder."

"Son of Erin," I replied, "my wrath dwells not in his earth. My hatred flies on eagle-wing from the foe that is low. He shall hear the song of bards. Cairbar shall rejoice on his winds."

DUAN II.

Dh'èirich anam an rìgh air àird,
Tharruing e a lann o 'thaobh;
Chuir e 'dealra glan a'm' làimh;
Le osna 'an sàmhchair uam féin
Ghluais Cathmor nam buadh treun.[a]
Lean mo shùil an laoch 's e 'falbh
Mar gharbh-chruth tannais a' boillsgeadh,
'N uair a thachras baoth shamhla nam marbh[b]
Air fear-astair 'am balbh na h-oidhche,
'An truscan ciar nan sliabh fo ghaoith;
Bi'dh 'fhocala mar fhonn o shean,
Le madainn o lear a' sioladh,
An cruth leth dheanta de mhùig.

Co e sud o Lùbar thall
O thruscan nan gleann de cheò?
Tha drùchd nan speur m'a cheann;
Tha 'cheuman gu mall fo bhròn.
Co ach Carull o 'n àm a dh'fhalbh
O chòs Thùra nan garbh sheòd.
Chi mi 'n còs dorcha 'an carraig
Tro' cheò a tha 'tarruing do 'n aonach.
Theagamh gu-m bheil an t-àrd thriath
Cuchullin air sgiathan na gaoithe,
Tha 'lùbadh nan craobh r'a thaobh.
Is taitneach fonn 'am madainn chiuin
O bhàrd Éirinn nam mòr chliu.

a "Ca-mor of mighty conquests or victories," or "Ca-mor of great attributes or power."

b The six lines 485-489 are very obscure. It would be an improvement to read 486 as 485; but no transposition would make the last three clear: possibly they belong to some other connection.

Cathmor's swelling soul arose. He took the dagger from his side, and placed it gleaming in my hand. He placed it in my hand with sighs, and silent strode away. Mine eyes followed his departure. He dimly gleamed like the form of a ghost, which meets a traveller by night on the dark-skirted heath. His words are dark like songs of old; with morning strides the unfinished shade away!

Ca-mor, deeply affected by such generosity, presents his sword to Ossian, and returns to his army.

Rose the soul of the king on high;
He drew his blade from his side;
In my hand he placed its brightness pure;
I sighed in silence, and away
Moved Ca-mor of mighty conquests.
Followed my eye the chief departing;
He shone like a mighty spirit-form,
When meets the vain semblance of the dead
The traveller, 'mid silence of the night,
Wind-driven in dusky robe of the hills;
His words are like a song of old;
With morning glideth off the plain,
The form half-made of mist.

In the dawn of morning, Carul, the bard of Cuchullin, approaches in deep grief.

Who comes over from Lubar
In the robe of the misty glens?
The dew of heaven is on his head;
His steps are slow and sorrow-laden.
Who but Carul, from the time which is gone,
From Tura's cave of great heroes.
I see the cavern dark in the rock
Through mist creeping upwards on the hill.
Perchance the mighty prince
Cuchullin (comes) on the wings of the wind,
Which bends the trees by his side.
Sweet is a song in morning calm
From Erin's bard of great renown.

Who comes from Lubar's vale? from the skirts of the morning mist? The drops of heaven are on his head; his steps are in the paths of the sad. It is Carril of other times. He comes from Tura's silent cave. I behold it dark in the rock through the thin folds of mist. There, perhaps, Cuthullin sits on the blast which bends its trees. Pleasant is the song of the morning from the bard of Erin!

DUAN II.

"Tha tonnan a' briseadh 's a' falbh
Gu dòmhail fo 'n garbh eagal féin,
Iad a' cluinntinn thu 'g éirigh le fhuaim
O thalla nan stuadh, a ghrian.
Fuasach thu 'n ad uile thréin',
A mhic nan speur, 'n uair ghluaiseas bàs
Le leadan làn a's glaine sgèimh,
'N uair chuireas tu do niala còrr
Air seacadh nam mòr shluagh.
Ach 's taitneach do dhearrsa do shealgair
'S e 'suidhe fo gharbh fhuaim nan stoirm,
'N uair sheallas tu o bhriseadh nan nial
A' boillsgeadh a chiabh fo bhraon—
Esan 'còmhnead sìos air gleann,
Air sruthan nan allt gun ghruaim,
'N uair a theurnas na ruaidh o chàrn.
Cia fada dh'éireas tu air còmhrag,
Mar mhòr sgéith, làn fala nan speur?[a]
Chi mi bàs ealamh nan triath,
Mar dhùbhra ag iadhadh mu d' ghnùis."

"C'uim a tha iadhadh focail Charuill?
'Bheil bròn air mala gun bheud?
Cha-n'eil gruaim air a shiubhal a' tarruing,
Tha sòlas ann a théine treun.
Air [dealradh] a sholuis gun mhùig.[b]
Théid thusa air chùl do là féin;

[a] "Full of the blood of the skies" is the literal translation: *làn fala 's an speur* would make it "full of blood in the skies," and bring it to agree with Macpherson's translation—a decided improvement.

[b] There is a hiatus in l. 527, which I have filled up with *dealradh*.

"The waves crowd away," said Carril; "they crowd away for fear. They hear the sound of thy coming forth, O sun! Terrible is thy beauty, son of heaven, when death is descending on thy locks, when thou rollest thy vapours before thee over the blasted host. But pleasant is thy beam to the hunter sitting by the rock in a storm, when thou showest thyself from the parted cloud, and brightenest his dewy locks: he looks down on the streamy vale, and

DUAN II.

and sings an address to the Sun—

"Waves break and flee away,
Crowding in their own great fear,
As they hear thee rising in noise [4]
From the hall of the waves, thou Sun.
Awful thou art in all thy strength,
Son of the skies, when death goes forth
In thy rich locks of brightest beauty—
When thou dost send thy wondrous clouds
To wither mighty hosts.
But glad to the hunter thy brightness
As he sits in the loud roar of storms,
When thou lookest through the parting clouds
Shining on his locks in dew—
He gazes on the glen below him,
And the running streams which are in gladness,
When the deer come down from the cairn.
How long wilt thou rise on war,
Like a great shield full of the blood of the skies? [a]
I behold swift death to heroes,
Like darkness hovering round thy face."

complaining of his sending death forth from his locks, "withering mighty hosts;" and says that he sees darkness still around his face.

"Wherefore the wandering of the words of Carul?
Is there sorrow on the spotless brow?
No shadow gathers on his course;
There is joy in his mighty fire—
In the [sheen] of his unclouded light. [b]
(But) thou shalt fail in thine own day;

Ossian interrupts him, saying that no sorrow rests on the brow of the sun;

but that he shall fail in his own day.

beholds the descent of foes! How long shalt thou rise on war, and roll a bloody shield through heaven? I see the deaths of heroes dark-wandering over thy face!"

"Why wander the words of Carril?" I said. "Does the son of heaven mourn? He is unstained in his course, ever rejoicing in his fire. Roll on, thou careless light; thou too, perhaps, must fall. Thy darkening hour may seize thee struggling as thou rollest through

DUAN II.

Thig ortsa àm riabhach na smùir,[a]
'S tu 'dlùthadh 's a' crith tro' do speur.

"Taitneach dhòmhsa guth a' bhaird;
Taitneach do m' anam am fonn,
Mar fhras chiuin na maidne thall
'Gluasad tro' ghleann le caoin fhuaim,
'N uair sheallas grian o cheò nan càrn
'S e 'g èirigh gu mall o chruaich.
Cha-n àm so, a bhàird, do dhàn,
No gu suidhe a bhàn le fonn.
Tha Fionnghal fo armaibh 's a' ghleann,
Faic dealra o sgéith nam buadh.
Tha 'ghnùis a' dorchadh measg a chiabh,
Sìol Eirinn air sliabh cho dòmhail.

"Nach fhaic thus', a Charuill, an uaigh
Air bruaich nan sruth fuaimear o chàrn,
Tri chlachan le 'n liath-cheannaibh shuas
Fo dharaig 'tha 'cromadh o 'n àird?
Tha rìgh gun leus an sin fo smùir.
Thoir 'anam as-ùr do ghaoith.[b]
Bràthair e do Chathmor féin;
Fosgail talla nan speur do 'n t-sàr;
Fuadaich-sa le fonn a ghruaim
O thannas dubh-ruadh Chairbre."

[a] The chequered time of dust; lit. *the brindled time of dust.*

[b] "Give his soul *anew* to the winds." The soul of the warrior who died "unsung" was confined to the "reedy marsh." Enabling him by the song to ascend on the wind, was giving him a *new* life.

thy sky. But pleasant is the voice of the bard—pleasant to Ossian's soul! It is like the shower of the morning when it comes through the rustling vale, on which the sun looks through mist, just rising from his rocks. But this is no time, O bard! to sit down at the strife of song. Fingal is in arms on the vale. Thou seest the flaming shield of the king. His face darkens between his locks.

The checkered time of dust will come on thee,[a]
Hurrying and trembling through thy sky.

"Pleasing to me is the voice of the bard—
Pleasing to my soul the song,
Like the gentle shower of the morning
Travelling the glen with grateful sound,
When the sun looks through the mist of cairns;
As slowly he rises from the mountain.
But this, O bard! is not a time for song,
Or for sitting down to tuneful lays.
Fingal is armed in the glen:
Behold the brightness from the conquering shield;
His countenance darkens 'mid his locks,
(At seeing) Erin's host so great upon the hill.

He stops the song, however, to send Carul to the grave of Cairbar, there to sing the lay on which his spirit might rise on high.

"Carul, seest thou not the grave
On the bank of the sounding mountain-stream—
Three stones with their hoary heads on high,
Under an oak that downward bends?
A king is there in darkness and in dust:
Give his soul anew to the winds;[a]
He (is) the brother of Ca-mor:
Open the hall of the skies to the brave;
Banish with song his gloom
From the dark-red spirit of Cairbar."

[a] He beholds the wide-rolling of Erin. (Does not Carril behold that tomb beside the roaring stream? Three stones lift their grey heads beneath a bending oak. A king is lowly laid! Give thou his soul to the wind. He is the brother of Cathmor! Open his airy hall! Let thy song be a stream of joy to Cairbar's darkened ghost!"

DUAN III.

ARGUMENT.

"Morning comes on. Fingal, after a speech to his people, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni, it being the custom of the times that the king should not engage till the necessity of affairs required his superior valour and conduct. The king and Ossian retire to the rock of Cormul, which overlooked the field of battle. The bards sing the war-song. The general conflict is described. Gaul, the son of Morni, distingnishes himself, kills Turlathon, chief of Moruth, and other chiefs of lesser name. On the other hand Foldath, who commanded the Irish army (for Cathmor, after the example of Fingal, kept himself from battle), fights gallantly, kills Connal, chief of Dun-lora, and advances to engage Gaul himself. Gaul in the mean time, being wounded in the hand by a random arrow, is covered by Fillan, the son of Fingal, who performs prodigies of valour. Night comes on. The horn of Fingal recalls his army. The bards meet them with a congratulatory song, in which the praises of Gaul and Fillan are particularly celebrated. The chiefs sit down at a feast; Fingal misses Connal. The episode of Connal and Duthcaron is introduced, which throws further light on the ancient history of Ireland. Carril is despatched to raise the tomb of Connal. The action of this book takes up the second day from the opening of the poem."—M.

DUAN III.

Co esan mu ghorm shiubhal Lùbair?
Co fo lùbadh crom-chàrn nan ruadh,
Ard ag aomadh ri craoibh' o 'chùlaobh,
'Reub osag 'an dùbhra nan cruach?
Co 'th' ann ach Mac Cumhail, an treun,
'Tha 'lasadh measg deireadh nam blàr?
Tha 'liath chiabh air osaig o bheinn,
E 'tarruing garbh Lùno nan lann.
Tha 'shùilean garg air leirg Mhoilèna,
Air naimhdean treun 'tha 'gluasad ciar.
An cluinn thu guth an rìgh ag éirigh',
Mar bhriseadh treun nan sruth o shliabh,
'N uair thig iad o thuaim nan cnoc
Air raon 'tha fo sheacadh na gréine?

"Garbh-chearbach a theurnas an nàmhaid,
'Shìol Shelma nan crann, bi suas;
Bithibhse mar scòrr ar talmhuinn
'An ciar shlios fo charadh nan alld.

WHO is that at blue-streaming Lubar? who by the bending hill of roes? Tall, he leans on an oak torn from high by nightly winds. Who but Comhal's son, brightening in the last of his fields? His grey hair is on the breeze. He half unsheathes the sword of Luno. His eyes are turned to Moi-lena, to the dark moving of

DUAN III.

Description of Fingal beside the river Lubar.

Who is he by the blue course of Lubar?
Who in the bend of the winding hill of deer—
Tall, and leaning back against a tree
Torn by a blast from mountains dark?
Who but Cu-hal's son the strong,
Kindling amid the close of his wars.
His hoary locks are on the mountain-breeze,
As he draws great Luno, (sword) of swords.
He looks in sternness on Moi-Lena's field,
On foemen strong who gloomily advance.
Dost hear the monarch's voice arise,
Like strong rush of torrents from the mountain,
When they come from the noise of the hills
On plains which are withered by the sun?

He sees the enemy advancing, and charges his followers to stand firm as the rocks of

"Widespread the enemy descends.
Ye race of woody Selma, rise!
Be ye as *scoors* of our native land,
Round whose dark sides the torrents wind.

foes. Dost thou hear the voice of the king? It is like the bursting of a stream in the desert, when it comes between its echoing rocks, to the blasted field of the sun!

"Wide-skirted comes down the foe! Sons of woody Selma, arise! Be ye like the rocks of our land, on whose brown sides are

DUAN III.

Gath sòlais air m' anamsa féin
Mi 'faicinn nan treun 'am chòir ;
An uair is lag an nàmhaid thall
Cluinnear osna o spàirn mo chléibh :
Tha m' eagal mu ghluasad a' bhàis
Air a' chliu so 'tha 'snàmh a'm' dhéigh.
Co 'thàirneas gu còmhrag 'an lear,
Gu Alnecma nam feara treun ?
'S e m' àmsa féin garbh àm a' chunnairt :
An sin a dhealras guineach mo lann :
Mar sin a rinn iad féin o shean ;
O Threunmor, fear-riaghlàidh nan gaoth ;
Mar sin a theurnadh sìos gu lear
Mòr Thràthal fo ghormadh nan sgiath." [a]

Grad aomadh nan triath gus an rìgh,
Gach ciar dhiubh a' strì mu 'n bhlàr [b]
Le iomruidh nan gnìomh 'an robh brìgh,
Gach sùil ag iadhadh mu Éirinn gu mall.
Ach fada roimh na seòdan treun
Sheas mac Mhorni nam beum cruaidh ;
'An sàmhchair sheas an gaisgeach féin.
Co nach cuala mu fheum o Ghall ?
'Anam mòr fo dhealradh nan gnìomh,
A gharbh làmh gu dìomhair mu 'lann,

[a] Of blue shields ; lit. *under the "blueing" of shields.*

[b] Each hero, &c. *Ciar* is the word in the text, signifying "dark," or "dusky." I have no doubt it is a misprint for *cliar*, "hero," and have translated accordingly.

the rolling of streams. A beam of joy comes on my soul. I see the foe mighty before me. It is when we is feeble that the sighs of Fingal are heard, lest death should come without renown, and darkness dwell on his tomb. Who shall lead the war against the host of Alnecma ? It is only when danger grows that my sword shall shine. Such was the custom heretofore of Trenmor, the ruler

DUAN III.

A ray of joy (comes) to my soul,
In seeing the brave coming nigh;
When the foe before me is feeble,
A sigh is heard from my labouring chest;
My fear is for the march of death
On the renown which swims behind me.
Who will lead the combat on the field,
With Alnecma of valiant men?
My time is the time of rugged danger;
Then piercingly my sword will shine:
Thus did they who were of old,
From Treunmor, ruler of the winds;
Thus would descend to the field
Great Trahal of blue shields."[a]

their native land.

He says that he rejoices on seeing brave foemen before him.

He asks who is to lead the host, saying that he, according to the rule of Treunmor, will withdraw until urgent danger calls him forth.

Quickly the heroes gather round the king,
Each hero eager for the fray,[b]
In memory of deeds of power;
While every eye scanned Erin's (host).
But far before the warriors strong
Stood Morni's son of heavy strokes;
In silence and alone the hero stood.
Who has not heard the deeds of Gaul?
His deeds shed brightness o'er his mighty soul;
His strong hand in secret on his sword—

The leaders gather around.

Gaul, the son of Morni, takes the command of the battle.

---

of winds! and thus descended to battle the blue-shielded Trathal!" The chiefs bend toward the king. Each darkly seems to claim the war. They tell by halves their mighty deeds. They turn their eyes on Erin. But far before the rest the son of Morni stands. Silent he stands, for who had not heard of the battles of Gaul? They rose within his soul. His hand in secret seized the sword.

DUAN III.

An lann a thug e o Shrùmon suas,
'N uair a cheileadh o chruadal Morni.[a]
Sheas Fillean o Shelma thall
Air sleagh 'am measg falbhan a chiabh.
Tri chuairt thog e 'shùilean mall
Air Fionnghal 'an spàirn o 'chliabh.
Shìolaidh sìos gun bhrìgh a ghuth,
Cha robh Fillean fo dhùbhadh nam blàr.[b]
Ghrad-shìn e thall a cheum,
'Us sheas e fo bheud thar sruth,
A dheoir a' dlùthadh gu tiugh m'a ghruaidh.
O àm gu àm a bhuail fo 'shleagh
Liath chluaran nam magh le 'chrann.
Cha robh e gun fhaicinn do 'n rìgh,
'S e 'sealltuinn o thaobh a shùla.
Chunnaic a mhac féin fo strì
Na sòlais[c] 'bha 'dìreadh 'n a ùrla.
Thionndaidh e measg 'anaim mhòir
'An sàmhchair gu Mòra nan ùr-choill';
Cheil e a dheoir fo 'chiabh,
An sin chualas o thriath an guth.

"A cheud mhic Mhorni nan cruaidh lann,
A charradh nan càrn fo stoirm,
Tarruing mo chòmhrag gu blàr

a When Morni was hidden from hardship—*i.e.* when he died. The expression is singular, but it will not translate otherwise.

b Embrowned by battles; lit. *under the blackening of the battles.*

c *Sòlas*, here fem., is now always masc.

The sword which he brought from Strumon, when the strength of Morni failed.

On his spear leans Fillan of Selma in the wandering of his locks. Thrice he raises his eye to Fingal; his voice thrice fails him as he speaks. My brother could not boast of battles; at once he strides away. Bent over a distant stream he stands; the tear hangs in his

DUAN III.

Fillan, Fingal's son, desirous of a charge, thrice attempts to address his father; but his heart fails him, and he withdraws.

The sword which he took from Srumon high,
When Morni was hidden from hardship.
Fillan from Selma stood aloof
In his waving hair, (supported) by his spear.
Thrice he slowly raised his eyes
To Fingal, with labouring chest:
His voice ebbed low without a word;
Fillan was not embrowned by battles.
Straightway he stretched his steps away;
And sad he stood beside a stream,
His tears thick-gathering on his cheek.
Wielding his spear from time to time, he struck
With its shaft the hoary thistles of the field.
He was not unseen by the king,
As he looked with a sidelong eye.
His son he beheld with a conflict
Of joy which kindled in his breast.
He turned amid (the thoughts of) his great soul
In silence to Mora of green woods:
Under his locks he hid his tears.
Then was heard from the chief a voice:

Fingal was pleased with his ardour and modesty, and retires to the hill of Mora to watch the course of the battle; but first addresses Gaul;

"First son of Morni of keen blades,
Thou mountain-pillar in the storm,
Lead thou my battle to the fight,

---

eye. He strikes at times the thistle's head with his inverted spear. Nor is he unseen of Fingal. Sidelong he beholds his son. He beholds him with bursting joy, and turns amid his crowded soul. In silence turns the king toward Mora of woods. He hides the big tear with his locks. At length his voice is heard.

"First of the sons of Morni! thou rock that defiest a storm!

DUAN III.

Mu shìnnsre nan sàr, 's mu Chormac.
Cha mhaide balachain do shleagh,
Cha dhearrsa gun seadh do chruaidh.
'Mhic Mhorni nan garbh each 's a' mhagh,
Faic do naimhdean; air d'adhart, 'us buail.
'Fhillein, seallsa air an triath,
Nach robh riamh 'an còmhrag, mall;
Ach cha las a mhòr anam gu 'thrian[a]
'An àrd charraid nan sgiath garbh:
'Fhillein, seallsa air an triath,
'Tha cho làidir ri Lùbar o shliabh
Gun chobhar, gun trian gàire.
Air Mòra nan nial air fàire[b]
Chì Fionnghal o 'n àird an strì.
Bi-sa, 'Oisein, ri làimh d'athar
Aig sruth 'tha 'g a chaitheadh o bheinn.
Fàgaibhs' a bhàrda, am fonn;
Gluaiseadh Selma gu lom a' chòmhnaird;
'S e mo dheireadh lear a th'ann;[c]
Cuiribh dearrsa nach gann 's a' chòmhrag."

Mar mhosglas suas gu grad a' ghaoth
'N a garbh aomadh air faobhar a' chuain,
'N uair a thogas an dorchadas baoth
Faoin thannas air faomadh nan stuadh
Thar Innis nan cruaidh-leac,

[a] But, not unbridled rages, his great soul; lit. *his great soul burns not to its "third part"* (*gu 'thrian*)—*i. e.* completely—here rendered by Macfarlan "omnino."—*Vide* Note II. vol. i. p. 308.

[b] From the brow of Mora of clouds; in Gael. *air fàire*, which Macfarlan renders "in vigiliis." The word is clearly *fàire*, meaning the "edge" or "brow" of a hill.

[c] This is the last of all my fields; Gael. *'S e mo dheireadh lear a th'ann*, which E. Maclachlan has unaccountably changed to the ludicrous expression, "'S e mo raon *deiridh* a th'ann." It is not a good line in any way.

lead thou my battle for the race of low-laid Cormac. No boy's staff is thy spear; no harmless beam of light thy sword. Son of Morni of steeds, behold the foe! Fillan, observe the chief! He is not calm in strife; nor burns he heedless in battle. My son, observe the chief! He is strong as Lubar's stream, but never foams and roars. High on cloudy Mora Fingal shall behold the war. Stand,

For the race of the brave and for Cormac.
No wand of a boy is thy spear,
Nor meaningless the glitter of thy steel.
Morni's son of strong steeds on the field,
Behold thy foes; go forward, smite.
Fillan, look thou at the chief
Who never was sluggard in combat;
But not unbridled rages his great soul [a]
In the wild conflict of rugged shields:
Fillan, behold thou the prince,
Strong as Lubar from the mountain—
Without or foam, or noise,
From the brow of Mora of clouds; [b]
Fingal will on high behold the fight.
Ossian, be thou by thy father's hand
Beside the stream which rushes from the hill.
Sing, ye bards, an undying song! [1]
Let Selma advance to the open plain:
This is the last of all my fields; [c]
Shed plenteous light on the battle."

and counsels Fillan to imitate him who was brave, but always cool and self-controlled.

He asks Ossian to accompany him to the hill;

and calls on the bards to sing an undying song on the last of all his fields.

As the wind suddenly wakens
In its fierce swooping on the ridge of ocean,
When the dotard darkness raises
A shadowy spectre on the rolling waves
Over the isle of Crua-lec—

The shout of the host is compared to the warring of a fierce wind on ocean.

Ossian, near thy father by the falling stream. Raise the voice, O bards! Selma, move beneath the sound. It is my latter field. Clothe it over with light."

As the sudden rising of winds, or distant rolling of troubled seas, when some dark ghost in wrath heaves the billows over an isle—an isle, the seat of mist, on the deep, for many dark-brown years; so

DUAN III.

Innis dubh-chòmhnuidh do cheò
'S an doimhne mhòir 'an ciar nam bliadhna;
Cho fuathasach ri sin am fuaim
'Bha 'g éirigh o shluagh air an raon.
Bha Gall le 'cheumaibh àrd air ceann,
Liath dhearrsa nan alld fo 'leumadh;[a]
Thog na bàrda fonn r'a thaobh;
Bhuail e o àm gu àm an sgiath.
'An truscan na h-osaig o shliabh
Chluinnteadh gu 'thrian 'am fonn.

"Air Cròna," so mar thuirt na bàird,
"Brisidh sruth o àrd na h-oidhche,[b]
Atadh 'an iadhadh nan alld
Gu dearrsa na madainn 'us soillse;
'N sin thig e gu h-ìosal o chàrn
Le creagan nan ceud crann a' boillsgeadh.
Biodh mo cheuman fada o Chròna;
Tha 'm bàs a chòmhnuidh uime féin.
Bithibhse mar shruithean o Mhòra,
'Shiol Mhòirbheinn a's dorcha neul.[c]

"Co 'tha 'g éirigh o charbad Chlùtha?
Tha 'm monadh a' dùbhradh roimh 'n rìgh,
A chiar choill' a' freagradh ri fuaim,
Ri dealan a chruaidh' a' boillsgeadh.

[a] Brooks grey-glimmering beneath his bound: lit. *the grey glimmer of brooks*, &c. The meaning seems to be that he leaped over brooks in his onward course; but it is an obscure line.

[b] At noon of night; lit. *in the height of night.*

[c] This and the two following addresses of the bards are very obscure. I cannot elucidate them. I know not the contrast between Crona and Mora.

terrible is the sound of the host, wide-moving over the field. Gaul is tall before them. The streams glitter within his strides. The bards raise the song by his side; he strikes his shield between. On the skirts of the blast the tuneful voices rise.

"On Crona," said the bards, "there bursts a stream by night. It swells in its own dark course till morning's early beam. Then

DUAN III.

The isle of the black abode of mist
On the great deep in dusk of years,—
So awful was the noise
Which rose from the host on the field.
Gaul, high-striding, led the van,
Brooks grey-glimmering beneath his bound:
The bards raised a song by his side;
From time to time he struck the shield.
In the robe of the breeze from the hill
The song was clearly heard.

The bards sing the war-song.

"On Crona," thus spoke the bards,
"Bursts a river at noon of night;[b]
It swells in the gathering of streams,
Till the shining of the morning light;
Then it comes noiseless from the cairn
With rocks and hundred trees in gleam.
Far away from Crona be my steps—
Around it dwelleth death.
Be ye as torrents from Mora,
Sons of great Bens of darkest cloud.[c]

They first address the host generally;

"Who rises from the chariot of Clutha?
The moor grows dark before the king;
The dusky wood re-echoes to the sound,
And gleams in the lightning of his steel.

then the son of Morni,

comes it white from the hill with the rocks and their hundred groves. Far be my steps from Crona. Death is tumbling there. Be ye a stream from Mora, sons of cloudy Morvén!

"Who rises from his car on Clutha? The hills are troubled before the king. The dark woods echo round, and lighten at his steel. See him amidst the foe like Colgach's sportful ghost, when

DUAN III.

Faic e measg a naimhdean treun,
Mar thannas nan leum colgach,
A sgapas na nialan o bheinn,
'Us e 'marcachd air steud na fiar ghaoith?
Co ach Morni nan eacha srann?
Bi-sa mar d'athair, a Ghoill.

"Tha Selma fosgailt', fada thall,
Làmhan bàird a' crith mu chlàrsaich,
Deich gaisgich le dathaig o 'n àird
Talla farsainn 'bu shàr fleagh.
Tha dearrsa gréine air an t-sliabh
Stuadh osaig gu ciar air an fheur.
C'uim tha thus', a Shelma, cho sàmhach?
Tha 'n rìgh a' tighin a hall le 'chliu.
Nach fhuathasach garbh fhuaim na strì?
Tha glaine na sìth m'a ghruaidh.
B' fhuathasach garbh fhuaim na strì,
Ach thilleadh an rìgh le buaidh.
Bi-sa mar d'athair, 'Fhillein."

Ghluais iad fo chaoin fhonn nam bàrd;
Bha 'n arman air àrd a' gluasad
Mar luachair nan raon 's an fhoghar,
A ghéilleas fo aghaidh nan gaoth.
Air Mòra sheas an rìgh fo 'chruaidh;

---

he scatters the clouds, and rides the eddying winds! It is Morni of bounding steeds! Be like thy father, O Gaul!

"Selma is opened wide. Bards take the trembling harps. Ten youths bear the oak of the feast. A distant sunbeam marks the hill. The dusky waves of the blast fly over the fields of grass.

Behold him 'mid his mighty foemen,
Like a wildly-bounding spectre,
Who scatters the clouds from the mountain,
While he rides the horse of the whirlwind![2]
Who is it but Morni of snorting steeds?
Gaul, be thou as thy father.

charging him him to be as his father.

"Selma is open far away;
Minstrel-hands are quivering round the harp;
Ten heroes with an oak-tree from the height,
A spacious hall of noble feast;
The sun is shining on the hill
A dusky wave-breeze o'er the grass.
Why art thou, Selma, so silent?
The king comes back with his renown.
Was not the loud noise of battle dreadful?
The purity of peace was on his face.
The loud noise of battle was dreadful,
But the king returned with victory.
Fillan, be thou as thy father."

The third address is to Fillan, charging him to be like his father.

They moved beneath the cheering song of bards;
They waved their arms on high,
Like meadow-rushes in autumn,
Which yield before the face of the wind.
On Mora stood the king in steel;

The warriors advance, shaking their spears on high.

Why art thou silent, O Selma? The king returns with all his fame. Did not the battle roar? yet peaceful is his brow. It roared, and Fingal overcame. Be like thy father, O Fillan!"

They move beneath the song. High wave their arms, as rushy fields beneath autumnal winds. On Mora stands the king in arms.

DUAN III.

Bha-'n ceò a' cur suas m'a sgéith,
'S i ceangailt' ri géig nan cruach
Air creagan dubh-ruadha Chormuil.
'Ah sàmhchair sheas mi féin r'a thaobh
Mo shùilean claon ri coille Chromla
Air eagal gu-m faicinn air raon
Sluagh 'an còmh-stri nach faoin còmhrag,
Bhiodh m'anam a' leum 's a' chath,
Mo leth-cheum romham air an t-sliabh.
Bha dearrsa mu 'n cuairt o mo chruaidh;
Bu choltach mi ri sruth o Thròmo,
A chuireas gaoth lom fo eigh
'An truscan ciar na h-oidliche.
Chi balachan sud air an àird
Glan fo dhearrsa tlàth o 'n ear;
Tionndaidh e 'chluasan 'n a cheann [a]
Gun iongantas gann mu 'n t-sàmhchair.

Cha-n ann ag aomadh thar an uilld
'Bha Cathmor mar àrd òigfhear,
'N uair chlosas caoin shìth an raon. [b]
Ghluais esan 'an còmhrag a nall,
Mar stuadh chiar àrd o mhòr chuan.
'N uair chunnaic e an rìgh air Mòra,
Mhosgail anam na mòrchuis gu h-àrd.
"Am buail rìgh Atha féin am beum,

[a] He turns his *ears* in his head, wondering greatly at the silence,—a most remarkable expression, which, as far as I know, stands alone as descriptive of an effort to catch a sound.

[b] Calms the field; Gael. *'N uair chlosas*, &c. The verb *clos* is here used differently from what it is in modern Gaelic. Bending idly over a brook is a common picture of childhood with Ossian.

Mist flies round his buckler abroad, as aloft it hung on a bough on Cormul's mossy rock. In silence I stood by Fingal, and turned my eyes on Cromla's wood, lest I should behold the host, and rush amid my swelling soul. My foot is forward on the heath. I glittered tall in steel, like the falling stream of Tromo which nightly winds bind over with ice. The boy sees it on high gleaming to the

DUAN III.

Ossian stands beside Fingal, and turns his eyes away from the host, lest he should be induced to rush into the battle.

He compares himself to a stream whose course is suddenly checked by frost, and whose silence excites the wonder of the beholder.

Ca-mor, the commander of Erin's host, advances; but on seeing that Fingal had withdrawn, he also withdraws.

The mist was climbing round his shield,
Which was bound to a tree of the crags
On the dark-red cliff of Cormul.
In silence I stood by his side;
My eyes were turned to the wood of Cromla,
Lest I should see upon the field
Contending hosts in stirring fight:
(Then) would my soul leap in the battle,
My step would half advance on the hill.
Light gleamed abroad from my steel;
I was like to a stream from Tromo,
Which a keen wind turns into ice
Under the sable garb of night.
A boy beholds it on the height
Bright in mild light from the east;
He turns his ears in his head,
Wondering greatly at the silence.

Not bending over a brook
Was Ca-mor, like early childhood,
When gentle stillness calms the field.
Onward he came to battle,
Like a high dark billow from great ocean.
When he beheld the king on Mora,
Generous pride sprung up in his soul:
"Shall the king of Atha strike a blow

early beam; toward it he turns his ear, and wonders why it is so silent!

Nor bent over a stream, is Cathmor, like a youth in a peaceful field. Wide he drew forward the war, a dark and troubled wave. But when he beheld Fingal on Mora, his generous pride arose. "Shall the chief of Atha fight and no king in the field? Foldath

DUAN III.

Gun àrd rìgh nan treun 's an raon?
'Fholdaith, gluais mo chàirdean gu feum;
'S gath teine thu féin nach 'eil baoth."

Ghluais a mach Foldath o Mhòma
Mar neul, truscan còmhnuidh nan taibhs'.
Tharruing e mar theine fo bhuaireadh
Lann chruaidh o chruachann a thaoibh,[a]
'Us dh'iarr e do chòmhrag gluasad
'H-uile cinneadh gu luath 's an fhraoch;
Mar stuadh dhruimionn ghlas 'dol suas,
Thàom àrd neart nan sluagh air an raon.
Bu mhòrchuiseach garbh a cheum féin,
A dhearg shùil fo fheirg 's i claon.
Ghairm e triath Chormuil o 'n Dùn
Ràtho nan tùr; 'us chual' e.

"A Chormuil, tha 'n aisre fo d' shùil;
Sud uain' i air chùl an nàmhaid;
Cuir do ghaisgeacha treun a null,
Eagal Shelma fo smùir ar fàgail
'S gu -n caisgteadh mo lann o chliu.
A bhàird Eirinn a's uaine snuagh,
Na h-éireadh guth ri cluais le dàn,
Siol Mhòrbheinn a' tuiteam mu 'n stuaidh
Gun fhilidh, gun luaidh, fo lann,

[a] From his side; lit. *from the hip of his side.*

lead my people forth. Thou art a beam of fire."

Forth issues Foldath of Moma like a cloud, the robe of ghosts. He drew his sword, a flame, from his side; he bade the battle move. The tribes, like ridgy waves, dark pour their strength around. Haughty is his stride before them; his red eye rolls in wrath. He

and devolves the command on Folda.

When the high king of heroes is not on the field?
Folda, lead my friends to action;
Thou art a flame of devouring fire."

Folda moved onward from Moma
As a cloud, the dwelling-robe of ghosts.
He drew, like a raging fire,
A blade of steel from his side.[a]
He bade advance to battle
Each clan with speed on the heath.
Like grey and white-backed waves uprising,
Poured on the plain the host's high strength.
Haughty and great strode he himself,
His red eye rolling in wrath.
He summoned Cormul's chief from the Dun-Ratho of towers, and he gave heed:

Folda orders the tribes to go forward,

and sends Cormul, chief of Dun Ratho, to occupy a narrow pass behind Fingal's host, so as to cut off their retreat.

"Cormul, thou seest the mountain-pass;
Behold it green behind the foe:
Send thy strong warriors thither,
Lest Selma, worsted, should escape,
And balk my sword of its renown.
Bards of Erin greenest in hue,
Let not your voice be heard in song;
Morven's sons shall fall by the wave
Beneath the sword without bard or praise—

He orders the bards to be silent, so that the movement might not be observed;

calls Cormul, chief of Dunratho, and his words were heard.

"Cormul, thou beholdest that path. It winds green behind the foe. Place thy people there, lest Selma should escape from my sword. Bards of green-valleyed Erin, let no voice of yours arise. The sons of Morven must fall without song. They are the foes of

DUAN III.

Droch naimhdean threun Chairbre o thuath.
Tachraidh air fear-astair, fo chiar,
Dubh cheathach nan sliabh air Léna,
Mu 'n taibhse fo ghiùlan a' triall,
Mu lochan nan liath-chuilc ag éirigh.
Gu siorruidh cha tréig iad an talamh,
Gun fhonn, gu talla nan gaoth."

Cormul a' dorchadh 'us e 'siubhal;
A chinneadh a' dubhadh air a chùl; [a]
Thuit iad sìos fo chreig a' bhruthaich.
Thuirt Gall ri Fillean òg o Shelma,
A shealladh 'falbh gu mall 'an déigh
An dubh-shuilich thalmhaidh o Ràtho;
"Am faic thu ceuman Chormuil thall?
Biodh do ruighe-sa garbh 'us làidir;
'N uair a chuireas tu 'n triath sin air chùl,
Thig air d'ais as-ùr do Ghall,
'An so tuiteam sìos 's a' chòmhrag [b]
'Measg choi-thionail mhòir nan sgiath."

Ghluais comhara truagh a' bhàis,
Fuaim fhuasach fhàs sgéith Mhorni.
Thaom a ghuth o Ghall. Air àrd
Dh'éirich Fionnghal 'an càrn Mhòra,
Chunnaic e iad o thaobh gu taobh
Ag aomadh mar aon 'an còmhrag.

[a] His kinsfolk; Gael. *cinneadh*, the common meaning of which is "clan."

[b] Here shall I rush on to battle; Gael. *An so tuiteam sìos 's a' chòmhrag*; lit. *here shall I fall down in battle. Tuiteam sìos* is, I believe, nowhere else used as here.

Cairbar. Hereafter shall the traveller meet their dark thick mist on Lena, where it wanders, with their ghosts, beside the reedy lake. Never shall they rise without song to the dwelling of winds."

Cormul darkened as he went. Behind him rushed his tribe. They sank beyond the rock. Gaul spoke to Fillan of Selma as his eye pursued the course of the dark-eyed chief of Dunratho. "Thou

Bitter foes (they are) to mighty Cairbar from the north.
The wayfarer in dusk shall meet
On Lena the black mountain-mist,
Which travels, bearing their ghosts,
As it floats by the lake of hoary reeds.
They never can quit the earth [3]
For the home of the winds without the song."

and rejoices in the prospect of his enemies' spirits wandering among the mists of Lena —unable to reach the sky because their fame would not be sung.

Cormul darkened as he went;
His kinsfolk darkened behind him:
They sank beneath a rock adown the steep.
Said Gaul to young Fillan from Selma,
His eye slow-following the course
Of the burly black-eyed (chief) of Ratho:
"Dost thou observe the steps of Cormul?
Be thine arm both stark and strong:
When thou hast driven that chief to flight,
Come back anew to Gaul.
Here shall I rush on to battle,
Amid the great gathering of shields."

Cormul goes forward, but is observed by Gaul,

who despatches Fillan to check him.

The mournful sign of death arose—
The dread sound of Morni's hollow shield.
The voice of Gaul rolled forth. On high
Rose Fingal on the cairn of Mora.
He saw them from wing to wing
Bending as one to the fight.

The battle begins.

Fingal stands up to watch it.

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beholdest the steps of Cormul! Let thine arm be strong! When he is low, son of Fingal, remember Gaul in war. Here I fall forward into battle amid the ridge of shields."

The sign of death ascends—the dreadful sound of Morni's shield. Gaul pours his voice between. Fingal rises on Mora. He saw them from wing to wing bending at once in strife. Gleaming on his own

DUAN III.

Dearrsadh air a dhubh chàrn féin
Sheas Cathmor o cheud sruth Atha ;
An dà righ mar thannasaibh speur
A' seasadh leo féin air dà nial;
'N uair thaomas iad a mach a' ghaoth
'Togail stuadh baoth a' mhòr chuain,
Na gorm thonnan 'g aomadh 'n an còir
Le comhara lorg nan torc—
Iadsan sàmhach a' dearrsadh thall
Gaoth 'togail gu mall an ceò-chiabh.

Gath dealain 'an àirde nan speur !
Co e féin ach treun Iann Mhorni ?
Tha 'm bàs air ciar astar 'ad dhéigh,
A ghaisgich nan geur bheum 'an còmhrag,
Thu 'trusadh nam fear 'an cearb d'fheirge.
Mar òg chrann a bhuaineadh o bheinn
Le 'h-uile ghéig féin r'a taobh,
Thuit Tùrlath, uchd àrda nam buadh,
A bhean ghasda, 'an aislingean faoin,
A' sgaoileadh aig baile a làmhan,
A ruighe bàn do thilleadh an triatha,
'S i fo chadal 'an iomall nam mòr shruth
'Measg falbhan a trom chiabhan.
'S e 'thannas a th'ann, 'Oighchaomha ;
Ghabh do ghaisgeachsa còmhnuidh air làr.

a Co e féin ? &c. *Ciod* e féin ? &c., would be used now. *Co* is "who."

dark hill stood Cathmor of streamy Atha. The kings were like two spirits of heaven standing each on his gloomy cloud, when they pour abroad the winds, and lift the roaring seas. The blue-tumbling of waves is before them, marked with the paths of whales. They themselves are calm and bright. The gale lifts slowly their locks of mist. What beam of light hangs high in air ? What beam but Morni's

Shining on his own dark cairn
Stood Ca-mor from the hundred streams of Atha.
The two kings, like two spirits of the skies,
Standing by themselves upon two clouds,
When they send the wind abroad,
To raise the wild waves of great ocean,
The blue billows surge a-nigh them,
With marks of the track of whales—
They in silence shine afar,
Wind slowly lifting their mist-hair.

as does also Ca-mor on the opposite hill.

The two kings compared to two spirits on two clouds.

A lightning-flash in the height of the skies!
What but the trenchant blade of Morni?
Death is on his sable course behind thee,
Thou warrior of gashing strokes in combat,
As thou gatherest men in the skirt of thy wrath.
Like a young tree torn from the Ben,
With all its branches by its side,
Fell Turla, high and noble heart—
His goodly wife, in the vain dream,
At home spreads forth her hands—
Her white arms, for her lord's return,
As she sleeps by the bank of Mor-ru,
Amidst the tossing of her heavy locks.
His ghost it is, Oi-coma;
Thy hero has found a home on the ground.

Gaul makes havoc in the ranks of Erin,

and kills Turla, a chief, whose wife, Oi-coma, is described, as she vainly dreamed of his return.

dreadful sword! Death is strewed on thy paths, O Gaul! Thou foldest them together in thy rage. Like a young oak falls Turlathon, with his branches round him. His high-bosomed spouse stretches her white arms in dreams to the returning chief, as she sleeps by gurgling Moruth, in her disordered locks. It is his ghost, Oichoma. The chief is lowly laid. Hearken not to the winds for

DUAN III.

Na h-éisd-sa ri gaothan nan stuadh ;
Na gabh iad mar fhuaim o 'sgéith,
Aig a shruithean chaidh briseadh fo 'airm ;
Ghluais thairis an toirm a chaoidh.

'An sìth chà robh Foldath 's a làmh' ;
Bha e 'g iadhadh 's a' snàmh 'am fuil.
Thachair Conall ris anns a' bhlàr
'Cur ma seach cruaidh lanna 'us fuaim.
C'uim a chitheadh mo shùilean na triathan ?
Tha thu, 'Chonaill, fo liath nan ciabh.
Caraid nan coigreach a bh' ann,
'N Dunlòra nan càrn eòinnich,
'N uair a thrusadh na speura 's a' ghleann,*
Bhiodh fleagh gun bhi gann sgaoilte ;
Chluinneadh sìol coigrich a' ghaoth,
An sòlas nach faoin mu 'n bhòrd.
'Mhic Charthuinn nam buaidh-lann,
C'uim a shìn thu féin thall 'am fuil ?
Tha aonadh craoibh sheacaidh mu d' cheann ?
Tha teann ort sgiath nach 'eil slàn ;
Tha do dhearg-fhuil air uisge nan sliabh,
Fhìr-bhrisidh nan sgiath àillidh.

Thog Oisian a shleagh 'am feirg ;
Ghluais Gall thar an leirg gu Foldath ;

* When tempests gathered, &c. ; lit. *when the skies gathered*, &c.

Turlathon's echoing shield. It is pierced by his streams. Its sound is passed away.

Not peaceful is the hand of Foldath. He winds his course in blood. Connal met him in fight ; they mixed their clanging steel. Why should mine eyes behold them ? Connal, thy locks are grey ! Thou wert the friend of strangers at the moss-covered rock of Dun-

Hark not to the winds of the waves,
Nor take them for the sound of his shield;
His armour is broken beside his streams;
Its sound has passed away for aye.

In peace was not Folda, nor his arm—
He weltered, he swam in blood.
Connal met him in the battle;
Each plied his hard and ringing blade.
Why should my eyes behold the chiefs?
Connal, thou art in hoariness of hair.
Thou wast the friend of the stranger,
In Dun-Lora of mossy rocks;
When tempests gathered in the glen,[a]
A plenteous feast was spread;
The stranger-race would hear the wind
In thankful joy around thy board.
Car-hon's son of conquering blades,
Why hast thou stretched thyself in blood?
A withered tree slants over thy head;
Near thee a shield which is not whole:
Thy red blood is on the waters of the hill,
Thou breaker of the shining shields.

On the other side, Folda kills Connal, son of Car-hon and chief of Dun-Lora,

who is greatly praised and lamented by Ossian.

Ossian raised his spear in wrath;
Gaul rushed through the field on Folda;

Gaul hastens on to engage Folda;

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lora. When the skies were rolled together, then thy feast was spread. The stranger heard the winds without, and rejoiced at thy burning oak. Why, son of Duthcaron, art thou laid in blood? The blasted tree bends above thee. Thy shield lies broken near. Thy blood mixes with the stream, thou breaker of the shields!

Ossian took the spear in his wrath; but Gaul rushed forward on

DUAN III.

Chaidh lagaich ma seach o thaobh ;
Bha 'shealladh nàch faoin air Mòma.
Thog na triathan sleaghan riabhach a' bhàis ;[a]
Gun fhaicinn, gun dàil, thàinig iuthaidh ;
Ghrad ghluais i do Ghall tro' 'làimh ;
Air talamh thuit a lann le fuaim.
Òg Fhillean fo gharbh sgéith Chormuil
'G a sgaoileadh mòr fa chòir an triath.
Chuir Foldath suas a sgairteachd gheur
A mhosgladh gu feum an raoin,
Mar osaig o fhaobhar nam beann,
A thogas na lasairean mall
Mu Lùmon nan crann fuaimear.

" 'Mhic Chlatho nan gorm-shùl mall,
'Òg Fhillein," thuirt Gall, " thu fhéin
Gath teine nan speur àrd,
A thuiteas air ciar chuan nam beuc
'S a cheanglas suas sgiathan nan stoirm ;
Thuit Cormul fo d' lann gu 'chùl.
Is òg tha thu 'n cliu do shinns're.
Na gluais-sa cho grad, a thriath,
Gun chobhair o m' sgiath no mo shleagh.
Tha mise mar [dhaoi] air an t-sliabh ;[b]
Ach éiridh air àird mo ghuth ;

[a] "The brindled spears of death," possibly meaning "chequered"—dark to the conquered, bright to the conqueror. "Brindled" is thus used in Duan II. l. 429.

[b] I cannot strike upon the hill ; more literally, *I am worthless on the hill*—but the following lines show that he was of use. The word *daoi*, here bracketed, is given by E. M'Lachlan to supply a blank in the text.

Foldath. The feeble pass by his side ; his rage is turned on Moma's chief. Now they had raised their deathful spears : unseen an arrow came ; it pierced the hand of Gaul. His steel fell sounding to earth. Young Fillan came with Cormul's shield ; he stretched it large before the chief. Foldath sent his shouts abroad and kindled all the field—as a blast that lifts the wide-winged flame over

The feeble all fled from before him:
His eye is sternly fixed on Moma's (lord).
The heroes raised the brindled spears of death;[a]
Straightway came a dart unseen,
Which quickly pierced the hand of Gaul;
His spear fell ringing on the ground.
Young Fillan, bearing the great shield of Cormul,
Placed it full before the chief.
Folda raised a shrilling shout,
To rouse the field to action,
Like a blast from the edge of Bens,
Which kindles tardy flames
Round Lumon of sounding trees.

but a chance arrow pierces his hand, and disables him.

Fillan springs forward and covers him with the shield of Cormul, whom he had slain.

"Son of Clatho of mild blue eyes;
Young Fillan," said Gaul, "thou art indeed
A beam of fire from the high heavens,
Which falls on the dark and bellowing ocean,
And binds up the wings of the storms:
Cormul has fallen low beneath thy sword.
Soon hast thou gained the fame of thy fathers.
(Yet) speed not so fast, O chief!
Without aid from my shield or my spear.
I cannot strike upon the hill,[b]
But my voice can rise on high.

Gaul extols Fillan's bravery;

but charges him not to advance alone, saying that he, though wounded, could direct

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Lumon's echoing groves.

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho," said Gaul; "O Fillan! thou art a beam from heaven, that, coming on the troubled deep, binds up the tempest's wing. Cormul is fallen before thee. Early art thou in the fame of thy fathers. Rush not too far, my hero. I cannot lift the spear to aid. I stand harmless in battle; but my voice shall

DUAN III.

Cluinnidh sìol Shelma an fhuaim,
Bi' dh 'n cuimhne air buaidhean a dh'aom."

Ghluais a ghuth air gaoith nan càrn;
Bhuail a shluagh gun dàil 'an cath;
Is minic a chual' iad e féin
'An Srùthmon nan treun 's an t-seilg.
'N uair a ghairm e gu dearg 'us ruadh.
Sheas e àrd am measg a' bhlàir,
Mar dharaig 'an sgàile nan stoirm
O àm gu àm 'an truscan ciar;
Air uairibh 'feuchainn' à liath cheann:
Tionndaidh an sealgair a shùil gu h-àrd
O chaolrath nan allt 'us na luachair.

Tha m' anam 'ad dhéigh-sa, 'Fhillein,
Troimh astar glan caol do chliu;
Tha thu 'g iomain nan naimhdean 'ad chòir;
Tréigidh Foldath, ge mòr e, an lear.
Ach thuit an dubh oidhche fo nial;
Chualas stoc Chathmhoir fo fhuaim;
Chuala Selma guth o 'n rìgh
O Mhòra nam frìth fo cheò.
Thaom na bàird am fonnà féin
Mar dhealta air tréigeadh a' bhlàir.

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be poured abroad. The sons of Selma shall hear, and remember my former deeds."

His terrible voice rose on the wind. The host bends forward in fight. Often had they heard him at Strumon, when he called them to the chase of the hinds. He stands tall amid the war as an oak in the skirts of a storm, which now is clothed on high in mist, then shows its broad waving head. The musing hunter lifts his eye from

The race of Selma shall hear its sound,
And remember the victories which have been."

him, and aid him with his voice.

Travelled his voice on the wind of the cairns;
Straightway struck his men in combat;
Ofttimes had they hearkened to him
In the chase by Srumon of the brave,
When he holloed after stag and roe.
He stood on high in the midst of battle,
Like oak-tree in the shadow of storms,
From time to time in dusky raiment;
At times it shows its hoary head:
The hunter looks at its height,
From the narrow pass of rushes and of streams.

Gaul's shout described.

He is compared to an oak-tree.

My soul goes after thee, O Fillan!
In the narrow clear path of thy renown;
Thou drivest the enemy before thee:
Folda, though great, will forsake the field.
But sable night came down in cloud;
Heard is the horn of Ca-mor sounding.
Selma heard the voice of the king
From woody Mora (clothed) in mist.
The bards poured forth their songs,
Like dew on the close of the combat.

Ossian apostrophises Fillan as he drives the enemy before him; but night descending, stops the battle.

his own rushy field.

My soul pursues thee, O Fillan! through the path of thy fame. Thou rolledst the foe before thee. Now Foldath, perhaps, may fly; but night comes down with its clouds. Cathmor's horn is heard on high. The sons of Selma hear the voice of Fingal from Mora's gathered mist. The bards pour their song like dew on the returning war.

DUAN III.

[" Co 'thigeas o Shruthmon nan allt,
Am measg falbhan nan àill' chiabh,
'S i brònach le ceumaibh mall
A gorm-shùil a nall gu h-Éirinn ?
C'uim' tha Emhir chaoin fo bhròn ?
Co 'tha coltach ri mòr nan cliu ?
Theirinn e slos anns a' chòmhrag ;
Thill mar chòrr theine nial ;
Thog e 'lann dhùbh-ghorm 'am feirg ;
Shìolaidh iadsan fo mheirg o Ghall.]

" Tha sòlas, mar aiteal o ghleann,
A' tigh'n a nall mu ghruaidh an rìgh ;
Tha 'chuimhne mu chòmhrag o shean,
Mu làithean beuma treun a shinns're,
'S e 'faicinn a mhic fo chliu.
Mar shòlas o ghréin gun nial,
'S i 'coimhead slos air craoibh a ghluais
Fo 'dearrsa suas air gruaidh nan sliabh,
'S i 'crathadh 'n a h-aonar a ceann
O thaobh nan gleann ; mar sin bha 'n rìgh
Fo shòlas mu Fhillean a mhac.

" Mar shiubhal an torruinn air sliabh,
Raon Làra fo chiar 'us sàmhach,
Mar sin a bha ceuman Shelma

[a] Brow of the hill ; lit. *cheek of the hill.*

"Who comes from Strumon," they said, "amid her wandering locks? She is mournful in her steps, and lifts her blue eyes toward Erin. Why art thou sad, Evir-choma? Who is like thy chief in renown? He descended dreadful to battle; he returns like a light from a cloud. He raised the sword in wrath: they shrank before blue-shielded Gaul!

"Joy, like the rustling gale, comes on the soul of the king. He

DUAN III.

Evir-choma, the wife of Gaul, is addressed as she looks sorrowfully on the host of Erin,

and is assured of the triumph of her husband.

[" Who comes from Srumon of rivers[4]
Amid the tossing of lovely locks,
Mournful in slow-moving steps,
Her blue eyes on Erin's (host)?
Why is the gentle Evir in sorrow?
Who is like the great one of renown?
He went down to the battle;
He returned like the bright light of clouds;
He raised his dark-blue blade in wrath:
They shrank discomfited from Gaul.]

Fingal rejoices in the bravery of Fillan: his gladness compared to that of the sun beholding a tree which had grown on the mountain "beneath his light."

" Joy, like a gentle breeze from the glen,
Comes over the countenance of the king:
His memory is on the wars of old,
On the days of the mighty blows of his sires,
While he sees his son in renown.
Like the joy of the cloudless sun
When he looks on a tree which grew
Beneath his light on the brow of the hill,[a]
As alone it waves its head
On the side of the glen; so was the king
In joy for Fillan his son.

Ossian speaks of his own joy in hearing the loud tramp of the returning

" Like the path of thunder on the mountain,
When Lara's plain is dark and still,
So were the steps of Selma

remembers the battles of old, the days wherein his fathers fought. The days of old return on Fingal's mind as he beholds the renown of his son. [a] As the sun rejoices from his cloud over the tree his beams have raised, as it shakes its lonely head on the heath, so joyful is the king over Fillan!

"As the rolling of thunder on hills when Lara's fields are still and dark, such are the steps of Selma, pleasant and dreadful to the

DUAN III.

Taitneach 'us garbh do mo chluais.
Bha farum mòr-thilleadh nan triath
Mar iolair gu ciar nan càrn,
'N déigh reubadh na faoibh air sliabh—
Donn shìola nam fiadh 's an àird.
Tha sòlas 'ur sìnns're 's an nial,
A chlann nan sruth liath o Shelma."

B'e so guth oidhche nan caoin bhàrd
Air Mòra, cruachan àrd nan ruadh.
Ghluais boillsge o cheudaibh darag,
A bhris 's a tharruing gaoth o Chormul.
Bha cuirm 'us fleagh sgaoilte air thalaimh;
Shuidh gaisgich fo fhaileus an arm.[a]
Bha Fionnghal an sin fo a neart,
Sgiath fìrein m'a bheairt a' fuaim[b]
Caoin osag a' bùalaidh o 'n iar,
A' siubhal gu 'n trian tro' 'n oidhche.
Is fhada 'sheall an rìgh mu 'n cuairt;
'N sin thogadh leis suas a ghuth.

"Tha m' anam fo-chàll de shòlas,
Mi 'faicinn briseadh mòr mo chàirdean.
Tha aomadh craoibh 'bu mhòr, gu làr,
'Us thaom a' ghaoth gharbh mu Shelma.
C'àite Triath Lòra nan dùn?[c]

[a] *Failens* generally means "shadow." I think it must mean "gleam" here, pointing to the light reflected from the armour.

[b] On his helmet sounds an eagle's wing. *Fir-eun*, the name given here and often elsewhere to the eagle, is a very beautiful one—"the *true* bird." *Beairt*, which I have rendered "helmet," is a general term for equipment of any kind.

[c] Dùns—*i.e.* forts or heaps.

ear. They return with their sound like eagles to their dark-brown rock, after the prey is torn on the field, the dun sons of the bounding hind. Your fathers rejoice from their clouds, sons of streamy Selma!"

Such was the nightly voice of bards on Mora of the hinds. A flame rose from a hundred oaks which winds had torn from Cormul's steep. The feast is spread in the midst: around sat the

Loud and pleasing in my ear.
The sound of the great return of chiefs
Was as the eagle to the dusk of cliffs,
From tearing his prey on the mountain—
The dun offspring of deer on the heights.
The joy of your sires is on the cloud,
Children of the hoary streams from Selma."

warriors, whose noise he compares to that of the eagle returning to the cliff from his prey.

This was the night-voice of tuneful bards
On Mora, lofty range of deer.
Brightness flashed from a hundred oaks,
Broken and torn by wind from Cormul.
A plenteous feast was spread on the ground;
Warriors sat in the gleam of their armour.[a]
Fingal was there in his strength;
On his helmet sounds an eagle's wing:[b]
A gentle breeze blows from the west,
Travelling onward through the night.
Long gazed the king around him;
Then he lifted up his voice:

The bards sing, fires are kindled, and the feast is spread.

"My soul has lost its joy
In seeing the great breach among my friends.
A stately tree has bent to earth,
A stormy wind has poured round Selma.
Where (is) the chief of Lora of Dūns?[c]

Fingal, looking round, misses Connal; mourns his fall,

gleaming chiefs. Fingal is there in his strength. The eagle-wing of his helmet sounds. The rustling blasts of the west, unequal, rush through night. Long looks the king in silence round: at length his words are heard.

"My soul feels a want in our joy. I behold a breach among my friends. The head of one tree is low. The squally wind pours in on Selma. Where is the chief of Dun-lora? Ought Connal to be

DUAN III.

C'uim' bhiodh Conall air chùl aig fleagh ?
C'uin a dhì-chuimhn' esan dàimh
'Measg farum a shàr thalla ?
C'uim' tha sibh sàmhach 'am fhianuis ?
Cha tuit thu, 'Chonaill, sìos na 's mò !
Tachradh sòlas ri d'anam, a thriath,
Mar dhearrsa o ghréin a' soillseadh.
Gu ma luath do thriall gu d' shìnns're [a]
'Measg thorrunn, gun ìsleadh na gaoith.
Tha d' anam, 'Oisein, mar ghath dealain ;
Soillsich suas cuimhne an righ.[b]
Mosgail a chòmhragan 'an gleannaibh,
'N uair a' ghluais e 'n toiseach gu strì.
A Chonaill, bu liath do chiabhan féin ;
Bha d'òige, a thréin, 'measg m' òige :
'An aon là chuir Carthonn gu beinn
Ar bogha gu leum nan ruadh,
Gu Dunlòra nam baoth stuadh."

"Is iomadh," thuirt mi fhéin, 'an dàn,
"Ar n-astara nall gu Éirinn,
Innis àill' nan ceud ghleann uaine.
Is tric a thog sinn suas na seoil
Air stuaidh nam mòr-shiubhal gorm,
'N uair thàinig sinn 'an làithean a dh'fhalbh,
Le cobhair gu garbh shliochd Chonair.

[a] *Gu ma luath* is an established colloquial phrase ; but I believe it should be written *Gu-m bu luath.*

[b] "Remembrance of the king." King here and elsewhere is used for chief or ruler of any description.

forgot at the feast ? When did he forget the stranger in the midst of his echoing hall ? Ye are silent in my presence ! Connal is then no more. Joy meet thee, O warrior ! like a stream of light. Swift be thy course to thy fathers along the roaring winds ! Ossian, thy soul is fire : kindle the memory of the king. Awake the battles of Connal when first he shone in war. The locks of

Why at the feast should Connal be forgot?
When did he forget the stranger
Amid the echoes of his noble hall?
Wherefore are ye dumb before me?
Thou, Connal, shalt fall no more!
Gladness meet thy soul, O chief,
Like brightness of the sun in shining!
Swift be thy course to thy fathers,[a]
Amid thunders on unfailing wind.
Thy soul is, Ossian, as a ray of brightness;
Light up remembrance of the king:[b]
Awaken his battles in the glens,
When he first went forth to war.
Connal, hoary were thy locks;
Thy youth was joined to mine, thou hero:
On the same day sent Carhon to the Ben
Our bows to (strike) the bounding deer
On Dun-Lora of raging waves."

and calls on Ossian to light up remembrance of the hero; and recalls the time when he himself and Connal were in early youth both sent forth to hunt the deer at Dun-Lora.

"Ofttimes," said I in song,
"Have we travelled across to Erin,
Fair island of hundred green glens.
Oft have we raised our sails
On the blue great-speeding waves,
When we came, in the days that are gone,
With aid to the mighty race of Conna.

Ossian celebrates the praise of Connal; tells of their various expeditions to Erin; and of one in which, while very young, he went down

---

Connal were grey. His days of youth were mixed with mine. In one day Duthcaron first strung our bows against the roes of Dun-lora."

"Many," I said, "are our paths to battle in green-valleyed Erin. Often did our sails arise over the blue tumbling waves when we came, in other days, to aid the race of Conar. The strife roared

DUAN III.

Mhosgail strì àrd nam fuaim
Air Alnecma nan cruachan deas,
Aig siubhal Duthùla nan stuadh,
Faoin chobhar a' gluasad o eas.
Le Cormac theirinn slos gu blàr
Dubh-Charthonn, an sàr o Shelma.
Cha-n ann leis féin a theirinn an triath;
Bha Conall 'an ciabh òige
A' togail f'a chòir a shleagh.
Fo d' fhocal-sa ghluais iad gu strì
Le cobhair gu rìgh na h-Éirinn.

"Mar gharbh neart briseadh o mhòr chuan
Thionail Bolga gu cruaidh chòmhrag,
Colc-ullamh, àrd cheannard nan sluagh,
Triath Atha nan stuadh gorma.
Thaom iad cath 's a' chéile air raon;
Las Cormaç 'an taobh na strì
Glan mar chruthan a shinns're féin.
Ach fada, fear-còbhrach an rìgh,
Ghearr Carthonn nam frìth na naimhdean,
Cha do chaidil làmh Chonaill ri taobh
A mhòr athar air aomadh nan sliabh.
Ach choisinn Colc-ullamh an raon.
Mar cheò a thìa 'taomadh 's a' triall,
Theich à ghaisgich o'n triath Cormac.

once in Alnecma at the foam-covered streams of Duth-ula. With Cormac descended to battle Duthcaron from cloudy Selma. Nor descended Duthcaron alone; his son was by his side, the long-haired youth of Connal, lifting the first of his spears. Thou didst command them, O Fingal! to aid the king of Erin.

"Like the bursting strength of ocean, the sons of Bolga rushed

Arose the high and sounding strife
On Alnecma of southern peaks,
By the course of Du-hula of waves,
Where the torrent speeds in empty foam.
With Cormac went down to battle
Du-Carhon the brave from Selma.
Nor alone did the chief go down;
Connal, under the wavy hair of youth,
Lifted the spear by his side:
At thy word they went to war,
With aid to the king of Erin.

to battle beside his father Du-Carhon, in the cause of Cormac, king of Erin.

"Like mighty strength which bursts from the great sea,
Gathered Bolga to stern strife—
Colc-ulla (was) foremost leader of their hosts,
Lord of Atha of blue waves.
Each on other poured the fight upon the field;
Cormac flamed on the skirt of battle
Bright as the forms of his fathers.
But, above all, the champion of the king,
Carhon of woods, hewed down the foe.
The arm of Connal slept not by the side
Of his great father on the sloping hill.
But Colc-ulla gained the field.
Like rolling mist which flees away,
His warriors fled from Cormac, the chief.

Colc-ulla, leader of the Bolgi, the enemies of Cormac, fought with great fierceness.

Du-Carhon was the ablest warrior on the side of Cormac;

but his men fled.

to war. Colc-ulla was before them, the chief of blue-streaming Atha. The battle was mixed on the plain. Cormac shone in his own strife bright as the forms of his fathers. But, far before the rest, Duthcaron hewed down the foe. Nor slept the arm of Connal by his father's side. Colc-ulla prevailed on the plain: like scattered mist fled the people of Cormac.

DUAN III.

Las claidheamh Dhubh-Charthuinn fo bhuaidh ;
Las Conall fo chruaidh 'us sgéith mhòir,
Chuireadh fasgadh air càirdibh fo 'n ruaig,
Mar charraig air cruaich nan scòrr,
'S an ceanna fo ghiuthas a' fuaim.
Thuit oidhch' air Duthùla nan slan ;
Ghluais sàmhach na triaith air an raon,
Garbh shruth o' na cruachan 'dol sìos ;
Cha robh Carthonn gu 'thrian ri 'leum.
'C'uim a sheas thu, m' athair féin ?
Tha mi 'cluinntinn nan treun air chùl.'

"'Teich, a Chonaill, teich o'n raon ;
Tha mo neartsa gu faoin 'us fann ;
Fo lotan thréig mi am blàr ;
Leig sìth-thàimh do shàr 'an oidhche.'
'Cha bhi thu a'd' aonar,' thuirt Conall,
'Measg dòghruinn 'us dorrain a chléibh ;
'Mar sgéith na h-iolair' tha mo sgiath
Eadar cunnart an triaith 's a naimhdean.'
Chrom e thar 'athar 'an dùbhra ;
Dubh-Charthonn nan cliu fo shuain.

"Mhosgail là, 'us thuit an oidhch' ;
Cha robh bàrd ann an soillse air sliabh,

"Then rose the sword of Duthcaron, and the steel of broad-shielded Connal. They shaded their flying friends like two rocks with their heads of pine. Night came down on Duth-ula ; silent strode the chiefs over the field. A mountain-stream roared across the path ; nor could Duthcaron bound over its course. 'Why stands my father ?' said Connal ; 'I hear the rushing foe.'

DUAN III.

(Then) flashed Du-Carhon's conquering sword;
Flashed Connal's steel and his great shield:
They sheltered their friends in flight,
As cliffs on rocky peaks,
Whose pine-clad heads resound.
Fell night on Du-hula of storms;
The chiefs in silence trod the plain.
A rugged river from the heights came down,
Which Carhon could not overleap.
'Wherefore, my father, hast thou stopped?
I hear the warriors behind.'

Du-Carhon and Connal checked the pursuit of the enemy until dark night came on.

They then set off to join their friends; but Du-Carhon, weakened by wounds, was unable to leap a river which crossed their path.

"'Flee, O Connal!—flee the plain;
My strength is feeble and vain;
Sore wounded I have left the field:
Let the warrior rest in peace at night!'
'Thou shalt not be alone,' said Connal,
In the pain and anguish of his breast;
'Like the wing of the eagle is my shield
Betwixt the foe and danger to the prince.'
Over his father he bent in the dark:
Renowned Du-Carhon slept.

He tells Connal to flee, and to leave him there to die in peace.

Connal, bending over him, finds that he had died.

"Arose the day and fell the night;
No bard was seen on the hill

No bard was nigh to sing his dirge.

"'Fly, Connal,' he said; 'thy father's strength begins to fail. I come wounded from battle. Here let me rest in night.' 'But thou shalt not remain alone,' said Connal's bursting sigh. 'My shield is an eagle's wing to cover the king of Dun-lora.' He bends dark above his father. 'The mighty Duthearon dies.

"Day rose, and night returned. No lonely bard appeared deep-

DUAN III.

A' cheuman fo iadhadh a' smuaintean.[a]
Cia mar thréigeadh Conall an uaigh,
Gun a chliu 'bhi fo luaidh nam bàrd?
Chrom e 'n bogha air àros nan ruadh,
Fleagh dlomhair mu chruachan nan càrn.
Seachd oidhche leig e 'cheann air uaigh;
'N a aisling fhuair bha 'athair treun
'An cearb nan dubh osag gun tuar,
Mar cheò a' dol suas o Légo.
Ghluais ceuman Cholgair a null,
Bàrd Thighmòra nan àrd fhuaim.
Fhuair Dubh-Charthonn nan lann a chliu,
'S a' dealradh air gaoith a thuar."[b]

"Is taitneach," thuirt an righ, "dhomh féin
Àrd chliu nan treun air cheann nan triath,
Do 'm bi bogha gu làidir 'am feum,
'N uair a thaisicheas bròn iad gun fhiamh.
Mar so féin biodh m' ainm fo chliu.
'N àm gluasad o thùr nam bàrd,[c]
Dealradh glan air m' anam 's e 'g éirigh.
A Charuill, 'chinn-fheadhna nan lann,
Gabhsa bàrd, 'us tog an uaigh.
An nochd bi' dh Conall fo phràmh
'N a thigh caol gun leus 'an suain;

[a] Whose steps were wandering with his thoughts; lit. *his steps under the winding of his thoughts.*

[b] L. 443 would be much clearer if written "'Us dhealraich air gaoith a thuar."

[c] *Tùr* seems here to be the same with *tùrsa*, or *tuireadh*.

musing on the heath: and could Connal leave the tomb of his father till he should receive his fame? He bent the bow against the roes of Duth-ula: he spread the lonely feast. Seven nights he laid his head on the tomb, and saw his father in his dreams. He saw him rolled dark in a blast like the vapour of reedy Lego. At length the steps of Colgan came, the bard of high Temora. Duth-

Whose steps were wandering with his thoughts.[a]
How could Connal forsake the grave
While his (father's) fame was unsung by bards?
He bent his bow in the haunt of deer;
Secret his feast amid the craggy peaks.
Seven nights he laid his head on the grave;
In his cold dreams was his brave father,
Wan on the skirt of the dark blasts,
Like mist rising upward from Lego.
The steps of Colgar drew nigh—
The bard of resounding Temora.
Du-Carhon of spears received his praise;
His form grew bright on the wind."[b]

"Pleasing to me," said the king,
"The high praise of heroes, leaders of the brave,
Whose bow is strong in time of need,
Whom sorrow softens, but without dismay.
So let my name be renowned,[c]
When sung in the dirge of bards,[c]
(Shedding) clear light on my rising soul.
Carul, thou leader of spears,
Take thou a bard, and raise the tomb:
Connal to-night will be dreary,
Asleep in his narrow rayless house;

DUAN III.

In these circumstances Connal resolved not to leave his father's tomb.

For seven days he watched over it, until at length Colgar, one of the bards of Temora, happened to come near. He sang the dirge, and released the soul of Du-Carhon.

Fingal, after expressing the joy which he draws from listening to praises of the brave, orders Carul to build the tomb of Connal, and sing his praise.

caron received his fame, and brightened as he rose on the wind."

"Pleasant to the ear," said Fingal, "is the praise of the kings of men, when their bows are strong in battle, when they soften at the sight of the sad. Thus let my name be renowned when bards shall lighten my rising soul. Carril, son of Kinfena, take the bards and raise a tomb! To-night let Connal dwell within his narrow house.

DUAN III.

Na biodh anam a' gharbh thriaith
Air seacharan 'an ciar nan gaoth.
A' priobadh gu gann air Moiléna,
Chithear solus o'n ré 'measg chraobh,
'Tha 'g aomadh o thaobh nan gleann;
Tog clachan fo bhoillsge 'tha fann,
Dhoibhs' uile 'thuit thall 's a' bhlàr.
Cha bu tréith iad féin; ach bha 'n làmh
Co làidir ri tréin anns a' chath.
B' e mo neart iad 'an cunnart nan lann;
Mo charraig 'an àm nan gath,
Am monadh air an d' éirich suas,
Sgiath fhuaimear iolair mo chliù,
'S iadsan 'thog dealradh do bhuaidh;
Na di-chùimhnich, a Charuill, an ùir."

Labhar, o làn cheud de bhàrdaibh,
Dh'éirich àrd marbh-fhonn na h-uaigh'.
Ghluais Carull rompa air a' chàrn;
Mar thoirm o shruth aonaich tha 'm fuaim,
A' taomadh m'a cheum 's e 'triall.
Bha sàmhchair 'an gleannaibh Mhoiléna,
Gach aon dhiubh fo iadhadh nan alld
'Sjubhal eadar na h-àrdan ciara.
Bha m' aomadh-sa thall thar mo sgéith',
Guthan tairis o thriall nam bàrd;

a *Tréin* should be *tréith*, to correspond with the preceding line.

Let not the soul of the valiant wander on the winds. Faint glimmers the moon on Moi-lena through the broad-headed groves of the hill! Raise stones beneath its beam to all the fallen in war. Though no chiefs were they, yet their hands were strong in fight. They were my rock in danger; the mountain from which I spread my eagle-wings. Thence am I renowned. Carril, forget not the

Let not the soul of the mighty chief
Wander on the dusk of winds.
Faintly shimmering on Moi-Lena,
The moonlight is seen through trees
Which lean from the side of glens;
Raise stones beneath its feeble beams [5]
To all who have fallen in the war.
Leaders they were not; but their arms
Were strong as heroes' in the fight.[a]
My strength they were in danger of the spear;
My rock in the time of arrows—
The mountain from which rose on high
The sounding eagle-wing of my renown;
They gave to the victory its light:
Carul, forget not thou their dust."

He tells him also to preserve the memory of the common men who had fallen in the battle, saying that they were his "strength" and his "rock" in danger.

Loud-sounding from full hundred bards
Rose on high the death-song of the grave.
Moved Carul on the hill before them;
Like the roar of mountain-torrent is their sound,
Pouring round his steps as he onward moves.
Silence was in the glens of Moi-Lena,
Each glen with winding streams
Travelling between the dusky heights.
Far off I leaned upon my shield;
(I heard) sweet voices from the march of bards,

A hundred bards, headed by Carul, sing the death-song.

low!"

Loud, at once, from the hundred bards, rose the song of the tomb. Carul strode before them; they are the murmur of streams behind his steps. Silence dwells in the vales of Moi-lena, where each, with its own dark rill, is winding between the hills. I heard the voice of the bards lessening as they moved along. I leaned for-

DUAN III.

Fonn a' sloladh o'n ceuman gu 'thrian,
Bha m' anam a' lasadh gu h-àrd,
Leth-dheanta na focala trom
A' briseadh nam fonn air a' ghaoith.
Mar sin féin a chluinneas a' chraobh
'An gleannan cumhann nam faoin bheann
Guth an earraich ag iadhadh m' a taobh,
A duille a' taomadh m' a ceann,
'S a' fosgladh fo ghathan na gréine;
Crathaidh a geugan 's i 'n a h-aonar;
Toirm seillein an aonaich mu 'n cuairt:
Chi sealgair le sòlas a h-àomadh,
O sheargadh 's o mhaoile nan cruach.

Sheas Fillean òg 's e fada thall,
A cheann-bheairt air lar a' boillsgeadh,
A dhubh chiabh gun trusadh m' a cheann,
Gath soluis, mac Chlatho, a' soillseadh.
Chual' e guth an righ le sòlas;
Bha aomadh a chòrr thréin air sleagh.

"A shàr mhic," thuirt Fionnghal nan carbad,
"Chunna' mi do gharbh ghnìomh 'an còmhrag;
Bha sòlas air m'anam gun mhùig.
Tha cliu ar sinns're, thuirt mi fhéin,
A' briseadh o speuraibh nan nial.
A mhic Chlatho, tha thusa treun,

ward from my shield, and felt the kindling of my soul. Half formed, the words of my song burst forth upon the wind. So hears a tree on the vale the voice of spring around. It pours its green leaves to the sun; it shakes its lonely head. The hum of the mountain-bee is near it; the hunter sees it with joy from the blasted heath.

Young Fillan at a distance stood. His helmet lay glittering on

DUAN III.

Ossian describes his own gladness in listening to their strains, comparing it to the gladness of a tree as it hears the voice of spring.

The strain decaying with their steps:
My soul was kindling high;
Half uttered were my mournful words,
In broken snatches on the wind;—
Even so heareth a tree,
In the narrow gorge of desert Bens,
The voice of spring approach its side;
Its foliage springs around its head
And opens to the shining of the sun;
It shakes its branches all alone—
The hum of the mountain-bee is nigh;
The hunter with joy beholds it wave
Amid the blight and baldness of the crags.

Stood young Fillan far away,
His gleaming helmet on the ground;
Loose were his dark locks round his head:
A shining beam of light was Clatho's son.
The voice of the king he heard with joy;
The matchless warrior leaned upon his spear.

Fingal addresses Fillan, giving him the highest commendation for his bravery;

"True son," said Fingal of chariots,
"I saw thy mighty deeds in battle;
Unclouded joy came to my soul.
The renown of our fathers, I said,
Breaks through the sky of clouds.
Son of Clatho, thou art brave,

---

the ground; his dark hair is loose to the blast. A beam of light is Clatho's son! He heard the words of the king with joy. He leaned forward on his spear.

"My son," said car-borne Fingal, "I saw thy deeds, and my soul was glad. The fame of our fathers, I said, bursts from its gathering cloud. Thou art brave, son of Clatho! but headlong in the strife.

DUAN III.

Ach ro theineil 'an stri nan sliabh.
Biodh do ghaisgich air do chùlaobh ;
'S iad do neart air urlar nan gleann.
Mar sin cha d'imich mise riamh,
Ged nach robh mi fo fhlamh naimhdean :
Bi'dh tusa fada fo do chliu,
'Us chi thu ùir 'us uaigh nan sean.
Tha cuimhne na thuit a' tigh'n suas—
Gnìomh bliadhna nam buadh a bh'ann,
'N uair theirinn mi 'an tùs o chuan
Air innis a's uaine gleann."
Bha éisdeachd gach cluais ri a ghuth ;[a]
Sheall an ré o dhubh nan nial ;
Bha liath cheò ag éirigh o shruth,
Glas chòmhnuidh nan cruth a bha 'triall.

[a] All ears were listening, &c. ; lit. *the hearkening of all ears was to his voice.*

So did not Fingal advance, though he never feared a foe. Let thy people be a ridge behind. They are thy strength in the field. Then shalt thou be long renowned, and behold the tombs of the old. The memory of the past returns, my deeds in other years, when first

DUAN III.

but telling him that he was too impetuous; that he ought never to advance beyond the support of his warriors; that Fingal himself never did otherwise; and that by following this advice he (Fillan) may be long in renown.

But over-fiery in the war of hills.
Be thy warriors at thy back;
They are thy strength on the floor of glens.
Never did I so advance,
Though never in fear of a foe.
Thou mayest long be in renown,
And see the dust and grave of the old.
The memory of those who fell returns—
Deeds of the glorious years which were,
When first I came down from ocean
On the island of greenest glens."
All ears were listening to his voice;
The moon looked forth from the dark of clouds;
From the stream arose a hoary mist,
The grey abode of wandering ghosts.

I descended from ocean on the green-valleyed isle."

We bend towards the voice of the king. The moon looks abroad from her cloud. The grey-skirted mist is near, the dwelling of the ghosts!

DUAN IV.

ARGUMENT.

"The second night continues. Fingal relates at the feast his own first expedition into Ireland, and his marriage with Ros-crána, the daughter of Cormac, king of that island. The Irish chiefs convene in the presence of Cathmor. The situation of the king described. The story of Sul-malla, the daughter of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, who, in the disguise of a young warrior, had followed Cathmor to the war. The sullen behaviour of Foldath, who had commanded in the battle of the preceding day, renews the difference between him and Malthos; but Cathmor, interposing, ends it. The chiefs feast, and hear the song of Fonar the bard. Cathmor returns to rest at a distance from the army. The ghost of his brother Cairbar appears to him in a dream, and obscurely foretells the issue of the war. The soliloquy of the king. He discovers Sul-malla. Morning comes. Her soliloquy closes the book."—M.

DUAN IV.

"Fo dharaig," sò 'labhair an righ,
"Shuidh mi sìos ri carraig nan sruth,
'N uair dh'èirich Conall thall o chuan
Le sleagh Charthuinn han 'ciabhan dubh.
Fada uainn sheas an triath
A' tionndadh air sliabh a shùilean.
Bha 'chuimhn' air 'athair 'us a thriall
Air monadh fo chiar 'us uaine.[a]
Dhorchaich mi 's an àite féin,
Mo smuaintean fo smùir a' dol suas.
Air m' anam mar cheò air beinn.
Ghluais romham rìghrean Éirinn thall;
'Us tharruing mi mo lann gu 'leth,
'N uair thàinig na gaisgich a nall
'Togail shùl gu sàmhach ma seach.
Mar nialaibh dubh speuran iad féin
'Feitheamh ri beumaibh beoil o ghuth;[b]
Mo ghuth mar ghaoith 'tha tlàth 'us treun,
'Chuireas o speur gach ceò 'us dubh.

[a] "On the hill which was *brown* and *green*." A description most characteristic of the face of many hills in summer, when stretches of brown heather are variegated with patches of greenest grass.

[b] Waiting the utterance, &c.; lit. *waiting for strokes of the mouth by voice.*

"Beneath an oak," said the king, "I sat, on Selma's streamy rock, when Connal rose from the sea with the broken spear of Duthcaron. Far distant stood the youth. He turned away his eyes. He remembered the steps of his father on his own green hills. I darkened in my place. Dusky thoughts flew over my

DUAN IV.

Fingal describes himself as in his youth he sat under a tree when Connal came to ask him to go to the assistance of Cormac, king of Erin, against Colc-ulla, who had defeated him.

"BENEATH an oak," thus spake the king,
"I sat me down by the rock of streams,
When Connal came from ocean
With the spear of black-haired Carhon.
Far away the hero stood,
Turning his eyes toward the hill.
He remembered his father and his steps
On the hill which was brown and green.[a]
Darkness seized me where I sat,
My thoughts in sorrow upwards trailing
Over my soul like mist on the hill.
The kings of Erin moved before me;
I half unsheathed my blade,
When the warriors drew near,
In silence raising, each, his eyes.
They were like sable clouds of the sky
Waiting the utterance of my mouth in words:[b]
My voice was like a strong, warm wind,
Which drives from the sky its mist and gloom.

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soul. The kings of Erin rose before me. I half unsheathed the sword. Slowly approached the chiefs. They lifted up their silent eyes. Like a ridge of clouds they wait for the bursting forth of my voice; my voice was to them a wind from heaven to roll the mist away.

DUAN IV.

"Sgaoil siuil gheal' fo fhocal suas
Ri gaoith a bha 'fuaim o Chòna;
Bha tri cheud òig-fhear a' chuain
A' coimhead cruaidh chopan a' chòmhraig:
Air a' chrann 'an àirde bha 'n sgiath
'Dealradh sìos air domhan nam beuc.
'N uair thuit an oidhche gu dubh o liath,
Bhuail mi cop caismeachd nam beum;
Bhuail mi 'us choimhid mi suas
Mu ruadh-chiabh 'us teine Iùl-Eirinn.[a]
Cha b'fhada uainn reul ùr nan stuadh,
A dearg shiubhal 'gluasad 'measg nial.
Lean mi Iùl thaitneach a' chuain
Fo bhoillsgibh fann, fuar, 'us i 'triall.
Le madainn dhruid Eirinn 'an ceò;
Bhuail sinn caladh mòr Mhoiléna,
Gorm shiubhal nan uisge fo thòrr,
'Am meadhon fuaim coille ag éirigh.
Cormac 'n a thalla dìomhair féin
O neart Cholc-ullaimh, triath nam faobh.
Cha-n es' a mhàin a theich o'n treun;
Bha Roscranna nam beus ri 'thaobh;
Roscranna nan gorm-shùl gun bheud,
Nighean gheal-làmhach àillidh an rìgh.

[a] "Iul-Erin," *guide to Erin* —a star known by that name.

"I bade my white sails to rise before the roar of Cona's wind. Three hundred youths looked from their waves on Fingal's bossy shield. High on the mast it hung, and marked the dark-blue sea. But when night came down I struck at times the warning boss: I struck, and looked on high for fiery-haired Ul-erin. Nor absent was the star of heaven. It travelled red between the clouds. I

DUAN IV.

He set sail, accompanied by three hundred of his warriors, and, guided by the star of Iul-Erin,

"White sails spread high at my command
Before a sounding wind from Cona;
Three hundred youths of ocean
Beheld the steelly boss of war:
High on the mast was the shield
Gleaming down on the roaring deep.
When fell the night from grey to black,
I struck the boss, the warning note of blows;
I struck, and looked on high
For the red hair and fire of Iul-Erin."
Nor missed we long the clear star of the waves;
His red path moved among the clouds.
I followed the pleasant guide of ocean,
As it travelled in cold and feeble gleam.
With morning Erin drew near in mist;
We struck the great port of Moi-Lena,
The blue course of its waters by a hill,
Which rose in the midst of resounding wood.
Cormac (hid) in his secret hall
From strength of Colc-ulla, chief of spoils.
Nor alone did he flee from the strong;
By his side was the modest Roscranna—
Roscranna of faultless blue eyes,
The bright white-handed daughter of the king.

reached the harbour of Moi-Lena on the following morning,

pursued the lovely beam on the faint-gleaming deep. With morning Erin rose in mist. We came in the bay of Moi-lena, where its blue waters tumbled in the bosom of echoing woods. Here Cormac, in his secret hall, avoids the strength of Colc-ulla. Nor he alone avoids the foe. The blue eye of Ros-crána is there: Ros-crána, white-handed maid, the daughter of the king!

DUAN IV.

"Glas, liath, 'us air crann 'bha gun chruaidh[a]
Ghluais suas do m' cheumaibh Çormac;
Fiamh gàire air gaisgeach nam buadh,
Bha dorran air 'anam 'us dòghruinn.
'Chi mi airm ghailbheach Thréinmhòir;
An so féin tha ceuman an rìgh;
Tha Fionnghal mar dhearrsa ag éirigh
Air anam 'bha 'ciaradh fo strì.
Is luath thu féin fo chliu, a thriath;
Ach 's laidir treun tha naimhdean Éirinn,
Mar fharum nam mòr shruth o shliabh,
'Mhic Chumhail nan srian 's nan carbad.'

"'Ge mòr iad, theid an taomadh sìos'
O m' anam, 'us e 'g éirigh suas;
'Cha sìol nan lag ar triathan.
A rìgh do 'm bu ghorm-sgiathach sluaigh.
C'uim' a bhiodh an t-eagal mall
Ag iadhadh dall mar thaibhs fo chiar?
Fàsaidh anam nan treun air àm
A chinneas naimhdean nach gann air sliabh.
Na taomsa gruaim, a rìgh Éirinn,
Air òg a tha 'g éirigh gu còmhrag.'

"Thuit deoir an rìgh gu làr;
Ghlac e làmh an t-sàir 'an sàmhchair.[b]

[a] With spear; lit. *with a tree* or *wood*. *Crann*—used to signify almost any implement made of wood—here the shaft of the spear.

[b] The hero's hand—*i.e.* Fingal's hand.

"Grey, on his pointless spear, came forth the aged steps of Cormac. He smiled from his waving locks; but grief was in his soul. He saw us few before him, and his sigh arose. 'I see the arms of Trenmor,' he said; 'and these are the steps of the king! Fingal! thou art a beam of light to Cormac's darkened soul. Early is thy fame, my son, but strong are the foes of Erin. They are like the roar of streams in the land, son of car-borne Combal!' 'Yet they

"Hoary grey, with spear which had no steel,[a]
Cormac drew towards my steps;[1]
A smile was on the face of the great warrior;
Wrath and grief were in his soul.
'I behold the dread arms of Trenmor;
And here are indeed the steps of a king:
Fingal is as light arising
On a soul growing dark in war.
Early art thou in renown, thou chief;
But strong and brave are the foes of Erin—
Like the noise of great streams from the mountain,
Cu-hal's son of bridles and of chariots.'

Cormac, aged and feeble, welcomed him on his landing;

but warns him of the number and strength of the enemy.

"'Though great, they shall be rolled away,'
(I said) from out my kindling soul;
'Our chiefs are not the seed of the feeble,
Thou king of blue-shielded hosts.
Wherefore should faltering fear
Stalk blindly like a ghost in dusk?
The souls of the brave grow strong
As foes increase on the hill.
Cast not gloom, thou king of Erin,
On a youth rising up for warfare.'

Fingal expresses his full confidence of defeating them, and tells Cormac not to discourage him.

"The tears of the king fell to the ground;
In silence he grasped the hero's hand.[b]

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may be rolled away,' I said in my rising soul. 'We are not of the race of the feeble, king of blue-shielded hosts! Why should fear come amongst us, like a ghost of night? The soul of the valiant grows when foes increase in the field. Roll no darkness, king of Erin, on the young in war!'

"The bursting tears of the king came down. He seized my hand in silence. 'Race of the daring Trenmor,' at length he

DUAN IV.

'Shìol Thréinmhoir nan garbh ghnìomh fo lann,
Cha-tèid nial uam air dealra do chléibh,
Tha 'lasadh 'an teine do shìnns're;
Chi mi, a rìgh, do mhòr chliu;
Tha comhara do thriall gu còmhrag
Mar ghath soluis air ciaradh speur.
Ach feith-sa ri Cairbre, a thréin,
Mo mhac féin le beum nan lann;
Tha e 'gluasad sìol Eirinn gu feum[a]
O shruth nan gleann 'tha fada thall.'

"Thàinig sinn gu talla an rìgh,
'Bha 'g éirigh 'an sìth nan càrn;
Air an taobh bha ciar shruth nam frìth,
Seana chomhara siubhail nan alld,
Daragan leathann fo chòinnich mu 'n cuairt
'Us na bethe a' gluasad fo ghaoith.[b]
Leth-cheilte 'an coille nan cruach
Roscranna 'thog luaidh nan laoch.
Bha 'geal-làmh air clàrsaich thall;
Chunnaic mi a gorm-shùil mhall
Mar ghlan thaibhs' 'an iomairt a' triall,
Leth-cheilte 'an cearb nan dubh nial.

"Tri làì bha fleagh air Moiléna;
Bha ainnir nam beus orm a' snàmh.

[a] For war; lit. *for use* or *action*—here evidently meaning war.

[b] "Birches," *na bethe*—a form quite opposed to modern usage.

said, 'I roll no cloud before thee. Thou burnest in the fire of thy fathers. I behold thy fame: it marks thy course in battle like a stream of light. But wait the coming of Cairbar; my son must join thy sword. He calls the sons of Erin from all their distant streams.'

"We came to the hall of the king, where it rose in the midst

DUAN IV.

Cormac says he will cast no cloud on his light; but advises him to defer an attack until his son Cairbar, who had gone to collect his distant friends, should arrive.

'Son of Treunmor, of great warrior deeds,
No cloud shall I cast on the light of thy breast,
Which kindles in the fire of thy fathers.
I behold, O king! thy great renown,
The mark of thy path to battle,
As a beam of light in the darkening skies.
But wait, thou hero, for Cairbar,
My son with the cleaving blade;
He summons Erin's race for war[a]
From the streams of far-distant glens.'

They approach the king's retired dwelling. Roscranna, his daughter, is described.

"We came to the hall of the king,
Which rose amid the silence of the hills;
On their sides were dark streams of the desert,
Ancient marks of the course of burns;
Around are broad moss-covered oaks,
And birches waving in the wind.[b]
Half hidden in the wood on high
(Was) Roscranna, who kindled the love of heroes.
Her white hand was on the harp;
I saw her mild blue eye
Move like a pure and playful spirit,
Half hidden in fringe of dark clouds.

Fingal loves her, and Cormac willingly

"Three days was feast on Moi-Lena;
The goodly maid ever floated around me.

of rocks, on whose dark sides were the marks of streams of old. Broad oaks bend around with their moss; the thick birch is waving near. Half hid in her shady grove, Ros-crána raises the song. Her white hands move on the harp. I beheld her blue-rolling eyes. She was like a spirit of heaven half folded in the skirt of a cloud!

"Three days we feast at Moi-lena. She rises bright in my troub-

DUAN IV.

Chunnaic Cormac mi 'dorchadh 'an Eirinn;
Thug e broilleach gun bheud do mo làimh.
Thàinig i le 'sùilibh caoin
'Measg chiabh a bha 'taomadh trom.
Thàinig i—ghrad-ghluais 's an raon
Colcullamh nach faoin. Thog mi sleagh.
Bha dealradh mo lainne 'measg mo shluaigh.
Theich Alnecma; thuit nàmhaid gun bhuaidh:
Thill Fionnghal fo luaidh nam bàrd.'
Is cliùthar, 'Fhillein, esan féin,
A bhuaileas beum 'an neart a shluaigh;
Tha na bàrdan le dàn 'n a dhéigh
'An tìr fhada nan treun naimhdean.
Ach es' a bhuaileas cath 'n a aonar
'S gann do 'n àm tha aomadh a ghnìomh:
Tha e 'dealradh an diugh mar sholus,
Am màireach 'am broilleach a' bhàis;
Tha 'chliu 'an aon fhonn gu baoth.
Tha 'ainm 'an aon raon, gun chuimhne
Ach sgaoileadh aon uaighe fo fheur."

Mar sin bha focail àrd an rìgh
Air Mòra nam frìth, 's nan ruadh.
Tri bàrdan o Chormul 'an sìth
Gu taitneach 'cur sìos an luaidh.
Thuit cadal caoin 'us faoin fo 'n fhuaim,

a "Scarce on the present lean his deeds." This is an obscure line. The meaning seems to be, that the deeds of him who fights alone scarcely find support, scarcely stand, even in his own day, and will soon fall to the ground, or be forgotten.

led soul." Cormac beheld me dark. He gave the white-bosomed maid. She comes with bending eye amid the wandering of her heavy locks. She came: straight the battle roared. Colc-ulla appeared: I took my spear. My sword rose with my people against the ridgy foe. Alnecma fled: Colc-ulla fell. Fingal returned with fame.

"Renowned is he, O Fillan! who fights in the strength of his

Cormac saw me darkening in Erin;
He gave the faultless bosom to my hand.
She came with tranquil eyes
And heavy flowing locks.
She came: straightway started on the field
Colc-ulla fierce. I raised the spear:
The sheen of my sword was amid my host:
Alnecma fell; worsted, fled the foe—
Fingal returned with songs of bards.
Renowned he ever is, O Fillan!
Who strikes in the strength of his host;
The bards will follow his steps with song
Through the far-off land of the roe.
But he who strikes alone in fight,
Scarce on the present lean his deeds;[a]
To-day he shines as a light,
To-morrow (he lies) in the lap of death;
In one song dwells his doubtful fame—
On one field is his name without record,
Except the waving of one grassy grave."

gives her to him.

Immediately thereupon Colc-ulla attacks him, but is defeated with great loss.

Fingal ends his narrative by impressing on his fiery son Fillan, the importance of a leader in war being well backed by his followers; and shows how certain the failure is of him "who strikes alone."

Such were the weighty words of the king
On Mora of forests and deer.
Three bards from Cormul, in peace,
Gave forth their pleasing lays.
Beneath the sound fell sweet and dreamless sleep,

Ossian, now speaking in his own person, says that as the host lay down to sleep on Mora, Carul, the bard, returned

host. The bard pursues his steps through the land of the foe. But he who fights alone, few are his deeds to other times! He shines to-day a mighty light; to-morrow he is low. One song contains his fame. His name is on ONE dark field. He is forgot; but where his tomb sends forth the tufted grass."

Such are the words of Fingal on Mora of the roes. Three bards from the rock of Cormul pour down the pleasing song. Sleep

DUAN IV.

Air garbh chearb nan sluagh fo oidhche.
Thill Carull le 'bhàrdaibh féin
O uaigh an àrd thréin o Dhùn Lòra.
Cha ruig sanas na maidne an treun
Air leabaidh gun leus a' mhòr fhir:
'Mhic Charthuinn nan ciabha ciar,
Cha chluinn thusa saltairt nàn ruadh
Rì caol thalla uaigh air chòmhnard.

Mar thaomas garbh bhruaillean nan nial
Mu sholus roimh chiaradh na h-oidhche,
'N uair a shoillsicheas iadsan gu'n trian
Air fairge nan sìan a' boillsgeadh;
Mar sin a bha coi-thional Éirinn
Mu Chathmor ag éirigh 'an soillse.
Esan 's àird' am measg nan triath
A' togail gun chiall a shleagh,
Mar tha éirigh, no tuiteam nam fonn
O Fhonnar, do nach lom clàrsach.[a]
Teann air, ag aomadh air carraig
Tha Sùilmhall' bhanail nan gorm-shùl,
Nighean Chonmhoir an ùrla 's glaine,
Nighean righ Innis uaine nan tur.
Gu 'chobhair thàinig fo ghorm-sgiath
Mòr Chathmor nan triath, a chaisgeadh naimhdean.
Chunna' Sùilmhall' a thriall

[a] Tuneful harp; lit. *harp not bare—not destitute of sound, of melody.*

descends in the sound on the broad-skirted host. Carril returned with the bards from the tomb of Dun-lora's chief. The voice of morning shall not come to the dusky bed of Duthcaron. No more shalt thou hear the tread of roes around thy narrow house!

As roll the troubled clouds round a meteor of night when they brighten their sides with its light along the heaving sea, so gathers

DUAN IV.

from singing the death-song at the grave of Connal, chief of Dun-Lora.

On the widespread host at night.
Carul returned with his bards
From the grave of Dun-Lora's high hero.
The voice of morning will not reach the chief—
In bed of darkness is the great one.
Carhon's son of dusky locks,
Thou wilt not hear the tread of deer
By the narrow house of the grave on the plain.

Description of the host of Erin around Ca-mor their king, who listens to the song of Fonnar.

As streams the wild tumult of the clouds
Around a meteor through the darkness of the night
When they gleam in all their light,
Shining on a sea of storms;
So was the gathering of Erin
Round Ca-mor, standing in light.
He, the tallest of the chiefs,
Heedlessly sways his spear,
As rise or fall the songs
From Fonnar of tuneful harp.

Near him is Sulvalla, disguised in the dress of a warrior. The story of her love to Ca-mor told.

He had gone to aid her father, Conmor, king of

Nigh him, leaning on a rock,
Is mild Sulvalla of blue eyes,
Conmor's daughter of fairest bosom—
Daughter of towering Innis-uaine's king.
To aid him, under his blue shield, went
Great Ca-mor of chiefs, who quelled the foe.
Sulvalla beheld his bearing

Erin around the gleaming form of Cathmor. He, tall in the midst, careless lifts at times his spear, as swells or falls the sound of Fonar's distant harp. Near him leaned against a rock Sul-malla of blue eyes, the white-bosomed daughter of Conmor, king of Inishuna. To his aid came blue-shielded Cathmor, and rolled his foes away. Sul-malla beheld him stately in the hall of feasts; nor

DUAN IV.

'An talla farsuing nam fial chlàra,
Cha-n ann gun fhios a 'dh' iadh a shùilean
Air ainnir nan ùr chiabh àillidh.

An treas là a' briseadh o chuan,
Thàinig Fili nan luaidh le dàn
O shruthan 'us chruachan Eirinn.
Labhair e mu thogail na sgéithe
'An Selma nan triath; labhair e
Mu chunnart Chairbre, ceann nam Bolg.
Thog Cathmor a shiuil 'an Clùba;
Bha na gaothan 'an cùl nan tìr thall.[a]
Tri làì bha 'chòmhnuidh air tràigh,
A shùilean 'g iadhadh mu àrd thalla Chonmhoir;
Nighean coigrich 'n a chuimhne a ghnàth,
Bha 'osna àrd 'an còmhnuidh.
Fo ùrachadh gaoith air a' chuan
'An armaibh o chruaich thàinig òg
'Thogail lainn' fo Chathmor nan sluagh
Air raonaibh fo fhuaim a' chòmhraig—
Sùilmhalla nan ruighe geal-làmh
'S i dìomhair fo cheann-bheairt de chruaidh,
A ceuman 'an aisre an t-sàir;
A gorm-shùil ag iadhadh le sòlas
Mu mhòr thriath, 's a chòmhnuidh m'a shruth.
Bu bharail le Cathmor an treun

[a] The winds were from the back of other lands—*i.e.* against him, blowing on the shore which he wished to leave.

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careless rolled the eyes of Cathmor on the long-haired maid!

The third day arose when Fithil came from Erin of the streams. He told of the lifting up of the shield in Selma: he told of the danger of Cairbar. Cathmor raised the sail at Cluba; but the winds were in other lands. Three days he remained on the coast, and turned his eyes on Connor's halls. He remembered the daugh-

DUAN IV.

In the spacious hall of festive boards;
Nor heedless turned his eyes
To the maid of fresh (and) lovely locks.

When the third day broke from ocean,
Came Fili of lays with a song
From the rivers and mountains of Erin.
He spoke of the lifting of the shield
In Selma of heroes; he spoke
Of danger to Cairbar, chief of the Bolgi.
Ca-mor hoisted his sails in Cluba;
The winds were from the back of other lands.
Three days his home was on the shore:
His eye turns back to Connor's lofty hall,
The daughter of the stranger ever in his mind;
And ever heavy was his sigh.
As freshened the wind of ocean
A youth in armour came from the hill
To raise a spear with Ca-mor of hosts,
On fields where sounded the combat—
Sulvalla of white arms and hands,
Concealed under helmet of steel;
Her steps on the track of the hero:
Her blue eye rested with joy
On the mighty chief who dwelt by the stream.
The valiant Ca-mor deemed

Innis-naine, and a mutual love sprang up between them.

Meantime he was recalled to Erin to support his brother Cairbar against the attack of Fingal.

He was detained on the shore for three days by contrary winds.

When at length able to set sail, he was joined by Sulvalla clad in complete armour; and thus, unrecognised by him, she followed him to Erin, and was now near him.

ter of strangers, and his sigh arose. Now when the winds awaked the wave, from the hill came a youth in arms, to lift the sword with Cathmor in his echoing fields. It was the white-armed Sul-malla; secret she dwelt beneath her helmet. Her steps were in the path of the king: on him her blue eyes rolled with joy when he lay by his roaring streams! But Cathmor thought that on Lumon she

DUAN IV.

Gu-n robh ceuman nam beus air Lùmon,
'S i 'dlùthadh air àros nan ruadh;
Bu bharail gu-n robh làmh-gheal thall
A' togail mall a ruighe do ghaoith
A' taomadh caoin o Éirinn àird,
Talamh uain' a h-annsa féin.
Gheall e gu-n tilleadh e le ràimh,
Le siuil bhàn gu 'ghràdh fo ghruaim.
Tha 'n òigh gu teann ort fhéin, a Chathmhoir,
Aig carraig nan clach, 's i fo chruaidh.

Sheas àirde nan triath mu 'n cuairt,[a]
Ach Foldath nan dubh-ruadh fàbhraid.
Es' ag aomadh air craoibh fada thall
Filleadh 'anama 's an àm 'am mòrchuis,
A chiabh 'n a gagan 'an aisre na gaoith',[b]
Fonn òrain 'g a mhùchadh 'n a bheul,
Bhuail e 'chraobh an sin le feirg,
Grad ghluais e fo mheirg gus an rìgh.
Sàmhach 'us mòr aig an òrd[c]
Sheas Hidala, an t-òg thriath;
Bha 'chiabhan a' sgaoileadh m'a ghruaidh
'An imeachd nan dual fo dhearrsa.
Bu chaoin a ghuth 'an Claonrath féin,
Gleannan còmhnuidh a threun shinns're.

a The tall forms of the chiefs, &c.; lit. *the height* or *tallness of the chiefs*, &c.

b Tangled by the rushing wind; lit. *tangled in the path*, or *pass of the wind*.

c *Òrd* frequently signifies "a steep hill." Macfarlan gives both "montem" and "truncum arboris;" Macpherson, "beam of the oak."

still pursued the roes. He thought that fair on a rock she stretched her white hand to the wind, to feel its course from Erin, the green dwelling of her love. He had promised to return with his white-bosomed sails. The maid is near thee, O Cathmor! leaning on her rock.

The tall forms of the chiefs stand around—all but dark-browed

That her graceful step was on Lumon,
Nearing the haunts of the deer;
He thought the White-hand was far away,
Slowly raising her arms to the wind,
Which softly flowed from lofty Erin,
The green land of her beloved.
He promised to return with oars
And white sails to his sorrowing love.
The maiden is close to thee, Ca-mor,
By the rugged rock, and (clad) in steel.

The tall forms of the chiefs stood nigh,[a]
Save Folda of dark-red eyebrows.
He leaned far off against a tree;
Meanwhile he wraps his soul in pride:
His locks are tangled by the rushing wind;[b]
A song-tune muttered in his mouth;
Then in wrath he struck the tree,
And straight came, sullen, to the king.
Silent and stately on the hill[c]
Stood Hidalla, youthful prince.
His locks fell around his cheeks
In long and shining waves:
Sweet was his voice in Clonra,
The glen where his dauntless fathers dwelt.

Ossian returns to the description of the army of Erin. The chiefs stood around Ca-mor, except Folda, who for a time stood apart in sullen wrath, but at length joined the others.

Foldath. He leaned against a distant tree, rolled into his haughty soul. His bushy hair whistles in wind. At times bursts the hum of a song. He struck the tree at length in wrath, and rushed before the king! Calm and stately to the beam of the oak arose the form of young Hidalla. His hair falls round his blushing cheek in wreaths of waving light. Soft was his voice in Clonra, in the

DUAN IV.

Bu chaoin a ghuth 'n uair bhuail e clàrsach
'An talla àrd a's gàirich' sruth.

"A rìgh Éirinn," thuirt treun le séimh,
"So àine 'chur nam fleagh mu 'n cuairt;
Tog guthan nam bàrdan air magh,
'Chur siubhal na h-oidhche so uainn;
Tillidh anam na 's géire o 'n dàn
Gu còmh -stri nam blàra tuathal.
Shuidhich dùbhra o 'cùl mu Éirinn:
O bheinn gu beinn tha 'aomadh nial
Le cearbaibh ciara ag éirigh.
Fada thall air thaobh nan s[illegible]bh
Garbh cheuman nan liath th[illegible]hse,
Taibhsean na thuit anns a' bl[illegible]
Ag aomadh gu dàn o 'n sìanaibh.
Éireadh o Chathmor na clàrsaich [a]
'Chuireas dearrsa air sàir 's a' ghaoith."

"Fo dhì-chùimhn' gach duine 'tha marbh,"
Thuirt Foldath 'an garbh fheirg,
"Nach do ghéill mi gu h-ìosal 's a' bhlàr?
C'uim' an cluinneadh leam dàn air an leirg?
Cha robh mo shiubhal faoin 's an strì;
Bha lagaich gun bhrìgh ri mo chùlaobh;[b]
Theich naimhdean o mo lann 'an sìth.[c]

[a] Let Ca-mor sound the harps; lit. *from Ca-mor let the harps arise—i.e.* let him order the harps to be struck.

[b] The feeble and dastard were behind me—*i.e.* I was ill supported.

[c] Fled in peace—*i.e.* fled without venturing to strike a blow.

valley of his fathers. Soft was his voice when he touched the harp in the hall near his roaring streams!

"King of Erin," said Hidalla, "now is the time to feast. Bid the voice of bards arise; bid them roll the night away. The soul returns from song more terrible to war. Darkness settles on Erin. From hill to hill bend the skirted clouds. Far and grey on the heath the dreadful strides of ghosts are seen; the ghosts of those

DUAN IV.

Sweet was his voice when he smote the harp
In the lofty hall by the sounding stream.

"King of Erin," said the hero mildly,
"This is the time to spread the feast;
Raise the voice of bards on the plain,
To speed the passing of the night:
From song the soul returns more keen
For combat in direful battle.
Darkness has settled all round Erin;
Drift the clouds from hill to hill,
Rising on high with their sable skirts.
Far away on mountain-sides
Are the great strides of hoary ghosts—
Ghosts of those who fell in battle,
From their clouds bending down for the song.
Let Ca-mor sound the harps
Shedding light on the brave in the wind."

Hidalla, the young and accomplished chief of Clonra, asks Ca-mor to order the bards to strike their harps to cheer living warriors, and to soothe the ghosts of those who had fallen.

"Forgotten be all the dead,"
Said Folda in towering wrath;
"Have I not weakly yielded in battle?
Why should I listen to songs on the plain?
Not harmless was my path in the strife;
The feeble and dastard were behind me;[b]
The foe fled from my spear in peace.[c]

Folda, enraged at the memory of his defeat, speaks with contempt of the harp, and bids Hidalla retire to Clonra, where gentle maidens would gaze on him with admiring

who fell bend forward to their song. Bid, O Cathmor! the harps to rise, to brighten the dead on their wandering blasts."

"Be all the dead forgot," said Foldath's bursting wrath. "Did not I fail in the field? Shall I then hear the song? Yet was not my course harmless in war. Blood was a stream around my steps. But the feeble were behind me. The foe has escaped from my sword. In Clon-ra's vale touch thou the harp. Let Dura answer

DUAN IV.

'An Claonrath nam frìth fo Dhùbhra ;
Togadh Hidala guth clàrsaich,
Òigh bhanail o choill' 'an tòrr
A' coimhead air òr do chiabhan.
Fàg Lubar a's fuaimeara raoin ;
So tuineas nan daoine fo chliu."

"'Rìgh Éirinn," thuirt Malthos, an triath,
"Leat féin-sa tha riaghladh nam blàr ;
'S tu tein' ar sùl air sliabh,
Air monadh 'tha ciar gu h-àrd.
Mar osaig do shiubhal thar sluagh ;
Chuir thu mìltean fo thruaigh 'am fuil :
Ach 'n ad thilleadh, a thréin, le buaidh,
Co 'chuala fo luaidh do ghuth ?[a]
Tha sòlas nam feargach 'am bàs ;
Tha 'n cuimhne a' tàmh air gach beum,
'Bhuail an lann gu feum 'an cath ;
Tha strì 'g a filleadh féin 'n an cliabh,
'Us cluinnear an cian am mòrchuis.
'Thriath Mhòma, bha do shiubhal féin
Mar chiar shruth a' leum o ghleann ;
Bha 'm bàs ag aomadh suas mu d' cheum.
Thog sinn tuile gu beud ar lainn ;
Cha robh sinne gu lag'air do chùlaobh ;
Bha naimhdean dlùtha 'us làidir."

[a] Heard thee in self-praise? lit. *heard thy voice under praise?*

to the voice of Hidalla. Let some maid look from the wood on thy long yellow locks. 'Fly from Lubar's echoing plain. This is the field of heroes!"

"King of Erin," Malthos said, "it is THINE to lead in war. THOU art a fire to our eyes on the dark-brown field. Like a blast THOU hast passed over hosts. THOU hast laid them low in blood.

In Clonra of forests, at Dura,
Hidalla may raise the voice of the harp,
While a gentle maid from the wooded hills
Gazes on thy locks of gold.
Quit Lubar of sounding field;
This is a place for men renowned."

eyes, and tells him to quit the battle-field as unsuited to him.

"King of Erin," said Malhos the chief,
"It is thine to rule in the battle;
Thou art a light to our eyes on the hill,
On the mountain whose summit is dark.
Thou hast passed over hosts as a blast—
Sent thousands to misery in blood:
But after returning with conquest,
Who has heard thee in self-praise?
The joy of the wrathful is in death;
Their memory dwells on every blow
Well dealt by their swords in war:
Strife enfolds itself in their breasts,
And their vaunting is heard afar.
Lord of Moma, thy course has been
Like a dark torrent leaping from the glen.
Death bent over thy path;
(But) we all raised our spears to smite:
Not feeble were we at thy back;
The foes were numerous and strong."

Malhos reproves Foldath for being bloodthirsty and boastful, contrasting his conduct with that of Carmor, who conquered, but never spoke of his own great deeds.

But who hast heard THY words returning from the field? The wrathful delight in death; their remembrance rests on the wounds of their spear. Strife is folded in THEIR thoughts: THEIR words are ever heard. Thy course, chief of Moma, was like a troubled stream. The dead were rolled on thy path; but others also lift the spear. WE were not feeble behind thee; but the foe was strong."

DUAN IV.

Chunnaic Cathmor am fearg ag éirigh,
'Us aomadh nan treun r'a thaobh,
Leth-tharruingt' an lanna gu beumadh,
Sùilean sàmhach a' teumadh fo phlaosg,[a]
A nis a bhitheadh còmhrag garbh,
Mur lasadh dubh-fhearg an rìgh.
Rùisg e 'lann mar dhealan oidhche
Ri solus 'us soillse nan crann.
"A chlann na mòrchuis," thuirt an treun,
"Cuiribh anam fo bheus 'us smachd,
Fo dhorchadh na'h-oidhche leibh féin.[b]
C'uim a ghluaiseadh gu beudaibh m' fhearg?
Am bi còmh-stri mo làimh' ruibh maraon?
Cha-n àm so, a dhaoine, gu strì.
O 'n chuirm sibh mar nialaibh o m' thaobh;
Na mosglaibhse anam an rìgh."

Thuit iad sìos o thaobh an tréin
Mar dhà mheall dubh de cheò 's an iar,
An uair 'tha madainn chiuin 's a' bheinn;
'S a sheallas eatorra féin a' ghrian
'Glan-bhoillsgeadh air chreig nan càrn.
Dorcha tha 'n aomadh 'dubhadh thall
Gu lòn nan cuilc mall fo 'n tòrr.

Shuidh triathan 'an sàmhchair ri cuirm;

[a] Their eyes half closed, and fixed in hate; lit. *unmoved eyes, biting* (or *stinging*) *under a husk*—*i.e.* eyelid.

[b] Though alone, &c.—*i.e.* though alone and in darkness, you must submit to what is right.

Cathmor beheld the rising rage and bending forward of either chief; for, half unsheathed, they held their swords, and rolled their silent eyes. Now would they have mixed in horrid fray had not the wrath of Cathmor burned. He drew his sword; it gleamed through night to the high-flaming oak! "Sons of pride," said the king, "allay your swelling souls. Retire in night. Why should MY rage arise? Should I contend with both in arms? It is no

Folda resented his words, and the two were about to engage in combat, when Camor sternly rebukes them.

Ca-mor saw their rising wrath,
And the bending of the warriors by his side;
Their swords half drawn for smiting,
Their eyes half closed, and fixed in hate.[a]
Now would have been a combat fierce,
If the king's deep wrath had not burned.
He bared his blade like the lightning of night,
Which gleams and flashes amid trees.
"Ye sons of pride," said the hero,
"Subject (your) souls to duty and control,
(Though) alone in the darkness of night.[b]
Why should my wrath arise to harm?
Shall my arm contend with you both?
This is no time, you men, for brawl.
Away from the feast and from me like clouds;
Rouse not the soul of the king."

They withdrew from each other, abashed by his commanding words, like two masses of mist broken up by the sun.

They fell away from the hero's side,
Like two black masses of mist in the west,
When the morning is calm on the Ben,
And the sun looks forth between them,
Shining bright on the craggy cairns.
Dark and blackening they sink down,
To the stagnant, reedy marsh beneath the hill.

Chiefs sat silent at the feast;

time for strife! Retire, ye clouds, at my feast; awake my soul no more!"

They sank from the king on either side, like two columns of morning mist when the sun rises between them on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side, each toward its reedy pool.

Silent sat the chiefs at the feast. They look at times on Atha's

DUAN IV.

Bha 'n sealladh air uairibh mu 'n rìgh,
'Gharbh cheuman air eudann a' chùirn
'Measg sìtheachadh 'anama o strì.
Shìn an sluagh mu thaobh an raoin;
Thuit cadal claon air faoin Mhoiléna;[a]
Ghluais guth o Fhonnar caoin araon
O chraoibh 'bha fada thall ag éirigh.
Ghluais a ghuth mu mholadh an rìgh,
Ard shìol Larthoinn o fhrìth Lùmoin.
Cha chualas le Cathmor a luaidh,
'S e sìnte fo fhuaim gharbh shruth:
Bha farum na h-oidhche 'n a chluais,
'Us caol-fheadadh nan dual-chiabhan.

Thàinig gu 'aisling a bhràthair,
Leth-fhaicte troimh fhàs-thaoibh a nial.[b]
Bha sòlas 'measg dorchadh a ghàire;
O Charull ghluais dàna gu triath;
Bha gaoth fo nial 'bu duirche ceàrb,
'Ghlac esan o gharbh uchd oidhche,
'S e 'g éirigh o mholadh nan carbad
Gu talla nam marbh 'an soillse.
Gu leth am measg allda nam fuaim,[c]
Thaom esan gu fuar 'us fann.

"Tachradh sòlas do d'anam féin;

[a] *A nial*, the nom. for the gen., as in scores of other instances.

[b] Sleep slid down, &c.; lit. *fell oblique* or *aslant*.

[c] Half mingling, &c. —this and the following line are in Gaelic very incomplete in meaning; lit. *to one-half among the streams of sound poured he coldly and feebly*, &c.

king, where he strode, on his rock, amid his settling soul. The host lie along the field. Sleep descends on Moi-lena. The voice of Fonar ascends alone beneath his distant tree: it ascends in the praise of Cathmor, son of Larthon of Lumon. But Cathmor did not hear his praise. He lay at the roar of a stream. The rustling breeze of night flew over his whistling locks.

DUAN IV.

The chiefs sit down to the feast, and Camor retires to the hill.

From time to time they looked to the king,
(At) his stalwart stride on the face of the hill,
As his soul calmed down from wrath.
The host lay stretched by the side of the plain;
Sleep slid down on still Moi-Lena;
While the voice of tuneful Fonnar rose
From beneath a tree which stood afar.
He stirred his voice in praise of the king,
High offspring of Larhon from Lumon's wood.
His strain was unheard by Ca-mor,
As he lay in the noise of rugged streams;
The sound of night was in his ear
And the shrill whistling of his waving locks.

Fonnar sings his praise, which, however, was unheard by him, as he had lain down beside a noisy stream.

His brother came in his dream,
Half seen through the hollow side of his cloud.[1]
There was joy amid the darkness of his smile;
The songs of Carul reached the chief;
The wind was under cloud of darkest skirt,[2]
Which he had snatched off the rough breast of night,
As he rose from the praise of the chariots,
In light to the home of the dead.
Half mingling with the sounding stream,[3]
He poured (a voice which was) cold and faint:

Here the spirit of his brother Cairbar, enabled at length to ascend on high through the song of the bard, appears to him in his dream;

"May happiness betide thy soul;

and addresses him,

[1] His brother came to his dreams, half seen from his low-hung cloud. Joy rose darkly in his face. He had heard the song of Carril. A blast sustained his dark-skirted cloud, which he seized in the bosom of night, as he rose with his fame towards his airy hall. Half mixed with the noise of the stream, he poured his feeble words. "Joy meet the soul of Cathmor. His voice was heard on Moi-

DUAN IV.

Chualas caismeachd o threun air magh;
Thug am bàrd an dàn le feum.[a]
Tha astar mo cheuman 's a' ghaoith;
Tha mo chruth 'an talla ciar
Mar dhealan nan sìan fo fhuath,
'N uair a bhriseas e claon air sliabh,
Stoirm oidhche a' triall o Thuath.
Cha bhi am bàrd air thall o d'uaigh,
'N uair a thaisgear thu suas 's an ùir.
Tha sìol nan dàn mu thréin a' luaidh;
Tha d'ainm mar fhuaim o ghaoith 'tha ciuin.
Tha toirme trom a' bhròin 's a' ghleann;
Tha guth fada thall air Lùbar,
Na 's labhra, 'fhaoin thaibhse nan càrn!
Bha 'm marbh, nach robh fann, cliùthar.
Dh'at am farum fada, mall;
Cluinnear osag nan crann araon.
Is luath a thuislich thu féin, a Chathmhoir!"[b]
Fillte suas 'n a bhaoth chruth féin
Air garbh uchd nan speur fo ghaoith,
Chrith an darag fo 'ghluasad 's a' bheinn,
Fead ag iadhadh gun leus m'a ceann.
Chlisg Cathmor o aisling nan ciar;
Ghlac e bàs-shleagh nan triath 'n a làimh;
Phlaoisg a shùil air faoin shlios nan sliabh;
Cha-n fhac ach dubh-chearb na sìan-oidhche.

[a] The bard gave forth the song with power—*i.e.* the bard sent by Ossian, whose song released him from earth.—*Vide* close of Duan II.

[b] "Early hast thou fallen, Ca-mor." The Gaelic has *faoin* in this line, which I consider a misprint for *féin*. The whole history of Ca-mor shows that he had not lived *in vain*. If *faoin* be retained, the translation must be, "Early and in vain hast thou fallen," &c.

lena. The bard gave his song to Cairbar. He travels on the wind. My form is in my father's hall, like the gliding of a terrible light which darts across the desert in a stormy night. No bard shall be wanting at thy tomb when thou art lowly laid. The sons of song love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is a pleasant gale. The mournful sounds arise. On Lubar's field there is a voice. Louder

telling him of his own release,

I heard the voice of the brave on the field;
The bard gave forth the song with power.[a]
The path of my steps is on the wind;
My form is in the dusky hall,[3]
Like dreaded lightning of the storms,
When it bursts and scatters on the hill,
And the night-tempest travels from the north.

and predicting a glorious but an early death to Ca-mor.

A bard shall not be wanting at thy grave,
When thou shalt be laid in dust.
The sons of song sing of the brave;
Thy name is as the sound of gentle wind.
The heavy moan of grief is in the glen;
A voice is far away on Lubar.
Louder (sing), ye empty spirits of the cairns—
Renowned was the mighty dead.
Swelled the sound afar, and slowly,
Blending with the breezes of the trees.
Early hast thou fallen, Ca-mor.[b]"
(He) rolled (himself) in his own wild form,
On the rough breast of the skies in wind;
Trembled the oak when he passed on the Ben,
Whistling in darkness round its head.
Started Ca-mor from the darksome dream;
Grasped in his hand the death-spear of heroes;
His eye gazed on the empty slope of hills;
He saw but the sable skirt of a stormy night.

Ca-mor started from his sleep; saw no form near him; but recognised his brother's voice.

still, ye shadowy ghosts! The dead were full of fame! Shrilly swells the feeble sound. The rougher blast alone is heard. Ah! soon is Cathmor low!" Rolled into himself, he flew wide on the bosom of winds. The old oak felt his departure, and shook its whistling head. Cathmor starts from rest; he takes his deathful spear. He lifts his eyes around; he sees but dark-skirted night.

DUAN IV.

"'S e guth mo bhràthar féin a bh' ann;
A nis cha-n fhaicear gann a chruth:
Gun lorg tha 'ur n-astar 's a' ghleann,
'Shìol imeachd na h-oidhche fo dhubh.
Is minic, mar shoillse ghath speur,
Chithear leum air beinn a tha fàs,
Sibhse 'teicheadh air osaig leibh fhéin
Roimh ghluasad ar ceumannà mall.
Gluaisibh, a lagaich, o thréin;
Cha-n'eil gliocas no feum n'ur dàil,
Bhur sòlas cho dona ribh fhéin,
Mar aisling gun leus 'am pràmh,
No smuaintean fo sgiathan 'tha lom,
Ag aiseag a null thar a' chliabh.
An tuislich Cathmor féin gu luath
Dubh-thaisgte gun tuar 'an tigh caol,
Anns nach éirich a' mhadainn o stuadh,
A sùilean leth-fhosgailt 's i baoth?[a]
As m'fhianuis, a thannais gun bhrìgh!
Buinidh còmhrag nan rìgh dhomh féin:
As m'fhianuis gach smuaint' ach strì.
Mar iolair na frìthe o bheinn
Siùbhlams' a mach air an raon
'Ghlacadh dealra nach faoin de chliu.
'An gleannan dìomhair nan sruth mall
Fanaidh anam nach sàr fo mhùig;
Thig bliadhnan 'us aimsirean 'nall;

[a] Dazed, half-opened eyes. *Baoth* signifies "stupid," "mindless," or "mad"—a remarkable epithet to be applied to the morning, of which I think "dazed" is here the best rendering.

"It was the voice of the king," he said; "but now his form is gone. Unmarked is your path in the air, ye children of the night. Often, like a reflected beam, are ye seen in the desert wild; but ye retire in your blasts before our steps approach. Go, then, ye feeble race! Knowledge with you there is none! Your joys are weak, and like the dreams of our rest, or the light-winged thought that

"That was in truth my brother's voice;
(But) his form is now unseen:
Trackless your path is in the glen,
Ye race who darkly roam the night.
Ofttimes, like brightness of heaven's beam,
Are ye seen bounding on a desert Ben;
Ye flee on the blast away,
At the approach of our slow steps.
Away, ye feeble, from the brave;
Nor wisdom nor strength is yours;
Your joys are worthless as yourselves,
Like the dark dream of troubled sleep,
Or thoughts which, on unfettered wing,
Flit to and fro across the breast.
Is Ca-mor indeed to fall so soon,
Wan, dark-laid, in the narrow house,
Where morn will not rise from the wave,
With dazed, half-opened eyes?
Begone, thou phantom vain!
To war with kings belongs to me;
Away with every thought but war.
Like forest-eagle from the Ben,
I march forward on the field
To grasp renown of unfading light.
In hidden glens of sluggish streams
Abides the craven soul in gloom;
Times and seasons pass away,

He addresses the spirits of the night;

speaks lightly of their knowledge;

declares his determination to rush to battle like the mountain-eagle, and to secure enduring renown.

He speaks of the obscurity of the timid, and the state of their spirits

flies across the soul. Shall Cathmor soon be low?—darkly laid in his narrow house, where no morning comes, with her half-opened eyes? Away, thou shade! to fight is mine! All further thought away! I rush forth on eagle's wings to seize my beam of fame. In the lonely vale of streams abides the narrow soul. Years roll on, seasons return, but he is still unknown. In a blast comes

DUAN IV.

Bithidh esan a ghnàth fo smùir;
'An osaig fo nialaibh thig bàs,
Cuiridh liath-cheann air làr gun chliu:
Tha 'thannas 'an dùbhra nan càrn.
Ag iadhadh 's a' snàmh mu 'n lòn;
Cha bhi 'astar air monadh nan speur,
No 'n gleannaibh 's an treun a' ghaoth.
Mar sin cha tèid thu, 'Chathmhoir, sìos;
Cha bhalachan gun fhiach thu air raon,
'Tha 'comh 'rachadh leabaidh nan ruadh
Air cruachaibh fuara nam fuaim àrd.
Bhuail mi mach am measg nan rìgh,
Mo shòlas 'am frìth nam fuath,[a]
Anns am brisear an sluagh le strì
Mar ghaoith a tha 'dìreadh a' chuain."

So thuirt Alnecma an treun,[b]
'Anam 'dealradh gu beud do 'n triath,
Bha treunas mar theine fo leus
A' glanadh gu feum 'n a chliabh.
Aillidh 'us àrd a cheum air an raon,
Gath soluis na maidne o ear;
Liath choi-thional fhear air an leirg
'Ag aomadh 's a' tàomadh 'an soillse.
Bha 'shòlas mar thannas nan speur,
'N uair a shìneas e 'cheuman air cuan

[a] In fields of slaughter; lit. *in fields of ghosts* or *spectres*—meaning, as I understand it, the fields where many fell, and, consequently, ghosts were numerous.

[b] Alnecma—*i.e.* Ca-mor, king of Alnecma.

cloudy death, and lays his grey head low. His ghost is folded in the vapour of the fenny field; its course is never on hills nor mossy vales of wind. So shall not Cathmor depart. No boy in the field was he who only marks the bed of roes upon the echoing hills. My issuing forth was with kings; my joy in dreadful plains, where broken hosts are rolled away like seas before the wind."

DUAN IV.

But obscure he ever remains;
In a blast from the clouds comes death,
Laying the grey inglorious head in dust:
His spirit in the shadow of the cairns,
Winding and floating round the marsh;
His path shall never be on mountains of the sky,
Nor in glens where the wind is strong.
Ca-mor, not so shalt thou go down;
Thou art no weakling boy on the field,
To mark the haunt of the deer
On cold and echoing mountain-tops.
I have gone forth in midst of kings;
My joy is in fields of slaughter,"
Where hosts are broken in fight,
Like a wind which ascends the ocean."

doomed to dwell around the marsh,

and says that his delight is in fields of utmost danger.

Thus spake Alnecma the strong[b]—
The soul of the prince was kindling to war.
Valour, like a flaming fire,
Brightened his breast for daring deeds;
Stately and high his step on the field.
The beam of morning-light (shone) from the east;
A grey gathering of men (was) on the slope,
Moving and spreading in the light.
He rejoiced as a spirit of the skies,
When he stretches his steps on ocean,

As morning dawns, viewing his sleeping warriors, he greatly rejoices at the near prospect of leading them to battle.

So spoke the king of Alnecma, brightening in his rising soul. Valour, like a pleasant flame, is gleaming within his breast. Stately is his stride on the heath! The beam of east is poured around. He saw his grey host on the field, wide-spreading their ridges in light. He rejoiced like a spirit of heaven, whose steps come forth on the seas, when he beholds them peaceful round, and all the

DUAN IV.

'Us e 'faicinn nan tonnan fo bheus,[a]
Gun a' ghaoth a bhi treun o thuath.
Ach togaidh e na stuaidh gun dàil
'G an iomain gu tràigh na fuaime.

Air bruachan nan luachar thar allt
Chaidil nighean an t-sàir o Lùmon;
Thuit a ceann-bheairt o 'ceann air làr;
Bha 'h-aisling thall 'n a tir féin.
An sin a bha madainn air raon;
An liath-shruth a' taomadh o chruaich,
Na h-osagan ciara, 'us faoin
'Dubh-aomadh air faobhar nan stuadh.
An sin a bha farum gu seilg,
'N sin gluasad nan triath o 'n talla;
Na b' àirde na càch air an leirg
Treun Atha nan allda cama;
Bha 'shùil ag aomadh air a luaidh,
Sùilmhalla nan cuacha glana;
O 'cheumaibh, 'us e mòr air sliabh,
Le mòrchuis thionndaidh is' a gruaidh
A' cur a bogha fo thaifeid theann.

Mar sin bha aisling fhaoin na h-òigh,
'N uair a thàinig r'a còir Atha:

a The waves are in peace; lit. *under virtue* or *control*. *Beus* has many meanings, primary and secondary.

winds are laid. But soon he awakes the waves, and rolls them large to some echoing shore.

On the rushy bank of a stream slept the daughter of Inis-huna. The helmet had fallen from her head. Her dreams were in the lands of her fathers. There morning is on the field. Grey streams leap down from the rocks. The breezes, in shadowy waves, fly over

And sees that the waves are in peace,
As the wind from the north is faint.
But straightway he raises billows,
And drives them to the sounding shore.

On the bank of a rush-fringed stream
Slept the daughter of the chief of Lumon:
Her helmet fell to the ground from her head;
Her dream was away in her native land.
There morning shone upon the field;
The hoary streams poured from the height;
The breezes, dusky and light,
Darkly leaned on the edge of the waves.
There was the stirring sound of the chase;
There chiefs were hastening from the hall;
Taller than any on the plain
Was (the chief of) Atha of winding streams.
His eye was bent on his beloved—
Sulvalla of shining hair.
From his stately steps upon the hill
Proudly she turned her face away
And tightened the string of her bow.

Such was the maiden's lightsome dream,
When Atha's (lord) drew nigh

Sulvalla dreams of her father's home, where she first beheld Ca-mor.

Her helmet had dropped off her head, and Ca-mor, accidentally coming near, recognised her.

Deeply grieved at seeing her

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the rushy fields. THERE is the sound that prepares for the chase. THERE the moving of warriors from the hall. But tall above the rest is seen the hero of streamy Atha. He bends his eye of love on Sul-malla from his stately steps. SHE turns with pride her face away, and careless bends the bow.

Such were the dreams of the maid when Cathmor of Atha came.

DUAN IV.

Chunnaic e gruaidh a b' àillidh snuagh,
'Measg siubhail a cuach-chiabhan.
Dh'aithnich e òigh o Lùmon thall.
Ciod 'tha 'n comas do shàr a dheanamh?
Dh'éirich osna; thuit na dèoir,
Ghrad-thionndaidh e mòr a cheumaj.
Cha-n àm so dhuit-sa féin, a rìgh,
D' anam 'mhosgladh fo strì dhìomhail;
Tha còmhrag a' taomadh o 'n fhrìth
Mar shruthan ciara o mhonadh sianar.

Bhuail e copan-caismeachd a sgiath',
Àite còmhnuidh guth ciar nam blàr.[a]
Ghluais Éirinn mu 'n cuairt do 'n àrd thrìath
Fuaim sgéith' iolair riabhaich nan càrn.[b]
Chlisg òigh o 'caoin chadal 's an uair,
'Ciabh àillidh m'a gruaidh a' dol màll;
Thog i 'ceann-bheairt o eudann na cruaich;
Chrith ise fo thruaigh anns a' bhall.
C'uim' bhiodh fios doibh 'an Éirinn mu 'n òigh,
Nighin Innis nan còrr gheug uaine?
Bha 'cuimhne mu shìnns're nan rìgh,
'S bha 'h-anam a' strì fo mhòrchuis.
Bha 'ceuman glan air chùl nan càrn
Aig gorm shruthan nam blàr air chòmhnard;
Àite faicinn nan ruadh 's a' ghleann,

[a] The home of the sullen voice of battles; lit. *the dusky voice*, &c. *Ciar*, "dusky," "dark-brown," is often used to denote a gloomy, surly, or sad mind—applied to the hue of the mind as well as to that of material objects.

[b] Brown eagle—Gael. *riabhach*, generally means "brindled," but sometimes "brown."

He saw her fair face before him in the midst of her wandering locks. He knew the maid of Lumon. What should Cathmor do? His sighs arise, his tears come down; but straight he turns away. "This is no time, king of Atha, to awake thy secret soul. The battle is rolled before thee like a troubled stream."

He struck that warning boss whetein dwelt the voice of war.

He saw a cheek of loveliest tint
Amid the wandering of her waving locks.
He knew the maid of far-off Lumon.
What is in the warrior's power to do?
Rose a sigh, and fell the tears;
Generous, he quickly turns away.
This is no time for thee, O king!
To kindle secret struggle in thy soul;
Battle is pouring from the wood,[5]
Like brown torrents from a stormy hill.

there, when he thought she was in her father's hall, he gently drew back without disturbing her sleep.

He struck the warning boss of his shield,
The home of the sullen voice of battles.[a]
Erin gathered round the noble chief [eagle.[b]
With sound like the wing of the brown mountain-
Started the maiden from her soothing sleep,
Her lovely locks slow-waving round her cheeks;
She lifted her helm from the face of the hill,
And trembled in misery as she stood.
Why should they know, in Erin, of the maid,
Daughter of the isle of fair green trees?
Her memory was on her ancestry of kings,
And her soul was struggling in pride.
Her modest path is behind the cairns,
By the blue streams of green and level sward—
The place where deer were seen in the glen,

He soon after struck his shield to rouse his warriors. She awoke, and finding that her helmet had rolled off, feels very miserable in the certainty of her having been recognised by Ca-mor.

She withdraws to a secluded valley behind the mountain.

Erin rose around him like the sound of eagle-wing. Sul-malla started from sleep in her disordered locks. She seized the helmet from earth; she trembled in her place. "Why should they know in Erin of the daughter of Inis-huna?" She remembered the race of kings; the pride of her soul arose. Her steps are behind a rock by the blue-winding stream of a vale, where dwelt the dark-

DUAN IV.

Seal mu 'n d'thàinig a nall an còmhrag.
An sin air uairibh ghluaiseas suas
Guth Chathmhoir gu cluais Shulmhalla;
Bha 'h-anam fo chiaradh gun tuar;[a]
Thaom i 'focala fuar air gaoith.

"Ghluais aislingean caoine uam féin;
Thréig iad m' anam fo bheud 'us dòghruinn:
Cha chluinn mi guth seilg anns a' bheinn;
Tha mi ceilte 'an cearb a' chòmhraig.
Tha mi 'sealltuinn sìos o mo nial;
Cha-n'eil dearrsa gu 'thrian air mo cheuman.
Tha mi 'faicinn a' ghaisgich 'dol sìos;
Tha rìgh na mòr sgéith' ag éirigh;
Esan 'choisneas buaidh 'an cunnart—
Triath Shelma nan sleaghan 's nam beuman.
'Thaibhs' Chonmhoir, a thréig sinn fo nial,
'Bheil do cheuman 'triall na gaoithe?
An tig thu air uairibh oirnn sìos
Gu talamh nan sian a tha baoth?
'Athair neartmhoir Shùlmhalla fo bhròn;
Is ceart gu-n tig thu féin, a thriath';
Chualam d'fhocal fo shìan na h-oidhche,
'N àm m' éirigh gu Éirinn nan sgiath,
Innis àillidh nan ceud shruth a' boillsgeadh.
Thig taibhsean ar sìnns're 'an guth

[a] *Tuar*, generally denoting "colour," sometimes means "shelter," or "habitation," and appears to do so here. *Gun tigh, gun tuar*, "without house or shelter," is still a common expression.

brown hind ere yet the war arose. Thither came the voice of Cathmor at times to Sul-malla's ear. Her soul is darkly sad. She pours her words on wind.

"The dreams of Inis-huna departed; they are dispersed from my soul. I hear not the chase in my land; I am concealed in the skirt of war. I look forth from my cloud; no beam appears to light

Brief time before the war began.
Hither at times will ascend on high
The voice of Ca-mor to Sulvalla's ear;
Her soul is dark and desolate;
She poured her cold words on the wind.

Her soliloquy on considering her situation. She foresees the fall of Ca-mor under Fingal's sword;

"Gone from me are the pleasing dreams;
Wounded and pained they have left my soul:
No voice of chase shall I hear on the Ben;
I am hidden in the skirt of war.
I look downwards from my clouds;
No ray of light is on my steps.
I behold the hero falling;
The king of the great shield rises;
He who wins victory in danger—
Selma's lord of spears and cleaving blows.
Spirit of Con-mor, which left us in gloom,
Do thy footsteps travel the wind?
Wilt thou at times to us come down
To the stormy and troubled earth?
Mighty father of mournful Sulvalla,
Surely thou wilt come, thou prince;
I have heard thy word in the storm of night.
When I started for Erin of shields—
Fair isle of hundred shining streams.
Our fathers' spirits come in voice

and she entreats the spirit of her father to come and take her to his own abode.

my path. I behold my warrior low, for the broad-shielded king is near—he that overcomes in danger—Fingal from Selma of spears! Spirit of departed Conmor! are thy steps on the bosom of winds? Comest thou at times to other lands, father of sad Sul-malla? Thou dost come! I have heard thy voice at night, while yet I rose on the wave to Erin of the streams. The ghosts of fathers, they say,

DUAN IV.

Gu anam 'tha dubhadh fo bhròn,
'N uair a chi iad 'n an aonar fo dhubh
Sìol teaghlaich mu 'n dùnadh an ceò.
Gairm mi, 'athair thréin, dhuit féin,
'N uair bhios Cathmor fo bheud air làr,
An sin bithidh Suilmhalla gun fheum
Measg dòghruinn leatha féin m' a sàr."

call away the souls of their race while they behold them lonely in the midst of woe. Call me, my father, away! When Cathmor

To a soul which darkens in sorrow,
When they see in loneliness and woe
The race of those whom mist enshrouds.
Brave father, call me to thyself;
When Ca-mor lies wounded on the ground,
Sulvalla will then be helpless,
Lonely in anguish for her lord."

is low on earth, then shall Sul-malla be lonely in the midst of woe!"

DUAN V.

ARGUMENT.

"The poet, after a short address to the harp of Cona, describes the arrangement of both armies on either side of the river Lubar. Fingal gives the command to Fillan; but at the same time orders Gaul, the son of Morni, who had been wounded in the hand in the preceding battle, to assist him with his counsel. The army of the Fir-bolg is commanded by Foldath. The general onset is described. The great actions of Fillan. He kills Rothmar and Culmin. But when Fillan conquers in one wing, Foldath presses hard on the other; he wounds Dermid, the son of Duthno, and puts the whole wing to flight. Dermid deliberates with himself, and at last resolves to put a stop to the progress of Foldath by engaging him in single combat. When the two chiefs were approaching towards one another, Fillan came suddenly to the relief of Dermid, engaged Foldath, and killed him. The behaviour of Malthos towards the fallen Foldath. Fillan puts the whole army of the Fir-bolg to flight. The book closes with an address to Clatho, the mother of that hero."—M.

DUAN V.

THUS', 'tha 'chòmhnuidh am measg nan sgiath,
'Tha cho àrda 's a' chiar thalla.
A chlàrsach, o d'aite thig sìos,
'Us cluinneam gu mìn do ghuth.
'Mhic Alpuinn, buail-sa an teud;
Mosgail 'anam do 'n treun bhàrd:
Ghluais torman shruth Lòra uam féin
Coi-thional nan sgeul a bha ann.
Mi 'seasadh 'an neulaibh nam bliadhna,
'S gann am fosgladh 's is ciar na dh'fhalbh;
'N uair a thig dhomh an sealladh guh deanamh,[a]
Tha e doilleir ag iadhadh mu an àm.
Cluinneam thus', a chlàrsach o Shelma;
Tillidh m'anam gu dàna dhomh féin,
Mar aiteal na gaoithe 'tha mall,
'Thogas grian o shàmhchair nan gleann,
Aite còmhnuidh do'n dall cheò.[b]

Tha Lùbar a' dealradh 'am fhianuis
'Us i 'taomadh gu fiar tro' ghleann;
Air gach taobh air cruachan nach ìosal,

[a] "The formless vision," or, it may be, the "spontaneous vision"—*i.e.* what I have not made or pictured.

[b] Sable mist; lit. *blind mist.*

THOU dweller between the shields that hang on high in Ossian's hall! descend from thy place, O harp! and let me hear thy voice. Son of Alpin, strike the string; thou must awake the soul of the bard. The murmur of Lora's stream has rolled the tale away. I stand in the cloud of years. Few are its openings toward the past;

DUAN V.

Ossian invokes the harp of Selma.

THOU that dwellest among the shields
Which hang so high in the darksome hall—
Thou harp, come down from thy place,
And let me hear thy soothing voice.
Son of Alpin, strike the string[1]—
Waken the soul of the hero-bard;
The murmur of Lora's stream has banished
The crowding tales of olden time.
I stand amidst the clouds of years:
Narrow their opening; dark the past;
(And) when the formless vision comes,[a]
It shrouds the time in dimness.
Let me hear thee, O harp from Selma!
My soul will return to me in strength,
Like a breeze of gentle wind
Stirred by the sun in silent glens—
The dwelling-place of sable mist.[b]

He describes the situation of the two armies, one on each side

Lubar is shining before me
In its slow winding through the glen;
On either side, on rising heights,

and when the vision comes, it is but dim and dark. I hear thee, harp of Selma! my soul returns like a breeze which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist!

Lubar is bright before me in the windings of its vale. On either side, on their hills, rise the tall forms of the kings. Their people are

DUAN V.

Àrd choslas nan rìghre gu h-àrd ;
An sluagh a' taomadh dlùth mu 'n cuairt,
Ag aomadh suas gu guth nan triath,
Mar gu-n labhradh an sìnns're o stuaidh [a]
A' teurnadh o fhuar ghaoith nan sliabh.
Iadsan mar charraigibh shuas,
An ciar cheann fo bhuaireadh nan craobh,
An stoirm 'us ceò a' snàmh mu 'n cuairt :
Àrd air an aomadh tha sruth
A' taomadh a chobhair air gaoith.

Fo fhocalaibh àrda rìgh Atha
Thaom Éirinn gun tàmh air an raon
Mar fhuaim, nach 'eil faoin, o dhealan ;
Garbh-chearbach an teurnadh gu Lùbar,
Rompa Foldath as-ùr le 'cheuman.
Threig an rìgh an raon do bheinn ;
Shuidh e sìos fo gheugan daraich !
Tha siubhal nan sruthan ris féin ;
Thog e dealradh nam beudan thairis, [b]
Sleagh alluidh nan rìgh 'bha 'n a làimh ;
Bu dhealradh ìse féin do shluagh
'An garbh mheadhon a' chruaidh chòmhraig
Teann air sheas ainnir nan triath,
Nighean Chonmhoir nan sgiath gorma,
'Glan-aomadh ri carraig 's i fann :

[a] From clouds. *Stuadh*, generally "wave," is, both here and l. 410, properly translated "nubes" by Macfarlan.

[b] The gleaming havoc? lit. *the gleaming of injuries* or *losses*—*i.e.* his spear.

poured around them, bending forward to their words, as if their fathers spoke descending from the winds. But they themselves are like two rocks in the midst, each with its dark head of pines, when they are seen in the desert above low-sailing mist. High on their face are streams which spread their foam on blasts of wind !

DUAN V.

of the river Lubar, awaiting the commands of their respective kings.

The tall form of a king is seen.
Their hosts are crowding close around,
Gathering to the voices of the chiefs,
As though their fathers spoke from clouds[a]
Descending from the cold wind of the hills.
Like they are to lofty crags—
Dark-headed crags 'mid tossing trees,
When storm and mist are floating round:
High on their slope is a torrent
Which flings its foam upon the wind.

Ca-mor orders the host of Erin, to advance, having, as formerly stated, given the command to Folda.

At the high command of Atha's king
Poured Erin straightway o'er the field.
Like the dreadful noise of lightning:
Widespread was their descent to Lubar.
Folda strides again before them.
The king left the field for the hill;
He sat beneath the branches of an oak:
The flow of rivers is beside him.
He raised on high the gleaming havoc[b]—
The devouring spear of kings was in his hand;
In itself it was light to the host,
In the stormy meeting of stern strife.
Near him stood the maiden of chiefs—
Daughter of Conmor of blue shields;
Lovely, but faint, she leaned against a rock—

Sulvalla stands near him in a secluded glen.

[a] Beneath the voice of Cathmor pours Erin like the sound of flame. Wide they come down to Lubar. Before them is the stride of Foldath. But Cathmor retires to his hill beneath his bending oak. The tumbling of a stream is near the king. He lifts at times his gleaming spear. It is a flame to his people in the midst of war. Near him stands the daughter of Con-mor leaning on a rock. She

DUAN V.

Cha bu shòlas dhìse an strì ;
Cha robh anam na mìne mu fhuil.
Tha gleannan uaine sgaoilte thall [a]
'Aig iomall meall o'n glaine sruth ;
'An sàmhchair tha 'ghrian air an alld,
'S a' teurnadh o'n àird na ruaidh :
Orrasan bha sùilean nam beus [b]
'Measg smuaintean 'bha 'g éirigh 'n a cliabh.

Chunnaic Fionnghal air an àird
Treun mhac Bhorbair, an t-sàir Dhùbh'uil : [c]
Chunnaic Éirinn gu dòmhail a nall
Fo sgiathan nan càrn 'an dùbhra.
Bhuail e copan, comhara 'chòmhraig,
Caismeachd do mhòr shluagh gu géilleadh,
'N uair chuireadh e romp' a sheòdan
Gu leirg o-m bi mòrchuis ag éirigh.
'S lionmhor 'ghluais na sleaghan fo ghréin,
Fuaim nan sgiath a' freagradh mu 'n cuairt.
Cha robh eagal ag iadhadh mar nial
'Measg coi-thional gailbheach nan sluagh ;
Bha esan féin an rìgh ri 'n taobh,
A neart nach faoin o Shelma thall.
Bha sòlas a' dealradh mu 'n laoch ;
Chualas gu caoin a ghuth mall.

[a] A glenlet green, &c.—described more fully in Duan VII., and called the Glen of Lona.

[b] The maidenly eyes ; lit. *the eyes of excellences*, or *of good qualities*.

[c] Borbar Du-hul's son—*i.e.* Ca-mor.

did not rejoice at the strife ; her soul delighted not in blood. A valley spreads green behind the hill, with its three blue streams. The sun is there in silence. The dun mountain-roes come down. On these are turned the eyes of Sul-malla in her thoughtful mood.

Fingal beholds Cathmor on high, the son of Borbar-duthul ; he beholds the deep-rolling of Erin on the darkened plain. He strikes

No joy to her was the battle;
The soul of the gentle one was not on blood.
A glenlet green extends before her[a]
Beneath a hill, of clearest stream;
The sun is on the stream in silence,
The deer come down from the heights:
On these were the maidenly eyes,[b]
Amid thoughts which stirred in her breast.

Fingal, seeing Erin's advance, orders his host to advance.

Fingal beheld on the height
Great Borbar Du-hul's valiant son:[c]
He saw (the host of) Erin pressing on,
In shadow of the wings of cairns.
He struck the boss, the sign of battle,
A warning to great hosts to yield,
When he sends before them his heroes
To a field whence renown will spring.
Many the spears which rose in the sun;
The sound of shields re-echoed round—
Fear did not, like a cloud, enfold
The dreadful gathering of the host.
He himself, the king, was by their side
In his matchless strength from far-off Selma.
Gladness shone around the hero;
His measured voice was heard with joy.

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that warning boss, which bids the people to obey, when he sends his chiefs before them to the field of renown. Wide rise their spears to the sun: their echoing shields reply around. Fear, like a vapour, winds not among the host, for HE, THE KING, is near, the strength of streamy Selma. Gladness brightens the hero. We hear his words with joy.

DUAN V.

"Mar imeachd na gaoith' air an stuaidh
Siol Shelma nam fuaim a' dol sìos;
Tha iadsan mar uisge o chruaich,
Nach caisgear 'am buaireadh a strì.
À so féin a ghluaiseas mo chliu.[a]
'Chur ainm dhomh as ùr o'n tìr;
Cha robh mi 'n am dhearrsa air chùl,
Bhur ceuman-se 'dlùthadh 'am dhéigh.
Cha robh mi féin mar chruth 'bha faoin,
A' dubhadh baoth 'n 'ur fianuis thall.
Cha bu thorrunn mo ghuth do làoich;
O mo shùilean cha 'taomadh am bàs.
N uair a thigeadh sliochd mòrchuis gun fheum,
Cha tuitcadh iad féin fo mo rosg;[b]
Fo dhì-chuimhn' 'an talla nan teud,
Mar dhubh-cheò o bheinn a' sìoladh.
Tha dealan ùr 'dol suas g'ur còir:
Cha lionmhor 'an còmhrag a cheuman;
Cha lionmhor; ach tha e gu còrr.
Cuntaibh an dubh-chiabh òg o éiginn;
Thugaibh air ais Fillean le sòlas.
'N a dhéigh so bi'dh 'chòmhrag 'n a aonar.
Tha 'dhealbhsan mar shinns're nan còrr ghnìomh;
Tha 'anam mar dhealan 'an cliu.
'Mhòr mhic Mhorni a' mhòr charbaid,
Biodh do cheuman a' falbh mu 'n òg;

[a] From these; Gael. "hence"—apparently referring to the mountain-streams to which the people are compared.

[b] Beneath my eye they did not come—i.e. he took no notice of them.

"Like the coming forth of winds is the sound of Selma's sons. They are mountain-waters determined in their course. Hence is Fingal renowned; hence is his name in other lands. He was not a lonely beam in danger, for your steps were always near. But never was Fingal a dreadful form in your presence darkened into wrath. My voice was no thunder to your ears; mine eyes sent forth no death.

DUAN V.

"Like the course of the wind on waves
Advances the race of sounding Selma—
Like water from the mountain steep,
Whose roaring rush cannot be stayed.
From these arises my renown;[a]
They ever send my name beyond my land:
I was not as a lonely light;
Your steps were close behind me.
Nor was I as an empty form,
Looming aimlessly before you;
My voice was not as thunder to (my) heroes,
Nor poured I death from my eyes
When the pithless race of pride drew near,
Beneath my eye they did not come:[b]
(They are) forgotten in the hall of harps,
Like sable mists which vanish from the Ben.
A new bright light now shines among you:[2]
His steps in battle are not many—
They are few; but he is brave.
Guard his young dark locks from harm;
Bring Fillan back with joy:
Hereafter he will fight alone.
His form is like his sires of doughty deeds;
His soul is burning for renown.
Great son of Morni of great chariots,
Let thy steps be nigh the youth;

After speaking of the renown they had secured to him in former days,

he appoints his young son Fillan now to lead them, and commends him to their care; more especially charges Gaul to direct him.

When the haughty appeared, I beheld them not. They were forgot at my feasts; like mist they melted away. A young beam is before you. Few are his paths to war; they are few, but he is valiant. Defend my dark-haired son. Bring Fillan back with joy; hereafter he may stand alone. His form is like his fathers; his soul is a flame of their fire. Son of car-borne Morni, move behind the youth.

DUAN V.

Biodh do ghlaodh 'n a chluais le garbh ghuth
O chearb 'us o fhalbhan a' chòmhraig.
Cha-n ann gun fhios tha feum do thriath *
Ard bhriseadh nan sgiath 'an còmh -strì."

Shìn an rìgh a cheum gun dàil
Gu àrd charraig chàthair Chormuil;
O àm gu àm bhuail dearrsa thall
A ghorm-sgiath nam ball 's na mòrchuis.
'N uair ghluaiseas mall àrd rìgh nan triath,
Tha 'shùil a' sealltuinn borb o 'thaobh
Mu shiubhal nan daoin' a' dùnadh.
Leth-liath a bha 'chiabhan 's a' ghaoith
M' a ghnùis nach robh faoin fo dhùbhra,
A thuar a' lasadh le sòlas fiar,
Misé 'dorchadh 's a' triall 'n a dhéigh.
A nis a thàinig Gall, an triath,
A sgiath bhallach air iall ri laoch;
Labhair e, 's e grad a' dol slos;
"Mhic Fionnghail, tog sgiath ri m' thaobh,
Tog àrd ri mo thaobh i, 'thréin;
Saoilidh naimhdean gur feum mo shleagh,
'S iad 'g a faicinn a' soills' ann am làimh.
Ma thuiteas mi, 'thréin, air chruaich,
Ceil, Oisein, an uaigh air an raon;
Cha-n imrich an làmh so a' chruaidh.

* The lines 98, 99 are very obscurely expressed in Gaelic. I understand them as meaning that strength or heroism without skill will not avail in battle. *Gu briseadh* in the beginning of the second line would make it much clearer.

Let thy voice reach his ear from the skirts of war. Not unobserved rolls battle before thee, breaker of the shields!"

The king strode at once away to Cormul's lofty rock. Intermitting darts the light from his shield as slow the king of heroes moves. Sidelong rolls his eye o'er the heath as forming advance the lines. Graceful fly his half-grey locks round his kingly features, now light-

Let thy shout come loudly to his ear
From the edge and the current of battle.
A hero without skill will not avail [a]
To break on high the shield in war."

Straightway stretched the king his step
To the high rock of the moor of Cormul;
From time to time light glanced across
On his blue, bossy, glorious shield.
As slowly moves the high king of chiefs,
His eye looks sternly around
On the march of the men as they close.
His grizzled locks were, on the wind,
About his face, dreadful in frown;
His colour brightened in stern joy:
I walked in gloom behind him.
Now came Gaul, the prince;
The hero's spotted shield hung by a thong;
He spoke as he quickly advanced:
"Son of Fingal, raise the shield to my side—
High raise it on my side, thou strong one;
The foe will deem my spear of use
As they see it shining in my hand.
Thou brave one, if I fall upon the hill,
Hide, Ossian, my grave on the field.
This hand is powerless to wield the steel;

Fingal withdraws, accompanied by Ossian.

Gaul, whose hand had been wounded in the previous battle, comes forward and asks Ossian to bind the shield to his side, and charges him, if he should fall, to conceal his tomb.

---

ened with dreadful joy. Wholly mighty is the chief! Behind him dark and slow I moved. Straight came forward the strength of Gaul: his shield hung loose on its thong. He spoke in haste to Ossian: "Bind, son of Fingal, this shield: bind it high to the side of Gaul! The foe may behold it, and think I lift the spear. If I should fall, let my tomb be hid in the field, for fall I must

DUAN V.

Na cluinnear orm luaidh 'tha faoin;
Na cluinneadh ainnir chaomh mi fèin,
'S i 'deargadh fo bheus a ciabhan.
'Fhillein, fo shùilean an rìgh
Na dì -chuimhn' dhuinn strì nam beum;
C' uim' a thigeadh na gaisgich o 'n fhrìth"
'Thoirt còbhair do raon a tha 'm feum?"
Leum an sonn 'an trom an t-sluaigh,
Sgiath bhallach à' fuaim rì 'thaobh.
Lean mo ghuth treun garbh-ghnìomh nam buadh
Troi' astar gu bualadh nan laoch.
"C' uim' a thuiteadh mac Mhorni 's an ùir
Gun aithris à chliu 'an Éirinn?
Tha gnìomhan nan gaisgeach air chùl,
Gun chuimhne, gun diù ri èirigh;
Tha 'n astar gun stoirm air an raon;
Cha cluinnear gu faoin an guth."
Mo shòlas mù cheumaibh an triath,
Mo thriall gu carraig an rìgh,
E 'suidhe 'an seachran a chiabh
'Measg gaoith nan càrn liath 's nam frìth.

Mar bhruachan dubh an sluagh ag aomadh
Gu 'chèile aig taomadh na Lùbair,
So Foldath mar chaol nial air beinn,

a Why should warriors, &c. The meaning of these two lines seems to be, that Gaul and Fillan should so acquit themselves as to render any reinforcement unnecessary.

without fame. Mine arm cannot lift the steel. Let not Evirchoma hear it, to blush between her locks. Fillan, the mighty behold us! Let us not forget the strife. Why should THEY come from their hills to aid our flying field?"

He strode onward with the sound of his shield. My voice pursued him as he went. "Can the son of Morni fall without his

DUAN V.

Let no vain praise of me be heard;
Let (my) gentle wife hear nought of me
To make her blush amid her lovely locks.
Fillan, beneath the eyes of the king,
Forget we not the cleaving fray:
Why should warriors come from the wood[a]
To succour the field in straits?"
The hero sprang 'mid the thick of the host,
His bossy shield resounding on his side.
Followed my voice the brave of great and noble deeds
On his path to the conflict of warriors;
"Why should the son of Morni fall in dust
And his fame be unsung in Erin?
Forgotten are the deeds of heroes,
Their memory and their worth unknown:[3]
Their path is silent on the field;
No whisper of their voice is heard."
I joyed in the steps of the prince;
I strode to the rock of the king;
He sat amid his wandering locks,
In the wind of hoary cairns and woods.

Gaul then addresses Fillan, and both hasten on to the battle.

Ossian moralises on the fleeting fame which follows the fallen warrior.

Like black ridges bend the hosts
Towards each other at the flow of Lubar:
Here Folda, like a towering cloud on the hill;

Folda and Fillan stand opposite. The charge of the two hosts

fame in Erin? But the deeds of the mighty are forgot by themselves. They rush careless over the fields of renown; their words are never heard." I rejoiced over the steps of the chief. I strode to the rock of the king, where he sat, in his wandering locks, amid the mountain-wind.

In two dark ridges bend the hosts toward each other at Lubar.

DUAN V.

Òg Fhillean a' dealradh o dhùbhra :
Gach aon fhear le 'shleagh ànns an t-sruth
A' taomadh a ghuth fo gharbh chòmhrag.
Bhuail Gall copan Shelma nam fuaim ;
Thuit an sluagh 'an ordadal a' bhlàir.
Mar a thaomas dà alld o chruaich,
(Bha cruaidh air chruaidh a' dealradh thall),[a]
Dà alld 'thig o 'n aonach le fuaim ;
O dhà charraig ghruamaich nan càrn,
'S iad a' measgadh an geal chobhair shìos.
Faic -sa mac a' chliu air sliabh
E 'gearradh sìos àrd neart an t-sluaigh !
Tha 'm bàs air an osaig mu 'n triath,
Na gaisgich gu 'n trian gun bhuaidh[b]
Mu astar Fhillein 'an cruas blàir.

Ròthinar, sgiath chopach a shluaigh,
Aig dà charraig shuas fo bheuman ;
Dà dharaig fo ghaoith o stuaidh
An géugan m'a chruaidh a' leumadh.
Phlaoisg e 'shùilean dorcha thall
Ag iadhadh mall m'a chàirdean féin,
'S e 'feitheamh 'an sàmhchair rì Fillean.
Chunnaic an rìgh an còmhrag treun ;
Bha 'anam ag éirigh gun fhiamh.

[a] Steel glitters, &c. This line may possibly be intended to compare the glittering of the steel with the shining of the river. If not, it must be misplaced.

[b] Wholly overthrown ; lit. *entirely without victory.*

Here Foldath rises a pillar of darkness ; there brightens the youth of Fillan. Each, with his spear in the stream, sent forth the voice of war. Gaul struck the shield of Selma. At once they plunge in battle ! Steel pours its gleam on steel ; like the fall of streams shone the field when they mix their foam together from two dark-browed rocks. Behold he comes, the son of fame ! He lays the

(There) shines young Fillan amid darkness—
Each, with his spear in the river,
Poured forth his voice for conflict stern.
Struck Gaul the sounding boss of Selma;
The host rushed on to hardy fight.
As rush two rivers from on high
Steel glitters on steel afar[a]—
Two rivers which come sounding from the mountain,
From two frowning rocky cairns,
Mingling their white foam beneath.
Behold on the hill the son of renown
Hewing down the high strength of the host!
Death is on the blast around the chief;
Warriors are wholly overthrown,[b]
Round Fillan's path in the heat of battle.

compared to the rush of two rivers against each other.

A description of Fillan's victorious course.

Ro-mar, the bossy shield of his people,
Stood high beside two cloven rocks;
Two oak-trees, under wind from ocean,
Waved their branches round his steel.
He widely opened his dark eyes,
Slowly winding round his friends,
As in silence he waited for Fillan.
The king beheld the mighty combat,
And his soul arose without fear.

He kills Ro-mar.

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people low! Death sits on blasts around him! Warriors strew thy paths, O Fillan!

Rothmar, the shield of warriors, stood between two chinky rocks. Two oaks, which winds had bent from high, spread their branches on either side. He rolls his darkening eyes on Fillan, and, silent, shades his friends. Fingal saw the approaching fight. The hero's

DUAN V.

Mar thuiteas clach Lòda le fuaim
O iomall cruaiche nan druim àrd,
'N uair thogas taibhs' an talamh shuas,[a]
Thuit Ròthmar nan cruaidh sgiath air làr.

Teann air bha do cheuman, 'Chùilmhìn;
Thàinig òg nan ciabh ùr fo dheoir;
Ghearr e 'n osag le beuman o 'chùlaobh,[b]
Roimh mheasgadh 'an dealradh nan lann
Ri Fillean do nach gann a' bhuaidh.
Chuir e bogha fo thaifeid, réidh,
Le Ròthmar nan ceud sruth shuas;
Bha 'n comhara mu ruaidh 's a' bheinn,
'S gath gréin' a' leum thar cruaich.
C'uim', a mhic Chùil-àluinn nam beus,
C'uim', a Chùilmhìn gu treun dhearrsa?
Gath tein' e 'tha losgadh mu 'n cuairt;
Teich gu luath, a mhic Chùil-àluinn;
Cha bu choimeas 'ur n-aithrichean féin
Ann an còmh-stri nam beum air raon.

Tha màthair Chùilmhìn anns an talla,
A' sùil air gorm chlàraibh nan sruth;
Tha fiar ghaoth ag éirigh o fhairge
Ag iadhadh 's a' tarruing gu dubh

[a] "When a spirit upheaves the ground." We have here, as well as in Duan I. l. 295, an evident allusion to an earthquake.

[b] With swinging strokes; lit. *with strokes from his back.*

soul arose. But as the stone of Loda falls, shook at once from rocking Druman-ard, when spirits heave the earth in their wrath, so fell blue-shielded Rothmar.

Near are the steps of Culmin. The youth came, bursting into tears. Wrathful, he cut the wind ere yet he mixed his strokes with Fillan. He had first bent the bow with Rothmar at the rock of

As the stone of Loda falls with noise
From the edge of a peak of lofty ridge,
When a spirit upheaves the ground,[a]
Fell Ro-mar of hard shields to earth.

He next kills Culmeen, son of Cul-alin,

Near him were thy steps, Culmeen;
The soft-haired youth came on in tears.:
With swinging strokes he cleft the blast,[b]
Ere mixing in the flash of blades
With Fillan of many conquests.
He had stretched the smooth bow-string
With Ro-mar on the hill of hundred streams;
They marked the red deer on the Ben,
When the sunbeam leaped across the peaks.
Wherefore, son of mild Cul-alin;
Why, Culmeen, approach a light so strong?
A fire-beam he, consuming all around.
Quickly flee, thou son of Cul-alin;
Far unlike were your fathers
On the field in strife of cleaving blows.

whose mother sees his spirit. His dogs begin to howl, and the shield which he left at home is

The mother of Culmeen is in the house,
Her eye on the blue expanse of waters;
A whirlwind rises from the sea,
Eddying and changing to black

his own blue streams. There they had marked the place of the roe as the sunbeam flew over the fern. Why, son of Cul-allin! why, Culmin, dost thou rush on that beam of light? It is a fire that consumes. Son of Cul-allin, retire. Your fathers were not equal in the glittering strife of the field. The mother of Culmin remains in the hall; she looks forth on blue-rolling Strutha. A whirlwind

DUAN V.

Mu chruth 'us mu thaibhs' a mic;
Tha donnal 'chon 'n an àite féin,
A sgiath gun fheum 's an talla 'm fuil.
"'N do thuit thu, a mhòr thi 'bha treun
'An còmhrag nam beud 'an Éirinn!"

Mar ruadhaig fo iuthaidh gu dìomhair
Sìnte sìos m' a sruthanaibh féin;
Chi sealgair an luighean gun fheum [a]
Bi 'dh cuimhne a ceum 'n a chliabh:
Mar sin a shìnear mac Chùil-àluinn
Fo shùilean an t-sàir air sliabh,
Bàrr a chiabh' 'an sruthan caol,
Fuil a' briseadh air aomadh a sgéith'.
Bha 'làmh 's an àm air lann gun bheud,
A' chruaidh a thréig an treun 'an cunnart.
"Thuit thu," thuirt Fillean, 's e brònach,
"Mu-n cualas air chòir do chliu.
Chuir d'athair air feachd thu le còmhrag;
Tha 'bharail gu-n cluinn e as-ùr
Do ghnìomhan a' dlùthadh m'a chluais.
Tha e liath aig a shruthan féin;
Tha 'shùil air Moiléna nan slan;
Ach cha till thu gu sìorruidh, a thréin,
Le faoibh o do cheud naimhdean."

[a] The sinewy limb now stiff. *Luighean*, which I cannot find in any Gaelic dictionary, is still in common use to denote the *fetlock* of a deer or cow, (if the term may be applied to them) —from *lùgha*, a "joint" or "hinge;" thence "suppleness." It means the most supple or sinewy part of the leg. "Stiff;" literally, "useless."

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rises on the stream dark-eddying round the ghost of her son. His dogs are howling in their place. His shield is bloody in the hall. "Art thou fallen, my fair-haired son, in Erin's dismal war?"

As a roe, pierced in secret, lies panting by her wonted streams, the hunter surveys her feet of wind. He remembers her stately bounding before. So lay the son of Cul-allin beneath the eye of

Around the form and ghost of her son;
His dogs are howling in their place;
His idle shield is bloody in the hall: [4]
"Hast thou fallen, great one, and brave,
In the direful war of Erin?"

covered with blood.

As an arrow-stricken deer alone
Stretched by the stream which was its own,
(The hunter sees the sinewy limb (now) stiff; [a]
The memory of its speed is in his breast)—
So lay stretched Cul-alin's son
Upon the hill beneath the hero's eye—
His locks dipped in a narrow stream,
Blood welled over his slanting shield.
His hand was still on his useless sword,
The steel which failed the hero at his need.
"Thou hast fallen," said Fillan, in sorrow,
"Before thy praise was duly heard.
Thy father sent thee to the warring host;
He thinks that he will hear from time to time
Thy deeds come crowding to his ear.
Grey-haired by the side of his streams,
He looks to Moi-Lena of storms;
But thou shalt not return, O hero!
With spoils from thy earliest foes."

He is compared to a deer killed by the hunter.

Fillan addresses him in sorrow, and pictures his aged father waiting to hear of his distinguished deeds.

Fillan. His hair is rolled in a little stream; his blood wanders on his shield. Still his hand holds the sword that failed him in the midst of danger. "Thou art fallen," said Fillan, "ere yet thy fame was heard. Thy father sent thee to war; he expects to hear of thy deeds. He is grey, perhaps, at his streams. His eyes are toward Moi-lena. But thou shalt not return with the spoil of the fallen foe!"

DUAN V.

Thaom Fillean an ruaig thar Éirinn,
Es' a' leantuinn tro' threun fhuaim an raoin.
Ach triath air thriath thuit Mòrbheinn sìos
Fo dhubh fheirg gun chéill Fholdaith,
Fada thall air slios nan sliabh
Le tuille 's trian de chòmhrag.
Sheas Diarmad an àigh fo ghruaim,
Siol Shelma mu 'n cuairt a' taomadh.
Bhris Foldath a sgiath fo 'lann ;
Theich a shluagh gu mall air sliabh.

An sin thuirt an nàmhaid le mòrchuis,
"Theich iadsan, 'us thòisich mo chliu ;
A Mhalthois, gu Cathmor nam mòr ghnìomh,
Cuireadh faire air mòr thuinn a' chuain ;
Air talamh tuitidh nàmhaid treun ;
Mu lochan fo bheinn bi' dh 'uaigh ;
Cha-n' éirich fonn mharbh-rann da féin ;
Bithidh 'thannas gun fheum fo ghruaim
'An ceò mu lòn cuilceach a' chàthair."
Chuala Malthos 'an smuaintean ciar,
A dhearg shùil 'cur sìos 'us sàmhach ;
Maith 'aithne air mòrchuis an triath' ;
Chuir e 'shealladh mu 'n rìgh air àrd bheinn ;
Thionndaidh e 'an dorchadh a chléibh
'Us bhuail an treun a lann 'an còmhrag.

Fillan pours the flight of Erin before him over the resounding heath. But man on man fell Morven before the dark-red rage of Foldath ; for, far on the field, he poured the roar of half his tribes. Dermid stands before him in wrath ; the sons of Selma gathered around. But his shield is cleft by Foldath ; his people fly over the heath.

Then said the foe in his pride, "They have fled ; my fame be-

DUAN V.

On the other wing of batle Folda is victorious, slaying chief after chief of Fingal's followers.

Over Erin Fillan poured the rout,
And pursued through the loud-sounding field.
But chief by chief fell Morven down
Before the black mad wrath of Folda,
Far away on the side of the hill,
With more than a third of the host.
The gracious Dermid stood in gloom;
The race of Selma gathered round.
Folda had broken his shield with his spear;
His people slowly fled the field.

Dermid, son of Duno, is stripped of his shield, and wounded. His followers take to flight.

Folda exults in his victory, and orders Malhos to charge Ca-mor to guard the sea, lest any of the enemy should escape.

Then said the enemy in pride:
"They have fled—my fame begins.
Malhos, speed to Ca-mor of mighty deeds;
Let him watch the great waves of ocean:
The mighty foe shall fall to earth;
By a loch beneath the Ben shall be his grave;
No sound of death-song shall be raised for him;
His spirit, feeble and gloomy, shall dwell
In mist by the reedy marsh of the moor."

Malhos, knowing his vain-glory, listens, and returns to the battle.

Malhos heard in darkening thought,
His red eye bent down and silent;
Well did he know the pride of the chief:
He looked to the king on the high hill;
He turned amid the darkening of his breast,
And the strong one plied his blade in battle.

gins! Go, Malthos, go bid Cathmor guard the dark rolling of ocean, that Fingal may not escape from my sword. He must lie on earth. Beside some fen shall his tomb be seen; it shall rise without a song. His ghost shall hover in mist over the reedy pool."

Malthos heard with darkening doubt; he rolled his silent eyes. He knew the pride of Foldath. He looked up to Fingal on his hills; then darkly turning, in doubtful mood, he plunged his sword in war.

DUAN V.

'An caol ghleannan Chlòna fo dhubh
Tha aomadh dhà chraoibh thar an t-sruth;
An sin sheas sàmhach 'am bròn
Sìol Dhùthno nan còmhrag còrr;[a]
Fuil a' taomadh 's ag iadhadh m'a thaobh,
A sgiath sgoilt' 'us briste air raon.
Ri carraig sheas a shleagh mhòr.
C'uim', a Dhiarmaid, cho dubhach do bhròn?
"Tha mi 'cluinntinn garbh fhuaim a' chòmhraig
Mo chàirdean air chòmhnard leò féin,
Mo cheuman gu mall, air a' mhòr mhagh,
Sgiath bhriste 'an còmh-stri gun fheum.
Am bi esan a ghnàth fo bhuaidh?
Bithidh Diarmad 's an uaigh le cliu.
Seal mu-n éirich an dùbhra suas,
Gairmidh mi thusa gu còmhrag,
'Us tachram ri mòrchuis Fholdaith."

Ghlac e 'shleagh le sòlas ciar,
Mac Mhorni an triath g'a thaobh.
"'Mhic Dhùthno, caisg-sa do luath's;
Tha do cheuman gun tuar fo fhuil;[b]
Cha leatsa garbh chopan do sgéith;
C'uim' a thuiteadh an triath gun airm?"
"'Shìol Mhorni, dhomhsa do sgiath;
Is tric a dh'aom i slos 'an còmhrag:

[a] Famed in war; lit. *of remarkable battles.*

[b] Thy feeble steps are marked with blood; lit. *thy colourless steps are under blood. Gun tuar*, "without colour" (sometimes "without protection") frequently means the weakness of which pallor or wanness is the index.

In Clono's narrow vale, where bend two trees above the stream, dark in his grief stood Duthno's silent son. The blood pours from the side of Dermid. His shield is broken near; his spear leans against a stone. Why, Dermid, why so sad? "I hear the roar of battle. My people are alone; my steps are slow on the heath, and no shield is mine. Shall he then prevail? It is, then, after

DUAN V.

Dermid, after withdrawing from the field, enraged at seeing Folda's progress, resolves to meet him in single combat.

In the narrow dark glenlet of Clona
Two trees lean over the stream;
There, silent in sorrow, stood
The son of Duno, famed in war,[a]
Blood pouring and wandering o'er his side.
His shield was cleft and broken on the plain;
His great spear leaned against a rock.
Why, Dermid, is thy grief so dark?
"I hear the noisy din of battle;
My friends are on the plain alone;
My steps are slow on the great field:
My shield is broken in bootless fight.
Shall he for ever conquer?
Dermid shall (first) be in the grave, renowned.
Ere yet the darkness will rise
I will summon thee to conflict,
And encounter the pride of Folda."

Gaul, son of Morni, approaching him, reminds him of his wounds, and of his being without a shield.

He seized his spear in gloomy joy;
Morni's son, the chief, (was) by his side:
"Son of Duno, check thy speed;
Thy feeble steps are marked with blood;
Thou art without thy great and bossy shield;
Why should the hero fall unarmed?"

He asks for the shield of Gaul.

"Son of Morni, give me thy shield;
Oft has it swept on in battle:

Dermid is low! I will call thee forth, O Foldath! and meet thee yet in fight."

He took his spear with dreadful joy. The son of Morni came. "Stay, son of Duthno, stay thy speed; thy steps are marked with blood. No bossy shield is thine. Why shouldst thou fall unarmed?" "Son of Morni, give thou thy shield! It has often

DUAN V.

Caisgidh mi 'shiubhal air sliabh.
'Shìol Mhorni, faic clach air chòmhnard;
Clach a thog a liath cheann suas
Troi' 'n fheur a tha 'fuaim 'an gaoith:
Tha treun de mo chinneadh 's an uaigh;
Taisg an sin mi suas 's an oidhche."

Ghluais e gu mall air a' chrùaich;
Chunnaic e fo bhuaireadh an raon,
Garbh dhearrsa a' chòmhraig 'dol suas
Briseadh mu 'n cuairt da gu claon.
Mar lasair 'an oidhche 's a' ghleann,
Ag éirigh fada thall 's an fhraoch,
Anis a' mùchadh fo mhùig a ceann,
Anis a' togail a dearg shruth baoth
'An àm éirigh 'us aomaidh nan gaoth:
Mar sin féin a thachair còmhrag
Sùilean Dhiarmaid na mòr sgéith'.
Roimh shluagh bha ceuman mòr an Fholdaith
Mar chiar luing air faobhar nan stuadh,
'N uair a ghluaiseas i mach o dhà Innis
Dol air 'aghart 's a' tilleadh air chuan
Measg buairidh an fhuar gharbh ré.

Chunnaic Diarmad le feirg a thriall;
Chuir e suas gu 'thrian a neart;

---

rolled back the war. I shall stop the chief in his course. Son of Morni, behold that stone! It lifts its grey head through grass. There dwells a chief of the race of Dermid. Place me there in night."

He slowly rose against the hill. He saw the troubled field: the gleaming ridges of battle disjoined and broken round. As distant fires on heath by night now seem as lost in smoke, now rearing

DUAN V.

I will check his course on the hill.
Morni's son, behold on the plain a stone—
A stone which has raised its hoary head
Through the grass which shrills in the wind:
A hero of my kin is in the grave;
There do thou lay me down in night."

and points to a stone by which he wishes to be buried.

Slowly he moved on the hill;
He saw the turmoil of the field,
The strong flashing of the fight uprising,
Sparkling and whirling around him.
Like a flame at night in the glen,
Rising afar amid the heather,
Now stifling its head in smoke,
Now raising its red mad stream
As rise or fail the winds—
Even thus the conflict met
The eyes of Dermid of broad shield.

He goes forward and sees the battle, which is compared to a fire at night, now hid in smoke, now shooting upwards its flames.

Before his host were the great strides of Folda,
Like a dark ship on the ridge of billows
When she sails between two lands,
Going forward and backward on the sea
Amid the tempest of a cold and stormy moon.

He sees Folda rushing hither and thither, like a ship tacking against a storm in a narrow sea.

Dermid, wrathful, beheld his course;
He rallied his utmost strength;

He sounded a horn to challenge

their red streams on the hill, as blow or cease the winds, so met the intermitting war the eye of broad-shielded Dermid. Through the host are the strides of Foldath, like some dark ship on wintry waves, when she issues from between two isles to sport on resounding ocean.

Dermid with rage beholds his course. He strives to rush along;

DUAN V.

Ach thréig a cheuman air sliabh ;
Thuit deuran o threun nam feart.
Chuir e stoc 'athar fo fhuaim ;
Bhuail e tri chuairt a mhòr sgiath ;
Tri chuairt ghairm e ceann an t-sluaigh :
Chuala Foldath e shuas, an triath,
'Measg gàire 'us fuaim a' chòmhraig,
Chunnaic Foldath le sòlas an treun ;
Thog e suas gu feum a shleagh,
'Us i nighte gu 'leth 'am fuil.
Mar charraig a's ruadh shruthan claon
A' taomadh dearg le 'taobh 'an stoirm ;
Mar sin fo sheachran fala 'n laoch,
Ciar cheannard nan daoine fo airm.
Air gach taobh a dh'aom an sluagh[a]
O chòmh -stri gu buaidh an dà rìgh.
Thog mar aon am faobhair suas—
Ghrad thàinig 'an cruaidh na Selma
Fillean o iomall an t-sluaigh.
Tri ceuman air ais dh'aom Foldath
O 'n dearrsa 'bhuail claon a shùilean,
A thàinig mar dhealan o nial,
'Chur dìon air triath 'bha fo leòn.
Sheas e 's e 'fàs suas 'am mòrchuis
'Gairm uile gu còmhrag a chruaidhe.

[a] On either side, &c.; lit. *the host bent from combat to the victory of the two kings*—the two kings here being Dermid and Folda.

but he fails amid his steps, and the big tear comes down. He sounds his father's horn; he thrice strikes his bossy shield; he calls thrice the name of Foldath from his roaring tribes. Foldath, with joy, beholds the chief; he lifts aloft his bloody spear. As a rock is marked with streams that fell troubled down its side in a storm, so, streaked with wandering blood, is the dark chief of Moma!

DUAN V.

His steps forsake him on the hill;
Tears fell from the matchless hero.
He sounded the horn of his father;
Thrice struck he his ample shield;
Thrice called he the head of the host.
Folda the prince heard him on high,
Amid the roar and shouting of the fight—
Folda with joy beheld the hero;
He raised his spear aloft to smite,
Bathed to its half in blood.
Like a rock with turbid straying rills,
Red-pouring down its side in storm,
So was the hero (streaked) with wandering blood—
Dark leader of the embattled host.
On either side the host withdrew
To behold the struggle of the kings.
As one they raised their blades on high.
Quickly came, in the steel of Selma,
Fillan from the flank of the host.
Three paces backward started Folda
From the gleam that struck his eyes aslant,
Which came as lightning from a cloud,
To guard a hero under wounds.
He stood towering upwards in pride,
(And) challenged all to prove his steel.

Folda, who advances against him with joy.

Meantime Fillan rushes forward to save his wounded friend.

Folda for a moment starts back at his appearance.

The host on either side withdraw from the contending of kings. They raise at once their gleaming points. Rushing comes Fillan of Selma. Three paces back Foldath withdraws, dazzled with that beam of light, which came as issuing from a cloud, to save the wounded chief. Growing in his pride he stands. He calls forth all his steel.

DUAN V.

Mar thachras air sgiathan leathann treun
Dà iolair air éiginn 'an gaoith
A' strì air an itibh gu léir,
Ghluais grad gu beud an dà shaoi.
Mu seach tha ceuman nan rìgh
Air aghart gu strì o 'n dà chruaich ;
Bha 'n còmhrag a' ciaradh 'dol sìos
Air an lannaibh fo chlì nam buadh.
Bha sòlas nan treun ann ad chliabh,
A Chathmhoir air faobhar nan sliabh,
An sòlas 'tha dìomhair a ghnàth
'N àm éirigh cunnairt nan sàr.
Cha do lùb a shùilean mu shliabh ;
Bha 'shealladh ag iadhadh gu h-àrd
Mu rìgh Shelma a b' àilghiosaich' tuar.
Chunnaic e a ghluasad air Mòra
'Am mòrchuis a chòrr-arma.

Thuit Foldath gu mall air a sgéith,
Sleagh Fhillein tro' thriath gu làr :
Cha do choimhid an t-òig-fhear gu 'thrian
'Cur roimhe nan ceudan 's a' bhlàr.
Ghluais suas da ceud guth a' bhàis—
"'Mhic Fhionnghail bi mall 'an triall.
Nach fhaic thu cruth àillidh 'tha thall,
Dubh chomhara mharbh air sliabh ?

As meet two broad-winged eagles in their sounding strife in winds, so rush the two chiefs on Moi-lena into gloomy fight. By turns are the steps of the kings forward on their rocks above, for now the dusky war seems to descend on their swords. Cathmor feels the joy of warriors on his mossy hill : their joy in secret when dangers rise to match their souls. His eye is not turned on Lubar,

They engage like two eagles in the sky, and both Ca-mor and Fingal behold the conflict with the joy of warriors.

As meet on broad and powerful wings
Two eagles which defy the wind,
Striving with their every pinion,
So the two chiefs to battle straightway rushed.
The steps of the kings by turns
Advance to (see) the combat from their hills;
Battle was darkening downwards
On their strong and conquering swords.
The heroes' joy was in thy breast,
Ca-mor, on the mountain's brow—
The secret gladness ever felt
By warriors in the hour of danger.
His eye bent not to the field;
His glance was turned on high
To Selma's king of exulting mien.
He saw him moving on Mora
In the pride of his surpassing arms.

Folda falls, pierced through and through. Fillan hastens on to other conquests; but is warned by the "voices of death" not to approach Ca-mor.

Folda fell slowly over his shield;
The spear of Fillan pierced him to the earth:
Not for a moment gazed the youth;
He routed hundreds in the fight.
Death's hundred voices, rising round him, (said):
"Fingal's son, be wary in thy step.
Seest thou not the stately form before thee—
Death's dark signal on the hill?

but on Selma's dreadful king. He beholds him on Mora rising in his arms.

Foldath falls on his shield. The spear of Fillan pierced the king. Nor looks the youth on the fallen, but onward rolls the war. The hundred voices of death arise. "Stay, son of Fingal, stay thy speed! Beholdest thou not that gleaming form, a dreadful sign of

DUAN V.

Na dùisg-sà righ Eirinn as-ùr,
'Mhic Chlatho nan sùilean gorma."

Chunnaic Malthos am Foldath air làr
'Us dhorchaich an sàr mu 'n triath:
Ghluais gàmhlas o 'anam gu bàrr,[a]
Mar charraig 'am fàsach nan sliabh,
Air an iadhadh gu dubh sruth nan slàn,
'N uair a dh'imicheas sìos ceò mall,
Na crannan a' seacadh gu 'n trian,
Fo osagaibh ciar-dhubh nan càrn.

Labhair e ri triath fo bhàs,
A' foighneachadh o shàr m'a uaigh:
"An éirich do liath chlach 'an Ullin,
No air Mòma nan iomadh coill',
Anns an coimhead an solus gu dìomhair
Air gorm-shruth Dhalriabhaich nan càrn?
An sin tha ceuman mall na h-òigh',
Do nighean chòrr nan gorm-shùl, Léna."

"An cuimhne dhuit is', a thriath?
Gun mhac dhomh ag iadhadh a'm dhéigh,
Gun òg dhomh gu còmhrag air sliabh;
Gu mise a dhìoladh, a thréin!
A Mhalthois, chaidh mo dhìoladh féin;

[a] Vengeance wholly fled his soul; lit. *fled from his soul to its point.*

death? Awaken not the king of Erin. Return, son of blue-eyed Clatho."

Malthos beholds Foldath low. He darkly stands above the chief. Hatred is rolled from his soul. He seems a rock in a desert, on whose dark side are the trickling of waters, when the slow-sailing mist has left it, and all its trees are blasted with winds. He spoke

Rouse not Erin's king anew,
Thou son of Clatho the blue-eyed!"

Malthos saw Folda on the ground,
He stood in darkness by the chief:
Vengeance wholly fled his soul,*
(He seems) a rock in a desert moor
On which the rush of storms pours dark
When the slow mist downward falls,
(And) the trees are wholly blighted
By dark-brown blasts from cairns.

Malthos, seeing Folda on the ground, generously forgets their old enmity, and goes to his aid.

He spoke to the dying prince,
Questioning the warrior of his tomb:
"Shall thy grey stone rise in Ullin?
Or in Moma of many woods,
Where the light will look in secret
On the blue stream of Dal-ri-ach of cairns?
There are the staid steps of the maiden—
Thy fair daughter, Lena of blue eyes."

Seeing that he was dying, he asks whether he wished to be buried in Ullin, where he fell, or in Moma, his native place, where his daughter Lena was awaiting his return.

"Dost thou remember her, O chief?
I have no son to cling around me;
No youth to battle on the hill,
For avenging me, thou brave one!
Malthos, I am in truth avenged;

Folda regrets that he leaves no son to avenge him; but says that he is already avenged in the number he has slain;

to the dying hero about the narrow house. "Whether shall thy grey stone rise in Ullin or in Moma's woody land, where the sun looks in secret on the blue streams of Dal-rutho? There are the steps of thy daughter, blue-eyed Dardu-lena!"

"Rememberest thou her," said Foldath, "because no son is mine; no youth to roll the battle before him in revenge of me? Malthos,

DUAN V.

Cha robh mise, a thréin, 'an sìth ;
Tog naigh do na mharbh mi 's a' bheinn
Mu 'n cuairt do thigh caol gun bhrigh.
Is trie a thig mi sìos gu luath
O osaig gu uaighean mo naimhdean,
'N uair chi mi iad a' sgaoileadh shuas
Feur fada fo ghluasad nan gaoth."

Ghreas 'anam à null le fuaim
Gu caol ghleann fo chruachan Mhòma ;
Thàinig e 'an aisling gun tuar
Gu dearrsa Léna a' stuaim-chòmhraidh',
'S i 'cadal mu shruth 'an Dalruaidh
Air tilleadh o ruaig nam fiadh.
Bha bogha caoin ri taobh na h-òigh
Gun taifeid, na h-osagan tlàth a' snàmh
Mu 'h-uchd bàn le 'ciabhan :
Fo éideadh na h-àille 'an òige
Shìn air talamh òigh chòrr nan triath.
Dubh-aomadh o chearbailbh nan cruach
Thàinig Foldath gun tuar 'am fuil ;
Chunnaic is' e air uairibh o stuaidh,
E 'g a cheileadh air uairibh 'an ceò.
A' briseadh fo reachd na deoir
Bha 'fios mu thriath mòr air làr,
Dh'ìse bha 'n-dearrsa 'bu chòrr [a]

[a] On her shone calmest light, &c.—*i. e.* however fierce to others, he was always affectionate to her.

I am revenged. I was not peaceful in the field. Raise the tombs of those I have slain around my narrow house. Often shall I forsake the blast to rejoice above their graves, when I behold them spread around with their long whistling grass."

His soul rushed to the vale of Moma, to Dardu-lena's dreams, where she slept by Dal-ratho's stream, returning from the chase of

DUAN V.

charges Malhos to build tombs to them, and says that he will oft and speedily come from the cloud in order to see the grass waving over them.

His fierce spirit passed away with noise.

He appears to his daughter Lena as she sleeps on the hill.

She mourns his fall, for to her he was always gentle.

Not peaceful have I been, thou hero:
Build tombs to all I have slain on the hill
Around the narrow cheerless house.
Oft shall I swiftly come down
From the blast to the graves of my foes,
When I see them displaying on high
Their long grass waving in the wind."

Hastened his soul away in noise
To the narrow glen by the peaks of Moma.
Wan, he came in a dream
To the eyes of Lena of gentle speech,
As she slept by the streams of Dalrua,
Returning from chase of the deer.
By the maiden's side was her polished bow,
Unstrung, the soft breezes swimming
Over her white bosom and her locks:
In robe of beauty and of youth
The peerless maid of chiefs lay on the ground.
Darkly bending from the brow of hills
Came Folda, pallid and in blood:
She saw him at times on a cloud;
He hid himself at times in mist.
Her sobs and tears broke forth,
As she knew that the mighty chief was low.
On her shone calmest light"

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the hinds. Her bow is near the maid, unstrung. The breezes fold her long hair on her breasts. Clothed in the beauty of youth, the love of heroes lay. Dark-bending from the skirts of the wood her wounded father seemed to come. He appeared at times, then hid himself in mist. Bursting into tears, she rose; she knew that the chief was low. To her came a beam from his soul when folded in

DUAN V.

O 'anam 'an uair bu mhòr stoirm.
Bha thusa mu dheireadh air chùl,
A Dhearrsa-Léna nan sùl gorm.

Garbh-chearbach o fhuaim shruthan Lùbair
Theich Bolga gu cùlaobh nan sliabh;
Bha Fillean m' an ceuman a' dlùthadh;
Air an fhraoch chuir e dùbhra bàis.
Bha sòlas àrd Fhionnghail m'a mhac.
Ghluais Cathmor fo thlachd nan gorm sgiath.

Tréig, a Chlatho nan gorm shùl,
Tréig-sa talla nan ùr theud;[a]
Faic dearrsa 'tha 'dealradh gu 'chùl;
'Tha 'seacadh nan sluagh m'a cheum.
Na coimhead na 's fhaide 's e dorch';
Gu h-eutrom o chaol-mheadhon clàrsaich
Buaileadh òighe nan sàr àm fuaim;
Cha shealgair 'tha 'teurnadh o'n fhàsach,
O dhealta air càrnaibh nan ruadh;
'Cha chròm e am bogha air gaoith;
Cha chaill e 'liath iuthaidh air magh.

Fada shìos 'an dearg a' chòmhraig,
Faic còmh-stri gu dòmhail r'a thaobh

[a] Tuneful strings: lit. *fresh* or *new strings*.

its storms. Thou wert the last of his race, O blue-eyed Dardu-lena!

Widespreading over echoing Lubar, the flight of Bolga is rolled along. Fillan hangs forward on their steps; he strews with dead the heath. Fingal rejoices over his son. Blue-shielded Cathmor rose.

Son of Alpin, bring the harp! Give Fillan's praise to the wind. Raise high his praise in mine ear, while yet he shines in war.

From his soul at the height of the storm.
At length thou art left alone,
Dersa-Lena of blue eyes.

The Bolgi are utterly routed by Fillan.

Wide-scattered from the noisy streams of Lubar,
Bolga fled behind the hills:
Fillan was pressing on their steps;
He cast the shadow of death on the heath.
High was the joy of Fingal in his son.
Rose Ca-mor who joyed in blue shields.

Ossian calls upon Clatho, the mother of Fillan, to behold the valour of her son, but dimly warns her of approaching disaster.

Leave, O Clatho of blue eyes!
Leave the hall of tuneful strings;[a]
Behold a light exceeding bright,
Scorching the host along its path.
No longer look, since it is dark;
Lightly from the slender waist of the harp
Let noble maidens strike the sound!
No hunter he coming down from the forest,
From the dews on the heights of red deer;
He will not bend a bow in the wind,
Nor shoot a grey arrow on the field.

He further describes the havoc made

Far down in the heat of the conflict,
Behold the battle thicken around him:

Leave, blue-eyed Clatho, leave thy hall! Behold that early beam of thine! The host is withered in its course. No further look—it is dark. Light-trembling from the harp, strike, virgins, strike the sound! No hunter he descends from the dewy haunt of the bounding roe. He bends not his bow on the wind, nor sends his grey arrow abroad.

Deep-folded in red war, see battle roll against his side.

DUAN V.

Ag imeachd 'an iadhadh na strì,
Bàs mhìltean a' dìreadh m'a lann.
Tha Fillean mar thannas nan speur,
A theurnas treun o chearb nan slàn;
Tha 'n fhairge 'am bruaillein fo 'cheum
'Us e 'leum' o thonn gu tonn;
Tha 'astar a' lasadh 'n a dhéigh;
Crathaidh innisean an ceud cheann
Air cuan ag éirigh gun bhéus thall.

Tréig a Chlatho nan gorm shùl,
Tréig-sa talla nan ùr theud.

Striding amid the ridgy strife, he pours the deaths of thousands forth. Fillan is like a spirit of heaven that descends from the skirt of winds. The troubled ocean feels his steps as he strides

DUAN V.

He strides through the eddies of the fight,
The death of thousands rises round his blade.
Fillan is as a spirit of the skies,
Descending in strength from the skirt of storms;
The sea is troubled beneath his steps
As he bounds from wave to wave;
His path is blazing behind him;
A hundred islands shake their heads
On sea wild-heaving around.

by Fillan, comparing him to the spirit of the storm.

Leave, O Clatho of blue eyes!
Leave thou the hall of tuneful strings.

He again addresses Clatho.

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from wave to wave. His path kindles behind him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas. Leave, blue-eyed Clatho, leave thy hall!

DUAN VI.

ARGUMENT.

"This book opens with a speech of Fingal, who sees Cathmor descending to the assistance of his flying army. The king despatches Ossian to the relief of Fillan. He himself retires behind the rock of Cormul to avoid the sight of the engagement between his son and Cathmor. Ossian advances. The descent of Cathmor described. He rallies the army, renews the battle, and, before Ossian could arrive, engages Fillan himself. Upon the approach of Ossian the combat between the two heroes ceases. Ossian and Cathmor prepare to fight, but night coming on prevents them. Ossian returns to the place where Cathmor and Fillan fought. He finds Fillan mortally wounded and leaning against a rock. Their discourse. Fillan dies: his body is laid by Ossian in a neighbouring cave. The Caledonian army return to Fingal. He questions them about his son, and, understanding that he was killed, retires in silence to the rock of Cormul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Firbolg advance. Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the shield of Fillan before the entrance of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns in a melancholy mood to his army. Malthos endeavours to comfort him by the example of his father Borbar-duthal. Cathmor retires to rest. The song of Sul-malla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem."—M.

DUAN VI.

"Tha Cathmor àg éirigh 's a' chàrn ;
'N glac Fionnghal an lann o Lùno ?
Ciod a thigeadh do d' chliu-sa 's an àm,
'Mhic Chlatho 'n uchd bhàin 's nan sùl gorm ?
Na tionndaidh do rosgan uam féin,
A nighean nan treun Innisthorc :
Cha chaisg mi do dhearrsa, 'dheò-gréine,
Tha 'dealradh air m'anam an nochd.
Éireadh coille chearbach o Mhùra,
Éireadh eadar còmhrag 's mi féin.
C'uim' a chitheam an strì so air chòmhnard.
Eagal tuiteam do 'n dubh-chiabhach threun.
Am measg nam fonn, a Charuill, taom
Àrd fhuaim nach 'eil faoin o chlàrsaich.
An so tha guth carraig 'tha caoin,
Liath shiubhal shruth baoth o fhàsach.
'Athair Oscair, tog-sa do shleagh ;
Dìon air magh glan òg nan arma :
Ceil do cheuman o Fhillean 's an uair,

"Cathmor rises on his hill! Shall Fingal take the sword of Luno? But what should become of thy fame, son of white-bosomed Clatho? Turn not thine eyes from Fingal, fair daughter of Inistore. I shall not quench thy early beam; it shines along my soul. Rise, wood-skirted Mora, rise between the war and me! Why

DUAN VI.

Fingal speaks on seeing Ca-mor descending to the assistance of his retreating army.

"Ca-mor rises on the rocky height;
Shall Fingal grasp the sword of Luno?
What would then become of thy renown,
Son of white-bosomed blue-eyed Clatho?
Turn not thine eyes away from me,
Daughter of the brave of Innistore:
I will not quench thy light, thou sunbeam,
Which shines to-night on my soul.
Let the scattered wood of Mora rise—
Rise between me and the battle.
Why should I see this combat on the field,
Where the dark-haired hero may fall?
Amidst the songs pour forth, O Carul!
From the harps a loud and stirring strain.
Here is the soothing voice of the rock,
The hoary rush of headlong streams from the waste.
Father of Oscar, lift thy spear;
Ward the bright young warrior on the field:
Meanwhile conceal thy steps from Fillan,

He sends Ossian to the aid of Fillan.

should Fingal behold the strife, lest his dark-haired warrior should fall? Amidst the song, O Carril! pour the sound of the trembling harp. Here are the voices of rocks; and there the bright tumbling of waters. Father of Oscar, lift the spear! Defend the young in arms. Conceal thy steps from Fillan. He must not know that I

DUAN VI.

Mu-n eòl da mi-earbsa m'a chruaidh.
Cha-n éirich nial uam féin, mo mhac;
Cha bhi do theine fo smachd, a thréin."

Fo charraig cheileadh an sonn
'Am fuaim nam fonn o Charull thall;
Mi 'dealradh 'an sòlas nach gann,
Sleagh Thighmòra 'am làimh 's mi 'triall.
Chunna' mi air chòmhnard Mhoiléna
Baoth bhruaillean a' chòmhraig ag éirigh;
Strì a' bhàis ag iadhadh gu mall;
Sluaigh a' briseadh fo dhealradh nan lann.
Bha Fillean mar lasair o speur;
O sgéith gu sgéith garbh cheum an tréin;
Leagh còmhrag o fhianuis an laoich
Is e 'filleadh an raoin fo mhùig.

A nis a sìos tha 'triall gu strì
Mòr Chathmòr an righ 'n a armaibh;
Sgiath iolair' 'dubh-aomadh mu 'n cuairt
Thar teine a chruaidh cheann-bheirt.
Gun chùram ghluais e 'ard cheuman
Mar gu-m biodh sealg Éirinn air làimh.
Thog e suas air uairibh a ghuth;
Thionail Éirinn fo dhubh mu 'n cuairt;

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doubt his steel. No cloud of mine shall rise, my son, upon thy soul of fire!"

He sank behind his rock, amid the sound of Carril's song. Brightening, in my growing soul, I took the spear of Temora. I saw along Moi-lena the wild tumbling of battle, the strife of death in gleaming rows, disjoined and broken round. Fillan is a beam of

Lest he learn to mistrust his steel.
From me shall rise no cloud, my son;
Thy fire shall be unchecked, thou hero!"

Behind a rock the chief was hid,
Amid the sound of songs from Carul:
I brightened with exceeding joy,
Grasping Temora's spear as I strode.[1]
I beheld on the plain of Moi-Lena
The maddened surge of battle heaving;
The stubborn strife of death enfolded (all);
Hosts were broken under gleaming blades.
Fillan was like a flame from the sky:
From wing to wing the strong one strode;
Battle melted before the hero;
He shrouded the field in smoke.

Ossian describes the appearance of the battle before him.

Now travels downward for battle
Great Ca-mor the king, in his armour;
An eagle's wing waved darkly round
The fire of his helmet of steel.
Careless he moved with mighty strides,
As if the chase of Erin were at hand.
At times he lifted up his voice;
Erin gathered darkly round him;

Describes Ca-mor as he advanced towards his people, who immediately rallied, and returned to the fight.

fire: from wing to wing is his wasteful course. The ridges of war melt before him; they are rolled in smoke from the fields!

Now is the coming forth of Cathmor in the armour of kings! Dark waves the eagle's wing above his helmet of fire. Unconcerned are his steps, as if they were to the chase of Erin. He raises at times his terrible voice. Erin, abashed, gathers round. Their

DUAN VI.

Thionndaidh 'n anama sìos mar shruth
Le iongantas mu 'n ceuman 's an tuar;[a]
Mar dhearrsa maidne an treun
Ag éirigh air beinn 'bha fo fhuaith,
Fear-siubhail air astar leis féin
'Sealltuinn sios o thaobh a ghruaidh
Air leirg nan cruth fuar fo dhubh.
Grad o charraig ghlais Mhoilèna
Sùilmalla nan ceuman àillidh:
Ghlac darach a sleagh o 'geal làimh.
Leth-aomta chaochail i 'chruaidh;
Bha 'sùilean sìos air rìgh na h-Eirinn
O fhalbhan, 'us éirigh a ciabh':
Cha strì so 'measg chàirdean air raon;
Cha chuspairean faoin 'th' air an réidh,[b]
Mar gu-m biodh òg laoich o Lùmon
A' dlùthadh fo shùilibh Chonmhoir.

Mar charraig Rùno 'dùbhradh shuas,
A' glacadh 'n an ruaig nan niala,
'S i 'fàs am measg dubhadh a gruaidh[c]
Thar sliabh nan glas chruach, 's nan liath shruth,
Mar sin bu mhò Cathmor Atha
'N àm tional nan sàr mu 'n cuairt,
Mar osagaibh 'siubhal a' chuain,

[a] At their flight and fear. I have here translated *tuar* by "fear," as the most probable meaning. Macfarlan has "timorem."

[b] Targets; Gael. *cuspairean*, an "object," but frequently used for a "butt," or "mark to shoot at." The allusion is evidently to a shooting match among the young men of Lumon.

[c] Darkening of its brow; lit. *of its cheek.*

souls return back like a stream; they wonder at the steps of their fear. He rose like the beam of the morning on a haunted heath: the traveller looks back with bending eye on the field of dreadful forms! Sudden from the rock of Moi-lena are Sul-malla's trembling steps. An oak takes the spear from her hand. Half bent she looses the lance. But then are her eyes on the king from amid her

Their souls returned like a stream—
They wondered at their flight and fear:[a]
The warrior was like the shining of morning,
Which rises on a spectre-haunted Ben.
A traveller journeying alone
Looks down from the side of his cheek,
On the slope of cold and darkening forms.
Quickly from the grey rock of Moi-Lena
(Came) Sulvalla of graceful step:
An oak-tree snatched the spear from her white hand;
Half stooping, she freed the steel;
Her eyes were bent on the king of Erin
From amid the wandering of her floating hair.
No friendly striving this upon the field;
No idle targets on the plain,[b]
As when the youths of Lumon
Gather beneath the eyes of Conmor.

Describes Sulvalla watching the steps of Ca-mor.

As the cliff of Runo frowning on high
Arrests the clouds in their flight,
And grows with the darkening of its brow[c]
Above the grey hills and hoary streams—
So grew Ca-mor of Atha greater
By the gathering of his chiefs around (him).
Like blasts which travel the ocean,

The chiefs gather about Ca-mor, and he appears, in comparison with them, much taller than when standing alone. He despatches them to their several posts.

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wandering locks. No friendly strife is before thee; no light contending of bows, as when the youth of Inis-huna come forth beneath the eye of Connor!

As the rock of Runo, which takes the passing clouds as they fly, seems growing in gathered darkness over the streamy heath, so seems the chief of Atha taller as gather his people around. As

DUAN VI.

Gach aon dhiubh 'us stundh f'a còir,
Mar sin a bha 'fhocail do 'shluagh
'Cur a ghaisgeach mu 'n cuairt do 'n tòrr.
'An sàmhchair cha robh Fillean shuas;
Bha 'fhocail measg fuaim a sgéith:
Mar iolair an treun air a' chruaich,
Gach ite fo ghruaim m'a chliabh,
E 'gairm nan gaoth gu 'charraig féin,
'N uair a chi e fo 'cheum na ruaidh[a]
Air Lùthar a's dubh-luachrach raon.

Thaom iad 's a' chéile 's a' bhlàr,[b]
Ard righrean nan sàr o thaobh gu taobh
A' losgadh teine mu anam an sluaigh.
Leum Oisian air sleagh 'us e 'triall,
Craobh 'us carraig 'dol suas gun dàil
Eadar am blàr 'us e féin.
Aeli chuala mi 'chruaidh nach robh mall
Measg farum mo mhàilé 's a' bheinn.
'N àm éirigh 'an soillse o chruaich
Chunna' mi an sluagh a' géilleadh,
An ceuman air ais anns an uair,
Suilean corrach gu 'n gruaidh ag éirigh;[c]
Thachair tréin 'am buaireadh a' chath',
Dà righ nam flath, 's nan gorm sgiath;
Mòr 'us dorch' 'am meadhon nan gath

[a] The fawn; lit. *the roe*—a common term for "red-deer," old and young. I have, of course, taken the young, they alone being in the eagle's power,

[b] They rushed on each other, &c.; lit. *they poured into each other.* "'S a chéile 'n a chéile" is what is now used.

[c] Wrathful, and glaring were their eyes; lit. *eyes prominent, rising to their cheeks. Corrach*, strictly "prominent," frequently signifies "wrathful," but I know not exact terms for the second clause.

different blasts fly over the sea, each behind its dark-blue wave, so Cathmor's words, on every side, pour his warriors forth. Nor silent on his hill is Fillan. He mixes his words with his echoing shield. An eagle he seemed, with sounding wings, calling the wind to his rock when he sees the coming forth of the roes on Lutha's rushy field!"

Now they bend forward in battle. Death's hundred voices arise.

DUAN VI.

Each one with a wave before it—
So were his words to his people,
Sending his warriors to their places on the hill.
Nor silent was Fillan on the height;
His words resounded with his shield;
The hero was as an eagle on the cliff,
Each feather on his breast in frown,
Calling the winds to his crag,
When he sees the fawns within his reach[a]
By the dark rushy plains of Lubar.

Fillan cheered his people onwards, and is compared to an eagle on a cliff ready to swoop on its prey.

They rushed on each other in battle:[b]
From wing to wing the great kings of the brave
Kindled fire in the souls of the host.
Ossian sprang on his spear as he went:
Straightway rose rocks and trees
Between him and the strife;
But I heard the incessant steel
Amid the clang of my mail on the Ben.
When I gained a view of the hill,
I beheld the people yielding;
Their steps were backward at the time;
Wrathful and glaring were their eyes.[c]
Met the brave in the tumult of battle—
Two blue-shielded kings of heroes:
Great and dark in the midst of darts.

The battle is renewed along the whole line.

Ossian had to pass through broken woody ground, which for a time hid the conflict from his view.

When he reached the open ground he saw his friends retreating.

Ca-mor and Fillan engage.

The kings on either side were like fires on the souls of the hosts. Ossian bounded along. High rocks and trees rush tall between the war and me; but I hear the noise of steel between my clanging arms. Rising, gleaming on the hill, I behold the backward steps of hosts, their backward steps on either side, and wildly-looking eyes. The chiefs were met in dreadful fight; the two blue-shielded kings! Tall and dark, through gleams of steel, are seen the striv-

DUAN VI.

'Measg soillse bha garbh strì nan triath ;
Bhuail suas mu Fhillean baoth,
Bròn a' lasadh 's a' taomadh tro'm' chliabh.

Thàinig mi ; cha do theich an rìgh ;
Cha d' thàinig e le strì 'am chòir.
Mar charraig eithe anns an fhrìth,
Fuar 'us garbh bha brìgh an t-seoid.
'An sàmhchair, bha ar ceuman suas
Air dà thaobh buairidh an t-sruth'.
Thionndaidh sinn mar aon fo ghruaim,
'Us thog sinn roinnean cruaidh nan sleagh.
Thog sinn sleigh ; ach thuit an ciar ;
Bha sàmhchair air sliabh fo dhorcha,
'Ach gu-n cluinntear ceuman nan triath
A' fuaim air an leirg a' falbh.*

* The account of this meeting and parting of Ossian and Ca-mor appears, among the many truly beautiful descriptions in this Duan, to be very defective.

Thàinig mi gus an àit' a bha faoin,
Anns na chuireadh le Fillean cath ;
Cha robh focal no fuaim air an raon,
Sgiath bhriste 'us ceann-bheairt nam flath
Air talamh, 'us gath gun fheum.
C' àite bheil Fillean nan sgiath ?
C' àit' an t-òg thriath o Mhòrbheinn ?
Chual' e 's e ri carraig nan sliabh,
'Bha 'g aomadh gu 'trian air mòr-shruth :

---

ing heroes! I rush. My fears for Fillan fly, burning, across my soul.

I come. Nor Cathmor flies, nor yet comes on ; he sidelong stalks along. An icy rock, cold, tall, he seems. I call forth all my steel. Silent awhile we stride on either side of a rushing stream, then sudden turning, all at once we raise our pointed spears. We raise

DUAN VI.

The stern struggle of the chiefs was seen.
I rushed on wildly towards Fillan,
Grief burning and surging through my breast.

Ossian rushes forward with all his speed.

I came: nor fled the king;
Nor drew he nigh me with battle.
Like an icy rock in the forest,
Cold and stern was the bearing of the chief.
In silence passed our steps
On either side of a raging stream.
At once we frowning turned,
And raised the points of our spears:
We raised our spears, but twilight fell;
Silence was over the darkened hill,
Save that the steps of chiefs were heard
Sounding on high as they went away.[a]

When he approached, Ca-mor stands alone, cold and silent. A stream separates them.

They walk along its banks for a short distance; at length they raise their spears, but darkness comes on, and prevents their engagement.

I came to the place, (now) empty,
Where Fillan had fought the fight:
Nor voice nor sound was on the field;
A broken shield, a helmet of heroes,
And a useless lance were on the ground.
Where is Fillan of shields?
Where the youthful prince of Morven?
He heard, as he leaned against a mountain rock
Which bent over a great stream.

Ossian went to the place where he had seen Fillan, but found it solitary and silent.

He calls loudly for him, and at length finds him, sorely wounded, leaning against a rock.

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our spears, but night comes down. It is dark and silent round, but where the distant steps of hosts are sounding over the heath.

I come to the place where Fillan fought; nor voice nor sound is there. A broken helmet lies on earth, a buckler cleft in twain. Where, Fillan, where art thou, young chief of echoing Morven? He hears me, leaning on a rock which bends its grey head over the

DUAN VI.

Chual' e, 's e dorcha 'us fann:
An sin chunnaic mi thall an laoch.
"C'uim' a' sheasas 'an truscan de dhùbhra
Mac Shelma mu 'n dlùthadh a' choill'?
'An dealradh tha d'astar, mo bhràthair,
'An liath raon nan sàr a bha treun.
Is fhada bha do strì, a thriath;
Stoc Fhionnghail 'g ad iarruidh 's a' chruaich,
Gluais gu neulaibh d'athar féin,"
Gu 'chuirm air eudann nan sliabh.
'An ceò an fheasgair suidhidh 'n rìgh
'S e 'cluinntinn guth cli na clàrsaich
O chaoin Charull a's fuaimeire fonn:
Thoir sòlas do 'n aois, a chòrr thriath,
'Fhir-bhrisidh nan sgiath, bi 'falbh."

a "The clouds of the fathers", generally means the abode of spirits. Here the expression points to the cloud-covered hill, where Fingal had spread the feast.

"'N tig sòlas mu lagaich, a thriath?
Cha-n'eil, 'Oisein, mo sgiath dhomh féin;
Tha i briste 'us sgaoilt' air an t-sliabh;
Bhriseadh ite eoin riabhaich nan speur
Air mo cheann-bheirt fo bheum a' chòmhraig.
'N uair a theicheas an nàmhaid gu dian,
Bi'dh aithrichean thriath fo shòlas;
Ach éirigh an osna gu 'trian,
'N uair théid gaisgich gu dìth air chòmhnard.

stream. He hears; but sullen dark he stands. At length I saw the hero!

"Why standest thou robed in darkness, son of woody Selma? Bright is thy path, my brother, in this dark-brown field! Long has been thy strife in battle! Now the horn of Fingal is heard. Ascend to the cloud of thy father, to his hill of feasts. In the

He heard, but he was dark and faint:
Then I beheld the hero before me.
"Why, in a robe of darkness, stands
The son of Selma girdled close with woods?
Bright has been thy path, my brother,
On the grey field of mighty warriors:
Long hast thou fought, thou prince.
The horn of Fingal calls thee to the hill;
Come to the clouds of thy father"—
To the feast on the mountain-face.
In the mist of evening sits the king,
Listening to the harp's clear voice
From Carul, sweetest-voiced in song:
Gladden his age, thou peerless chief!
Come, thou breaker of shields!"

Not aware that his wounds were mortal, he presses him to go immediately to the feast which Fingal had spread on the hill, and praises him highly for his heroism.

"Will joy dwell with the weak, O prince?
Ossian, my shield is not mine own;
It is broken and shivered on the hill;
Torn is the plume of the brown bird of heaven
From my helm by the cleaving battle-stroke.
When the enemy headlong flies,
The fathers of warriors are in joy;
But their heaviest sighs arise
When heroes yield upon the field.

Fillan mourns over his fate for having been defeated, stripped of shield and helmet, and says that his return would only grieve Fingal.

evening mist he sits, and hears the sound of Carril's harp. Carry joy to the aged, young breakers of the shields!"

"Can the vanquished carry joy? Ossian, no shield is mine! It lies broken on the field. The eagle-wing of my helmet is torn. It is when foes fly before them that fathers delight in their sons; but their sighs burst forth in secret when their young warriors yield.

DUAN VI.

Cha-n fhaicear le Fillean an righ ;
C'uim' a bhiodh e fo strì a' bhròin ?"

"'Mhic Chlatho a's guirme sùil,
'Og Fhillein, na dùisg mo chliabh.
Nach robh thu 'n ad theine gun mhùig,
'S nach bi sòlas as-ùr air triath ?
Cha-n'eil lionadh do chliu dhomh fhéin ; [a]
Mar ghréin tha'n treun do mo thriall : [b]
Tha e 'coimhead mo cheuman le sòlas,
Gun fhaileus a' còmhnuidh m'a ghnùis :
Suas, 'Fhillein, gu Mòra nan tòrr ;
Tha cuirm anns a' cheò sgaoilte."

"'Oisein, thoir dhomh féin mo sgiath,
Na h-itean 'tha ciar fo ghaoith :
Cuir iadsan mar ri Fillean, a thriath,
Gus nach caill e ach trian d'a chliu.
'Threun Oisein, tha laigs' orm féin ;
Cuir mise fo bheud 's a' chòs.
Na tog orm clach anns a' bheinn
Eagal foighneachd mu Fhillean, na 's mò.
Thuit mise ann mo cheud chath
Gun chliu 'us gun rath air mo lann.
Biodh do ghuthsa a mhàin, a thriath,
'N a shòlas do m' anam 's e 'triall.

[a] The fulness of thy fame, &c. ; lit, *the fulness* (or *filling of*) *thy fame is not to me.*

[b] The hero—*i.e.* Fingal.

No ; Fillan shall not behold the king ! Why should the hero mourn ?"

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho ! O Fillan, awake not my soul ! Wert thou not a burning fire before him ? Shall he not rejoice ? Such fame belongs not to Ossian ; yet is the king still a sun to me. He looks on my steps with joy. Shadows never rise on his face. As-

DUAN VI.

Fillan will not behold the king;
Why should he be in agony of grief?"

Ossian still urges him to go, saying that his fame surpassed Ossian's; yet Fingal showed all kindness to Ossian.

"Son of Clathò of bluest eye—
Youthful Fillan, waken not my breast.
Hast thou not been a cloudless fire?
And shall not the prince anew rejoice?
The fulness of thy fame surpasses mine;[a]
(Yet) as the sun on my path is the hero:[b]
He beholds my steps with gladness,
Without a shadow dwelling on his face.
Up, Fillan, to Mora of knolls;
The feast is spread amid the mist."

Fillan begs Ossian to restore to him the scattered fragments of his armour,

"Ossian, give to me my shield,
(And) the plumes which are dark in the wind:
Place them by Fillan, thou prince!
That he may lose but part of his renown.
Brave Ossian, faintness comes upon me;
Lay me, dying, in the cave.
Raise no stone to me on the hill,
Lest one should henceforth ask for Fillan.
In my first battle I have fallen[2]
Without renown or conquest by my spear.
Let thy voice, alone, O chief!
Gladden my soul as it departs.

and to lay him in the cave, that he might die. He charges him to raise no stone over his unrenowned grave.

---

cend, O Fillan, to Mora! His feast is spread in the folds of mist."

"Ossian, give me that broken shield: these feathers that are rolled in the wind. Place them near to Fillan, that less of his fame may fall. Ossian, I begin to fail. Lay me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above, lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields—fallen without renown. Let thy

DUAN VI.

C'uim' a bhiodh bàrd a' còmhradh
Mu 'n dearrsa òg o chaoin Chlatho?"

"'Bheil d'anam air fiaradh nan gaoth,
'Og Fhillein, a bhriseadh na sgiathan?
Biodh sòlas a' leantuinn an laoich
Tro' fhilleadh gharbh nan ciar-nial.
Tha samhla do mhòr shinns're, 'Fhillein,
An cruthan ag aomadh mu 'n sìol;
Tha mi 'faicinn an tein' air an aonach,
Gorm sgaoileadh an ceò fo shian
Mu Mhòra 'measg fiaradh na gaoith'.
Tachradh sòlas ri mo bhràthair.
Thréig thusa na sàir 's iad fo bhròn.
Mu thimchioll na h-aoise tha 'n nàmhaid,
Cliu a' sìoladh o airidh 's e 'n ceò:
Tha thusa 'd'aonar air an t-sliabh,
A rìgh nan liath chiabh 'o Shelma."

Chuir mi e 'an carraig nan còs
Aig fuaim nan sruth mòr 's an oidhche;
Bha dearg reull a' sealltuinn o'n tòrr,
Nach do chuir am fear òg 'an soillse;
Thog na gaothan mall a chiabh.
Bha mi 'g éisdeachd—cha chualas fuaim:
Bha 'n gaisgeach gun tuar 'am pràmh.

---

voice ALONE send joy to my flying soul. Why should the bard know where dwells the lost beam of Clatho!

"Is thy spirit on the eddying winds, O Fillan! young breaker of shields. Joy pursue my hero through his fouled clouds. The forms of thy fathers, O Fillan! bend to receive their son. I behold the spreading of their fire on Mora: the blue rolling of their misty

Why should bards discourse
Of the youthful beam of gentle Clatho?"

"Is thy soul on the wandering winds,
Young Fillan, breaker of the shields?
May gladness follow the hero
Through the great folds of dusky clouds.
The semblance of thy mighty sires, O Fillan!
Their forms bend downwards to their son:
I see their fire on the mountains,
The blue stretch of their mist in storm,
Round Mora in the eddying wind.
May gladness meet my brother;
Thou hast left the warriors in grief.
(But) the foe is around the aged;
The fame of the brave is waning in the mist:
Thou art alone on the hill,
King of hoary locks from Selma."

He dies, and Ossian prays that gladness may meet his soul; but while lamenting for him, he speaks of the danger to which Fingal was exposed alone on the hill.

I laid him in the hollow rock
At night by the noise of great torrents:
A red star looked from the hill,
But shed no light on the youth;
The slow winds raised his locks.
I listened, (but) no sound was heard—
The hero was wan in sleep.

He lays the body down in the cave, and describes the feelings of grief and of vengeance which filled his own breast.

---

wreaths. Joy meet thee, my brother! But we are dark and sad! I behold the foe round the aged. I behold the wasting away of his fame. Thou art left alone in the field, O grey-haired king of Selma!"

I laid him in the hollow rock at the roar of the nightly stream. One red star looked in on the hero. Winds lift at times his locks. I listen; no sound is heard: the warrior slept! As lightning

DUAN VI.

a "A dark-brown cloud" sounds strangely to most readers; but he who has watched the ever-varying shades and forms of clouds in a Highland sky, will recognise the "dark-brown" as true to nature.

Mar dhealan air neul dubh-dhonn[a]
Ghluais smuaintean gu trom mo chliabh;
Mo shùilean mar thein' ann am cheann,
Mo cheuman nach mall air sliabh
'Measg farum mo chruaidh mhàile.
"Tachraidh mise 'us rìgh Éirinn:
'Measg co-thional cheud tachraidh sinn.
C'uim' a theicheadh an neul so féin,
A chuir dèarrsa nan speur air chùl?
Lasaibh tein-athair nan cruach,
Lasaibh suas, mo shinnsir féin;
'Us cuiribhse mo cheum fo shoillse—
Caithidh mis' an nàmhaid 'am feirg.
Ach mur tilleadh mise féin,
Tha 'n rìgh fo bheud 'us e gun mhac;
Tha 'liath chiabh 'measg nàimhdean an tréin,
A làmh 'an robh feum fo smachd.
A chliu a' sìoladh sìos 'an Éirinn.
Na faiceam gu sìorruidh an sàr
'An deireadh nam blàr fo smal:
Ach ciamar thilleam féin do 'n rìgh?
Nach foighnich e le brìgh m'a mhac?
'C'uim' nach d'thug thu Fillean o'n strì?'
Tachraidh Oisian shìos an nàmhaid."
O shùilibh a chàirdean tha 'thriall
"Ard Éirinn a's uaine gleann,

on a cloud, a thought came rushing along my soul. My eyes roll in fire: my stride was in the clang of steel. "I will find thee, king of Erin!—in the gathering of thy thousands find thee. Why should that cloud escape, that quenched our early beam? Kindle your meteors on your hills, my fathers; light my daring steps: I will consume in wrath." But should not I return? The

Like lightning on a dark-brown cloud,[a]
Thoughts gloomily stirred my breast;
My eyes (were) like fire in my head,
My steps were hurried on the hill,
Amid the clanging of my mail of steel.
"I and the king of Erin shall meet—
We shall meet in the gathering of hundreds.
Wherefore should this cloud escape
Which has darkened the brightness of the skies?
Kindle the sky-fires of the peaks,
Kindle them on high, ye ancestors of mine,
And place my path in brightness!—
I will consume the enemy in wrath.
But if I myself will not return,
The king is in danger, and without a son:
The foe surrounds the hero's hoary hairs;
His arm, once mighty, now is weak;
His fame is waning in Erin.
Let me never behold the noble hero,
At the close of his wars under cloud.
But how can I return to the king?
Will he not ask in earnest for his son?
'Why broughtest not Fillan back from battle?'
Ossian will meet the foe upon the plain."
He withdraws from the eyes of his friends.
"Hilly Erin of greenest glens,

He resolves to attack Ca-mor without delay.

The thought of the lonely condition of Fingal, however, restrains him. But dreading the questioning of the father for his son, he anew resolves to go in pursuit of Ca-mor.

king is without a son, grey-haired among his foes. His arm is not as in the days of old. His fame grows dim in Erin. Let me not behold him laid low in his latter field. But can I return to the king? Will he not ask about his son? 'Thou oughtest to defend young Fillan.' Ossian will meet the foe! Green Erin, thy sounding tread is pleasant to my ear." I rush on thy ridgy host to shun

DUAN VI.

Is taitneach do mo chluasaibh d'fhuaim.
Tha mi grad air do shluagh fo lann,
A sheachnadh sùilean an rìgh fo ghruaim."
Ach cluinneamsa gu h-àrd an rìgh
Air Mòra nam frìth 'an ceò:
Tha e 'gairm a dhà mhac o'n strì;
Tha mi 'tighin 's mi sìos fo bhròn:
Tha mi 'tighin mar iolair o chruaich,
'Thachair teine nan stuadh 'an oidhche,
E 'g ìteach o'n fhàsach so shuas
Le 'sgiathan dubh-loisgte 'an soillse.

Fada thall mu 'n rìgh air Mòra
Thaom Mòrbheinn o bhriseadh an raoin.
Thionndaidh an sùilean o'n mhòr thriath;
Gach aon diubh ag aomadh g' a thaobh
'S a shealladh gu baoth o 'shleagh.
'N am meadhon sheas sàmhach an rìgh,
A smuaintean 'strì 'dol suas m'a chliabh,
Mar thonnaibh air lochan nam frìth,
Gach aon diubh fo chobhar 's e liath.
Sheall e sìos; cha-n fhac e mac
Le sleagh ghlan fo smachd 's e 'triall.
Ghluais 'osna suas gun dàil
A cheil e fo shàmhchair a' bhròin.
An sin sheas mis' fo dharaig thall;
Cha d'èirich guth mall uam fèin.

---

the eyes of Fingal. I hear the voice of the king on Mora's misty top: he calls his two sons. I come, my father, in my grief. I come like an eagle which the flame of night met in the desert, and spoiled of half his wings!

Distant round the king on Mora the broken ridges of Morven are rolled. They turned their eyes; each darkly bends on his own

Joyful is thy sound in my ears.
Soon shall I rush on thy host with my blade,
To escape the frowning eye of the king."
But I hear his loud-sounding voice,
On Mora on the misty woods,
Calling his two sons from war.
I come cast down with sorrow;
I come like an eagle from the peak,
Which has met the fire of the clouds at night—
He flies from the forest on high,
With wings burned black in the blaze.

Meantime he hears Fingal's voice loud-calling for both Ossian and Fillan, and goes towards him.

Far over, around the king in Mora,
Spreads Morven after breaking on the field.
They turned their eyes from the great chief;
Each one was drawing to his side,
Abashed, and looking off his spear.
In their midst the king stood silent,
His struggling thought upheaving in his breast,
Like waves on a mountain-loch,
Each one in foam and hoary.
He looked down, but saw no son
Approaching with his shining spear.
Straightway rose his sighs;
He hid them in the silence of sorrow.
Then I stood beneath an oak;
Rose not the faintest voice from me.

The king, observing the silence and gloom of the people about him, concludes that Fillan has fallen;

ashen spear. Silent stood the king in the midst. Thought on thought rolled over his soul, as waves on a secret mountain-lake, each with its back of foam. He looked; no son appeared with his long-beaming spear. The sighs rose, crowding from his soul, but he concealed his grief. At length I stood beneath an oak. No voice of mine was heard. What could I say to Fingal in his hour

DUAN VI.

Ciod a b' urrainn mi 'labhairt 's an àm,
Ri Fionnghal 'measg bròin an tréin ?
A nise ghluais am focal suas ;
Dh'aom an sluagh air ais o 'ghuth.

"C' àit' am bheil mac Shelma, an triath,
Am fear a dh' imich 'an sgiath còmhraig ?
Cha-n fhaic mi 'cheum air an t-sliabh
'S e 'tilleadh o thriall na mòrchuis
'Measg co-thional còrr mo shluaigh.
'N do thuit an ruadh òg air a' bheinn,
Es' 'bu mhòrchuisich' ceum air cruaich ?
Thuit e, sibh sàmhach 'n a dhéigh,
Sgaoilte sgiath 'chòmh -stri gu luath.
Cuiribh mo mhàile cruaidh rium féin ;
Mac an Luinn a bha ciar donn.
Tha mi 'mosgladh air àrd na beinne ;
Bi'n am màireach 'an còmhrag nan sonn."

Àrd air Cormull bha craobh
A' lasadh fo ghaoith 'us i 'fuaim ;
Bha liath chearb de cheò air a taobh
A' sgaoileadh gu caoin mu 'n cuairt.
An sin bha cruman an rìgh 'am feirg
Fada thall o chearb an t-sluaigh.
Bha 'chòmhnuidh-san riamh air an leirg,

---

of woe ? His words rose at length in the midst : the people shrank backward as he spoke.

"Where is the son of Selma, he who led in war ? I behold not his steps among my people, returning from the field. Fell the young bounding roe who was so stately on my hills ? He fell ; for ye are silent. The shield of war is cleft in twain. Let

What could I say at the time?
To Fingal lamenting the brave?
Now his word arose on high;
Back shrank the people from his voice:

"Where is Selma's son, the prince—
He who travelled on the wings of war?
I see not his step on the hill,
Returning from the path of glory;
Among the gathering of my chosen host.
Has the young hart fallen on the Ben?—
He of stateliest step upon the hill?
He fell; your silence tells his loss:
Soon was the shield of battle shivered.
Near me place my mail of steel,
And the son of brown swart Luno.
I waken on the height of the hill;
To-morrow I shall war with heroes."

and after a few words of lamentation for him, declares his resolution to go forth to battle on the following day.

High on Cormul was a tree
Burning and crackling in the wind;
A hoary patch of mist was near,
And softly spread around.
There were the steps of the king in wrath,
Far from the outskirts of the host.
His home was always on the hill,

Ossian describes his appearance on the hill of Cormul.

his armour be near to Fingal; and the sword of dark-brown Luno. I am waked on my hills; with morning I descend to war."

High on Cormul's rock an oak is flaming to the wind. The grey skirts of mist are rolled around. Thither strode the king in his wrath. Distant from the host he always lay when battle burned

DUAN VI.

'N uair lasadh còmhrag garbh m'a chliabh.
Air dà shleagh shuas a mhòr sgiath,
Truagh chomhara ciar a' bhàis,
An sgiath sin fo bhualadh an righ
An oidhche roimh strì nam blàr.
An sin féin a dh' aithnich na laoich
Àm a ghluasaid gu baoth-chòmhrag:
Cha do thog e a sgiath gu faoin,
Gus an éireadh r'a thaobh 'a chòmh-strì.
Bha 'cheuman a' beumadh gu h-àrd,
'Us dealradh fo shàr ghath craoibh,
Cho fuathasach ri cruth nam fuath
Fo neulaibh dubh fuar na h-oidhche,
'N uair a chuireas e fo thruscan gruaime
A dhlùth chleasan truagh 'an leth shoillse,
'S e 'gabhail de charbad nan gaoth
Air bruaillean baoth an fhaoin-chuain mhòir.
Gun sloladh o stoirm a' gharbh chòmhraig
Bha Éirinn nam mòr thriath thall;
Bha 'm faileus fo ré air a' chòmhnard,
Mall thoirm an déigh còmh-strì a' bhlàir.
'N à aonar bha ceuman Chathmhoir
Air aghart 's air ais air an t-sliabh,
E ag aomadh fo 'armaibh gu léir
Air Mòrbheinn nan treun fo ruaig.
Nise thàinig e gus an còs

within his soul. On two spears hung his shield on high, the gleaming sign of death; that shield which he was wont to strike by night before he rushed to war. It was then his warriors knew when the king was to lead in strife, for never was this buckler heard till the wrath of Fingal arose. Unequal were his steps on high as he shone in the beam of the oak; he was dreadful as the form of the spirit

DUAN VI.

He tells that it was his wont, before engaging in battle—which he did only in pressing danger to—strike his shield, and thus to intimate his purpose to his warriors.

The state of the host of Erin described.

Ca-mor goes in pursuit of the host of Fingal.

When burned stern conflict in his breast,
His mighty shield was high between two spears—
The dark, dread signal of death;
That shield the king was wont to strike
The night before the battle-strife:
It was thus the warriors knew
The time of his march to conflict fierce:
He raised not his shield except at need,
When battle flamed around him.
His steps were sounding on high;
He shone in the bright flame of the tree—
As awful as a spirit-form
Under the black cold clouds of night,
When, under garb of gloom, he shows
His sad but rapid movements half in light,
And he mounts the chariot of the winds,
On the great waste ocean's uproar wild.
Unsettled from the storm of rugged war,
On the other side were Erin's mighty chiefs;
Their moonlight-shadow on the plain:
Slow murmurs followed the strife of battle.
Alone were the steps of Ca-mor
Hither and thither on the hill;
In full armour he went onward,
After Morven of the brave in flight.
Now came he to the cave

---

of night when he clothes on hills his wild gestures with mist, and, issuing forth on the troubled ocean, mounts the car of winds.

Nor settled from the storm is Erin's sea of war; they glitter beneath the moon, and, low humming, still roll on the field. Alone are the steps of Cathmor before them on the heath; he hangs forward with all his arms on Morven's flying host. Now had he come

DUAN VI.

'S an robh còmhnuidh òg Fhillein 's an oidhche ;
Bha aona chraobh air taobh an t-sruth' mhòir,
'Bha 'tuiteam o 'n tòrr 's a' boillsgeadh.
An sin fo ré ri faicinn shìos
Sgiath bhriste aig triath, mac Chlatho,
'Us teann air 'n a shìneadh air feur
Cas mholach an treun chu, Bran.
Cha-n fhac es' an triath air Mòra ;
Ghluais e 'n a chòdhail air gaoith ; [a]
Shaoil leis gu-n do dhùnadh do shealgair
A ghorm shùil 'an cearbaibh a' phràimh.
Cha ghluaiseadh osag air an t-sliabh
Gun fhios do leum riabhach nan ruadh. [b]

Chunnaic esan cù an uchd bhàin ;
Chunnaic e an sgiath bhriste thall ;
Thill dùbhra air ais air a chliabh ;
Bha 'smuaintean dubhach ag éirigh ciar
Mu thuiteam nan triath air an raon.
"Thig sluagh mar shruth 'tha 'taomadh sìos ;
Thig cinne nach fhiach 'n an déigh ;
Ach comh 'raichidh trian diubh an sliabh
'Dol thairis le 'n gnìomhan treun ;
Freagraidh na cruachan an iarraidh
Tro' shiubhal nam bliadhna dubh-chiar ;

[a] He went to meet him on the wind—*i.e.* guided by his scent.

[b] Unnoticed by the brindled hounder after deer ; lit. *by the brindled hound of the deer.*

to the mossy cave where Fillan lay in night. One tree was bent above the stream which glittered over the rock. There shone to the moon the broken shield of Clatho's son ; and near it, on grass, lay hairy-footed Bran. He had missed the chief on Mora, and searched him along the wind. He thought that the blue-eyed hunter slept ; he lay upon his shield. No blast came over the

Where young Fillan dwelt in night;
One tree was beside the great stream
Which fell and gleamed from the height.
There, in the light of the moon, was seen
The broken shield of Clatho's hero-son,
And near it, stretched upon the grass,
The shaggy foot of the brave dog Bran.[3]
He did not see the chief on Mora;
He went to meet him on the wind:[a]
He thought that the hunter had closed
His blue eye in the folds of sleep.
There stirred not a breeze on the hill
Unnoticed by the brindled bounder after deer.[b]

In the moonlight he notices the broken shield of Fillan, and sees the celebrated dog Bran lying beside it.

Ca-mor saw the white-breasted dog;
He saw the broken shield beside him:
Darkness returned to his soul;
Mournful thoughts arose in gloom
For the fall of chiefs upon the field.
"Men come like streams which downward flow;
Then will come a worthless race;
Yet some of these will mark the mountain
With their valiant deeds as they pass:
Mounds, when sought, will tell their tale,
Through the course of dark-brown years;

Struck by the sight, he stays his step, and moralises on the brief life of man;

---

heath unknown to bounding Bran.

Cathmor saw the white-breasted dog; he saw the broken shield. Darkness is blown back on his soul; he remembers the falling away of the people. They come a stream, are rolled away; another race succeeds. "But some mark the fields as they pass with their own mighty names. The heath through dark-brown years is theirs;

DUAN VI.

Bi'dh gorm shruth ag iadhadh nìu 'n cliù.[a]
Dhuibhse féin biodh treun o Atha,[b]
'N uair a chuirear air làr a cheann.
Tachradh guth nan àm 'tha thall,
Ri Cathmor ann am mall ghaoith,
'N uair a leumas e osagan ciar
Air iomall dubh-riabhach nan stoirm."

Thionail Éirinn mu 'n cuairt do 'n rìgh
A chluinntinn guth a chumhachd thréin,
Gach eudann ag aomadh le sòlas,
'An solus nam mòr chraobh.[c]
Thréig na bha fuasach a' chruach;
Bha Lùbar ag iadhadh ro' n t-sluagh.
B' e Cathmor an teine o speur;
'Bha 'dealradh a chàirdean gu léir;
'N àm meadhon bha urram do 'n rìgh,
An anaman ri sòlas a' strì.
Cha robh sòlas air 'anam, no fiamh;
Cha bu choigreach an triath do chòmhrag.

"C' uime tha 'n rìgh fo bhròn?"
Thuirt Malthos a b' fhiadhaiche sùil:
"'Bheil nàmhaid aig Lùbar nan tòrr?
Bheil acasa na thogas o 'chùl
Sleagh fhada as-ùr gu bàs?

[a] Around their fame—*i.e.* the mounds which commemorated them.

[b] Of these; lit. *of you.*

[c] Under the light of the great trees—*i.e.* the fires kindled from trees.

some blue stream winds to their fame. Of these be the chief of Atha when he lays him down on earth. Often may the voice of future times meet Cathmor in the air, when he strides from wind to wind, or folds himself in the wing of a storm."

Green Erin gathered round the king to hear the voice of his power. Their joyful faces bend unequal forward in the light of the oak. They who were terrible were removed: Lubar winds again

and utters the wish that he may end his days in renown like the brave.

A blue stream winds around their fame;[a]—
Of these be the strong one from Atha,[b]
When his head is laid on the ground.
May the voice of the times to come
Meet Ca-mor in a gentle breeze,
When he bounds over dusky blasts
On the dark-mottled skirt of storms."

His chiefs gather round him, and rejoice in the victory gained.

Erin gathered round the king,
Hearkening to the voice of his great power—
Each countenance bending in joy
Under the light of the great trees.[c]
All cause of dread had left the hill:
Lubar wound before the host.[d]
Ca-mor was a fire from the sky,
Shedding light on all his friends;
Each man reverenced the king—
Their souls were struggling in joy.
Dwelt in his soul nor joy nor fear;
No stranger was the chief to war.

Malthos reproaches him for his sadness,

"Wherefore is the king in sadness?"
Said Malthos of the fiercest eye:
"Is there a foe by Lubar of hills?
Have they a remnant left to raise
The long spear anew for death?

in their host. Cathmor was that beam from heaven which shone when his people were dark. He was honoured in the midst. Their souls rose with ardour around. The king alone no gladness showed; no stranger he to war!

"Why is the king so sad?" said Malthos eagle-eyed. "Remains there a foe at Lubar? Lives there among them who can lift the spear? Not so peaceful was thy father, Borbar-duthal, king of

DUAN VI.

Cha-n ann cho mìn ri so, a thriath,
'Bha Borbair na féile, d'athair féin,
An rìgh a thogadh gu feum sleagh.
Bha 'fhearg mar theine 'losgadh riamh;
Bha 'shòlas an cian mu nàimhdean,
A thuiteadh marbh fo spàirn nan sgiath.
Trì làì bha cuirme do thriathan
O laoch nan liath chiabh àillidh,
'N uair shìn Calmar a bhàs air sliabh,[a]
'Thug cobhair do Ullin o Lara.
Caoin thalamh nan sàr 's nan sruth.
'S tric a dh' fhairich e le 'làimh
Roinn na cruaidh' a bhuail an lot,
'Chuir nàmhaid 'am blàr air chùl;
'S tric dh' fhairich e le 'làimh;
Bha sùilean an t-sàir fo leus.
Bha 'n rìgh mar ghréin do 'chàirdean féin;
'N a aiteal treun do 'n geugaibh uaine;
Bha sòlas 'an talla nan teud;
Bha annsa mu threunaibh Bholga.
Tha 'ainm a' tuinidh n' diugh 'an Atha,
Mar chuimhne dubhach air fàs fhuathan,
'N uair a thàinig 'us b' fhuathail an tàmh:
Ach shéid iad na garbh shiantan uainn.
Éireadh guthan caoin na h-Éirinn
A thogail o bhéud anam an rìgh,

[a] When Calmar was stretched in death on the hill; lit. *when Calmar stretched his death on the hill*—an expression which I have not seen elsewhere.

spears. His rage was a fire that always burned: his joy over fallen foes was great. Three days feasted the grey-haired hero when he heard that Calmar fell: Calmar, who aided the race of Ullin, from Lara of the streams. Often did he feel with his hands the steel which they said had pierced his foe. He felt it with his hands, for

DUAN VI.

Not thus soft, thou chief,
Was Borbar of feasts, thy father—
The king who could lift the spear to slay.
His wrath was as fire which always burned;
His joy was lasting over foes
Who fell dead in the conflict of shields.
For three days was feast to warriors
From the hero of hoary flowing locks
When Calmar was stretched in death on the hill,[a]
He who from Lara aided Ullin—
The pleasant land of heroes and of streams.
Oft did he feel with his hand
The point of steel which dealt the wound
That laid his foeman low in battle;
Oft did he feel it with his hand,
For the hero's eyes were under film.
The king was a sun to his friends—
A freshening breeze to their green boughs;
Joy was in the hall of harps;
Mirth was around the brave of Bolga.
Dwells his name to-day in Atha,
Like the dread memory of hollow ghosts
Which come diffusing terror while they stay:
But they banished from us the rough storms.
Let the sweet voices of Erin rise
To raise the soul of the king from sorrow—

and tells him how his father Borbar rejoiced over the fall of his foes;

that he held a feast for three days after a victory; that when his enemy Calmar was slain, he, being then blind, often felt with his hand the blade which had pierced him;

that his memory was still held in reverence at Atha.

He calls for music and song to cheer

Borbar-duthul's eyes had failed. Yet was the king a sun to his friends; a gale to lift their branches round. Joy was around him in his halls: he loved the sons of Bolga. His name remains in Atha like the awful memory of ghosts, whose presence was terrible, but they blew the storm away. Now let the voices of Erin raise

DUAN VI.

Esan mar dhealradh nan speur,
A' boillsgeadh 'an ciaradh na stri;
'N uair a chuir e gu sìth na tréin.
'Fhonnair o na liath chàrnaibh shuas
Taom tuire 'us luaidh nan àm:
Taom iad air Éirinn nam buadh,
Gus an sìolaidh a' chruaidh fo dhàn."*

"Dhomhsa," thuirt Cathmor an treun,
"Cha-n éirich fonn nan teud, no dàn
O Fhonnar aig Lùbar nan leum:
Bha iad neartmhor 'tha sìnnte thall;
Na-fuadaich-sa mall thriall nam fuath.
Fada, 'Mhalthois, fada uam,
Biodh Éirinn le luaidh 'us le fonn;
Cha-n'eil sòlas mu nàmhaid 'tha fuar,
'S nach éireadh sleagh suas le sonn.
Le madainn a thaomas ar neart;
Tha Fionnghal fo bheairt air a' chruaich."

Mar thonnaibh 'dol air an ais fo ghaoith,
Thaom Éirinn o thaobh an rìgh:
Dubh, dòmhail 'an raonaibh na h-oidhche
Sgaoil crònan gun soillse o shluagh.
Fo chraoibh o bheinn gaoh bàrd air àm
'N a shuidhe thall fo 'chlàrsaich féin;

* "Until the sword repose (or settle) beneath the song." It is "cedant arma *carmini*" with Ossian, instead of *togae*.

the soul of the king; he that shone when war was dark, and laid the mighty low. Fonar, from that grey-browed rock, pour the tale of other times: pour it on wide-skirted Erin as it settles round."

"To me," said Cathmor, "no song shall rise; nor Fonar sit on the rock of Lubar. The mighty there are laid low; disturb not their rushing ghosts. Far, Malthos, far remove the sound of Erin's

DUAN VI.

the mind of Ca-mor.

"Of him who was as brightness of the skies,
Shining in the gloom of battle,
When he put the mighty to silence.
Fonnar, from high and hoary cairns,
Pour forth both wail and praise as due:
Pour them over victorious Erin,
Until the sword repose beneath the song."[4]

Ca-mor forbids all rejoicing, praises the bravery of Fillan, and intimates the coming of battle with morning.

"For me," said Ca-mor the chief,
"Shall rise no tune of harp or song
From Fonnar by Lubar of falls:
They who there are low were strong;
Urge not their lingering ghosts.[5]
Far, Malhos, far from me,
Be Erin with praise and song;
I joy not over a foe when cold—
When the brave no more can lift a spear.
With morning we pour forth our strength:
Fingal is in his armour on the hill."

The people draw back, group themselves on the hill for sleep, when the bards strike the harp, and sing each to the praise of the chief

Like waves driven back by the wind,
Erin rolled from the side of the king:
Dark and dense through the fields of night,
Spread gloomy murmurs from the host.
By a tree on the hill each bard in turn
Sat down beneath his harp;

song. I rejoice not over the foe when he ceases to lift the spear. With morning we pour our strength abroad. Fingal is wakened on his echoing hill."

Like waves blown back by sudden winds, Erin retired at the voice of the king. Deep-rolled into the field of night, they spread their humming tribes. Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each

DUAN VI.

Thog iad am fonn nach robh gann,
'Us bhuail iad ceòl caol mall o theud.
Gach aon diubh do thriath do 'n robh 'luaidh.
Ri losgadh an daraich 'bha thall,
Bhuail Sùilmhalla mall an teud;
Bhuail i clàrsach o àm gu àm,
Gaoth ag iadhadh mu chiabhan nam beus.
'An dùbhra dubh bha Cathmor féin,
Fo chraoibh a bha aosda a cheann.
Bha lasadh an daraich o'n treun;
Chunnaic e i; cha-n fhac i e thall;
Bha 'anam a' taomadh gu dìomhair,
'N uair a chunnaic e shìos a sùil mhall;
Ach tha cruadal nam blàr 'n ad chòir,
'Mhic Borbair nam mòr thriath.

Am measg nan teud o àm gu àm
A dh'éisd i thall mu 'triath, 's mu 'shuain:
Bha 'h-anamsa suas gun dàil;
B' e 'toilse 's an tràth fo ghruaim,
A chur suas a fonn brònach féin.
Sàmhach an raon; air thaobh an sgiath
Theich osaig 'us sian na h-oidhche.
Ghéill na bardan; troi' a' chiar,
Tha comhara' liath-dhearg a' soillseadh
Fo bhoillsge glas nam faoin fhuath.

---

bard sat down with his harp. They raised the song, and touched the string: each to the chief he loved. Before a burning oak Sulmalla touched at times the harp. She touched the harp, and heard between the breezes in her hair. In darkness near lay the king of Atha beneath an aged tree. The beam of the oak was turned from him; he saw the maid, but was not seen. His soul poured forth in

DUAN VI.

Freely they raised the song,
And from the string struck music soft and slow—
Each to the chief whom he loved.
Apart by the flame of an oak,
Sulvalla softly touched the string;
She struck the harp from time to time,
Wind sweeping round her graceful locks.
Ca-mor was in darkness black,
His head beneath an aged tree;
The flame of the oak was before the hero:
He saw her; she saw him not:
His soul overflowed in secret,
As he beheld her soft and downcast eye.
But the hardship of battle is nigh thee,
Son of Borbar of mighty chiefs.

Amid the strings, from time to time,
She listened for the hero and his sleep:
Her soul was straightway kindled;
She wished, in the midst of her sorrow,
To raise her own sad song.
The field was still; on the edge of their wings
Fled the blast and the shower of night.
The bards have ceased, and through the gloom
Grey-ruddy signs appear
Amid the hoary gleam of feeble ghosts.

whom he loved.

Sulvalla tuned her own harp. Ca-mor was near, seeing her, but unseen by her.

As the night had passed, and grey streaks of morning appeared, after the bards had ceased,

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secret when he beheld her tearful eye. "But battle is before thee, son of Borbar-duthul."

Amidst the harp, at intervals, she listened whether the warrior slept. Her soul was up; she longed in secret to pour her own sad song. The field is silent. On their wings the blasts of night retire. The bards had ceased, and meteors came red-winding with

DUAN VI.

Dhorch' an speur, cruth faoin nam marbh
'Measg tional nam balbh nial.
Gun smuaintean bha aon nighean Chonmhoir
Mu lasadh 'bha 'falbh 'an cnàmh.
Bha thusa 'n ad aonar 'n a miann,
A thriath Atha nach faoin carbad.
Thog ise gu caoin am fonn,
'Us bhuail i a lom chlàrsach.

"Thàinig Clùngheal; cha d' fhuair òigh.
'C' aite 'bheil a' chòrr shoillse?
'Shealgairean o chòinnich nan còs,
Am fac' sibh gorm-shùil nan seòd 'boillsgeadh?
'Bheil a ceuman mu Lùmon an fhéir
Mu leabaidh o-n leum na ruaidh?
Mise truagh! tha 'boghasa thall"
'An talla do 'n gnàth na cuirm.
C' àite 'bheil gath soillse mo chléibh?'

"'Tréig mi, 'luaidh Chonmhoir nan treun;
Cha chluinn mi thu féin air sliabh;
Tha mo shùilean air àrd rìgh nam beum;
Tha 'astar fo bheudaibh nan gnìomh!"
Esan do-mi bheil m' anam gu léir
'An ciar aimsir mo cheud aisling.
Domhain, dorcha, shìos 'an còmhrag

a His path is amid deeds of danger; lit. *under the injuries* (or *wounds*) *of* (*great*) *deeds.*

their ghosts. The sky grew dark: the forms of the dead were blended with the clouds. But heedless bends the daughter of Conmor over the decaying flame. Thou wert alone in her soul, car-borne chief of Atha. She raised the voice of the song, and touched the harp between.

"Clun-galo came; she missed the maid. 'Where art thou, beam

The sky grew dark; empty forms of the dead
Are 'mid the gathering of silent clouds.
Heedless was Conmor's only daughter
Of the flame which was sinking down:
Thou alone wast her desire,
Chief of Atha of great chariots.
She sweetly raised the song,
And struck the clear-toned harp.

she sung her own sad song.

"Clun-gel came, she found not the maid;
'Where is the dazzling brightness?
Ye hunters from the moss of caves—
Saw ye the blue-eye (love) of heroes, shining?
Are her steps on Lumon of grass,
By the bed whence starts the roe?
Woe is me! her bow is there on high,
In the hall of wonted feast.
Where is the ray of the light of my breast?"

She pictures her mother searching for her after her flight with Ca-mor.

"'Leave me, love of Conmor of chiefs;
I will not hear thee on the hill—
My eyes are on the great warrior-king;
His path is amid deeds of danger.'
To him my soul is wholly given
In the dusky time of my first dream.
Deep and dark in the midst of battle,

She answers, entreating her mother to leave her—saying that she was entirely devoted to him.

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of light? Hunters from the mossy rock, saw ye the blue-eyed fair? Are her steps on grassy Lumon, near the bed of roes? Ah me! I behold her bow in the hall. Where art thou, beam of light?'

"'Cease, love of Conmor, cease; I hear thee not on the ridgy heath. My eye is turned to the king, whose path is terrible in war. He for whom my soul is up in the season of my rest. Deep-

DUAN VI.

Cha-n fhaic gaisgeach 'tha mòr, mo nial.'
C'uim', a ghrian Shùlmhalla nan còrr thriath,
Nach coimhead thu dòchas dhomh sìos?
Tha mo chòmhnuidh féin 'an duibhre,
O mo chùlaobh 'shàmh tharam ceò;
Fo dhealta mo chiabhan a' lùbadh:
Seall ormsa o d' nial, a sheoid,
A ghrian Shùlmhalla nam mòr thriath."

---

bosomed in war he stands; he beholds me not from his cloud.' Why, sun of Sul-malla, dost thou not look forth? I dwell in darkness

DUAN VI.

She complains that he who is her sun sheds no hope around her, and (anticipating his death) entreats him to look down upon her from his cloud. The song ends abruptly.

The great warrior will not see my cloud.
Why, sun of Sulvalla of brave chiefs,
Dost thou shed no hope before me?
My dwelling is all in darkness;
Mist pours o'er me from the past;
My locks are drooping under dew:
Behold me from thy cloud, O hero!
Sun of Sulvalla of noble chiefs."

here: wide over me flies the shadowy mist; filled with dew are my locks. Look thou from thy cloud, O sun of Sul-malla's soul!"

DUAN VII.

ARGUMENT.

"This book begins about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. The poet describes a kind of mist which rose by night from the lake of Lego, and was the usual residence of the souls of the dead during the interval between their decease and the funeral song. The appearance of the ghost of Fillan above the cave where his body lay. His voice comes to Fingal, on the rock of Cormul. The king strikes the shield of Trenmor, which was an infallible sign of his appearing in arms himself. The extraordinary effect of the sound of the shield. Sul-malla, starting from sleep, awakes Cathmor. Their affecting discourse. She insists with him to sue for peace; he resolves to continue the war. He directs her to retire to the neighbouring valley of Lona, which was the residence of an old Druid, until the battle of the next day should be over. He awakes his army with the sound of his shield. The shield described. Fonar, the bard, at the desire of Cathmor, relates the first settlement of the Firbolg in Ireland, under their leader Larthon. Morning comes. Sul-malla retires to the valley of Lona. A lyric song concludes the book."—M.

DUAN VII.

O LINNE doir-choille na Lego
Air uair éiridh ceò taobh-ghorm nan tonn,
'N uair a dhùineas dorsan na h-oidhche
Air iolair-shùil greine nan speur.[a]
Dòmhail mu Lara nan sruth
Thaomas dubh-nial a's duirche gruaim:
Mar ghlais-sgéith ro' thaomadh nan nial
'Snàmh seachad tha gealach na h-oidhche.
Le so éididh taibhsean o shean
An dlùth-ghleus am measg na gaoithe,
'S iad a' leum o osna gu osna
Air dubh-aghaidh oidhche nan sian.
'An taobh oiteig gu pàilliun nan seòd
Taomas iad ceathach nan speur,[b]
Gorm-thalla de thannais nach beò
Gu àm éirigh fonn mharbh-rann nan teud.

Tha torman 'am machair nan crann!
'S e Conar, righ Eirinn, a th'ann,
A' taomadh ceò tannais gu dlùth

[a] The eagle-eye of the sun—*iolair-shùil*. I have followed authority in this rendering, but the epithet does not appear to me very applicable to a setting sun. *Iolar*, or *iolair*, is a preposition signifying "downwards;" and possibly this may be the meaning, instead of "eagle."

[b] They pour, &c. *Taomas iad*—a form frequently occurring in this Duan; very rarely elsewhere.

[From the wood-skirted waters of Lego ascend at times grey-bosomed mists, when the gates of the west are closed on the sun's eagle-eye. Wide over Lara's stream is poured the vapour dark and deep: the moon, like a dim shield, is swimming through its folds. With this clothe the spirits of old their sudden gestures on the

DUAN VII.

From the lake in the copse-wood of Lego
Rises blue-fringed mist from waves,
When close the gates of night
On the eagle-eye of the sun of the skies.
In masses round Lara of streams
Gather black clouds of darkest frown:
Like a grey shield before the rushing clouds,
The moon of night swims past.
With these the spirits of old enrobe
Their close array upon the wind,
As they bound from blast to blast
On the black visage of a night of storms.
On the edge of a breeze to the tent of the brave
They pour the mist of the skies,
A blue abode for the shades of the dead,
Till the wail of the dirge is heard on the strings.

Ossian describes a blue mist which floated round the lake of Lego, and formed a dwelling for spirits until the funeral song was sung.

A murmur is on the field of trees!
Connar, the king of Erin, it is,
Pouring ghost-mist closely [1]

Connar, the ancestor of the Ulster king, whom Fingal was assisting.

wind, when they stride from blast to blast along the dusky night. Often blended with the gale to some warrior's grave, they roll the mist, a grey dwelling to his ghost, until the songs arise.

A sound came from the desert: it was Conar, king of Inis-fail. He poured his mist on the grave of Fillan at blue-winding Lubar.

DUAN VII.

Air Faolan aig Lùbar nan sruth.
Muladach, 'suidhe fo bhròn.
Dh'aom an taibhs, 'an ceathach an lòin:
Thaom an osag esan ann féin;
Ach phill an cruth àluinn gu dian;
Phill e le 'chrom shealladh mall,
Le 'chèò-leadan mar shiubhal nan sian.

[Is doilleir so!]
A ta na slòigh 'n an suain 's an àm
'An truscan ciar na h-oidhche.
Dh'ilsich tein' an rìgh gu h-àrd,
Dh'aom e 'n a aonar air sgéith:
Thuit codal mu shùilibh a' ghaisgich;
Thàinig guth Fhaolain 'n a chluais.
"An codal so do 'n fhear-phòsda dìg Clatho?"[a]
'M bheil còmhnuidh do m' athair 'an suain?
'M bheil cuimhne 's mi 'n truscan nan nial,
'S mi 'm aonar 'an àm na h-oidhche?"

"C' ar son tha thu 'am aisling féin?"
Thuirt Fionnghal 's e 'g éirigh grad.
"An dì-chuimhn' dhomhsa mo mhac
No 'shiubhal teine air réidhlean nan laoch?
Ni mar sin air anam an rìgh
Thig gnìomh sheòd àluinn nan cruaidh bheum.

[a] The husband of Clatho. *Fear-pòsda*, the word now universally used for "husband," seems to be a modern term.

Dark and mournful sat the ghost in his grey ridge of smoke. The blast at times rolled him together, but the form returned again. It returned with bending eyes, and dark winding of locks of mist.

It was dark. The sleeping host were still in the skirts of night. The flame decayed on the hill of Fingal. The king lay lonely on his shield: his eyes were half closed in sleep. The voice of Fillan came.

On Fillan, by Lubar of streams.
Mournful, sitting in sorrow,
Bent the spirit in mist of the marsh:
A blast rolled him into himself;
But soon returned the noble form—
He returned with sad and downcast look,
With mist-hair like the driving storm.

was pouring this spirit-mist over Fillan.

[This is dark!][2]
Meanwhile the hosts are asleep
In the dusky garment of night.
The fire of the king burned low on the height;
Lonely he leaned upon a shield;
Fell sleep on the eyes of the hero.
The voice of Fillan came unto his ear:
"Is it sleep to the husband of Clatho?[a 3]
Does my father dwell in slumber?
Am I remembered when in robe of mist—
When alone in the season of night?"

While the army slept, Fillan himself appears in Fingal's dream, reproaching him with forgetfulness of his death.

"Wherefore art thou in my dreams?"
Said Fingal, rising in haste.
"Is my son forgotten by me,
Or his fiery course on the field of the brave?
Not thus o'er the soul of the king
Come noble hero-deeds of hardy strokes.

Fingal answers that he did not forget his son, or his brave deeds.

"Sleeps the husband of Clatho? Dwells the father of the fallen in rest? Am I forgot in the folds of darkness, lonely in the season of night?"

"Why dost thou mix," said the king, "with the dreams of thy father? Can I forget thee, my son, or thy path of fire in the field? Not such come the deeds of the valiant on the soul of Fingal. They

DUAN VII.

Ni 'n dealan iad a theicheas 'an dùbhra
Na h-oidhche 's nach fàg a lorg.
'S cuimhne leam Faolan 'n a shuain ;
Tha m' anam ag éirigh borb."

Ghluais an rìgh le 'shleagh gu grad,
Bhuail e 'n sgiath a's fuaimnich' eop ;
An sgiath a dh'aom 's an oidhche, àrd,
Ball-mosglaidh do chath nan lot.
Air aomadh dubh nan sliabh,
Air ghaoith theich treud nan taibhsean ;
O ghleannan eiar nan iomadh lùb
Mhosgail guth a' bhàis.

Bhuail e 'n sgiath an dara cuairt ;
Ghluais cogadh 'an aisling an t-sluaigh.
Bha còmh -stri nan lann glas
A' dealradh air anam nan seòd,
Cinn-fheadhna a' druideadh gu cath ;
Sluagh a' teicheadh—gnìomh 'bu chruaidh
Leth-dhoilleir 'an dealan na stàilinn.

'N uair dh'éirich an treas fuaim,
Léum féidh o chòs nan càrn ;[a]
Chluinnteadh sgreadan eun 's an fhàsach,
'S gach aon diubh air 'osna féin.[b]

a "Corries of the cairns." I might translate this "hollows of the rocky steeps ;" but both "corrie" and "cairn," if not quite admitted to the privileges of English citizenship, are no longer treated as aliens.

b Each one on a separate blast, or *on blast of its own*—*i.e.* flying in every direction.

are not there a beam of lightning which is seen, and is then no more. I remember thee, O Fillan! and my wrath begins to rise."

The king took his deathful spear and struck the deeply-sounding shield ; his shield that hung high in night, the dismal sign of war! Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind. Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of death. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.

No flash are they to fly in the dusk
Of night, and leave not a trace.
I remember Fillan in his sleep;
My soul is kindling to wrath."

The king moved straightway with his spear;
He struck the shield of sounding boss—
The shield which hung on high in night—
The rousing note to war of wounds.
On the dusky slope of the mountain,
On the wind, fled the throng of ghosts;
From the dark many-winding glen
Awoke the voice of death.

He rose up, and struck his great shield three times.

The first sound made the ghosts fly on the wind.

Again he struck the shield;
Battle stirred in the dreams of the host.
The conflict of blue blades
Shone on their warrior-souls—
Leaders closing in combat;
People fleeing; daring deeds
Half hidden in the flash of steel.

The second stirred up dreams of battle in the minds of the sleeping warriors.

When the sound for the third time arose,
Sprang deer from the corries of the cairns;[a]
The scream of birds was heard in the desert,
Each one on a separate blast.[b]

The third startled the deer and the birds of the desert.

He struck again the shield; battles rose in the dreams of his host. The wide-tumbling strife is gleaming over their souls. Blue-shielded kings descend to war. Backward-looking armies fly, and mighty deeds are half hid in the bright gleams of steel.

But when the third sound arose, deer started from the clefts of their rocks. The screams of fowl are heard in the desert as each flew frighted on his blast. The sons of Selma half rose and half

DUAN VII.

Leth-dh'éirich sìol Albainn nam buadh ;
Thog iad suas gach sleagh 'bu ghlas ;
Ach phill sàmhchair air an t-sluagh ;
'S e 'bh'ann sgiath Mhòrbheinn nam fras.
Phill codal air sùilibh nam fear.
Bu dorcha trom an gleann.

Ni 'm bu chodal duit-sa 's an uair,
A nighean shùil-ghlòm Chonmhoir nam buadh.
Chuala Suil-mhalla an fhuaim :
Dh'éirich i 's an oidhche le gruaim ;
Tha 'ceum gu rìgh Atha nan colg ;
Ni 'm mosgail cunnart 'anam borb.
Trom a sheas i, 'sùilean sìos.
Tha 'n speur 'an losgadh nan reull.[a]

Chualas leatha sgiath nan cop.
Ghluais—ghrad sheas an òigh.
Dh'éirich a guth—ach dh'aom e sìos.
Chunnaic i e 'n a stàilinn chruaidh.
A' dealradh ri losgadh nan reull :
Chunnaic i e 'n a leadan trom
Ag éirigh ri osna nan speur.
Thionndaidh i 'ceumna le fiamh.
"C'ar son a dhùisgeams' rìgh Éirinn nam Bolg ?
Ni 'n aisling do 'chodal thu féin,
A nighean Innis uaine nan colg."

[a] The stars are burning in the sky ; lit. *the sky is in the burning of the stars.*

assumed their spears. But silence rolled back on the host : they knew the shield of the king. Sleep returned to their eyes ; the field was dark and still.

No sleep was thine in darkness, blue-eyed daughter of Conmor ! Sul-malla heard the dreadful shield, and rose amid the night. Her steps are towards the king of Atha. "Can danger shake his daring soul !" In doubt she stands with bending eyes. Heaven burns

DUAN VII.

The warriors half rose and grasped their spears; but recognising the sound, they again lay down to sleep.

Half rose the race of conquering Alba;
Each raised his blue spear on high;
But calmness returned to the host:
It was the shield of Morven of showers.
Sleep came back to the eyes of the men:
The glen was dark and mournful.

Sulvalla heard it, and went to counsel Ca-mor to sue for peace from Fingal.

No sleep was it then to thee,
Blue-eyed daughter of conquering Conmor.
Sulvalla had heard the sound;
She arose through night in sorrow:
Her path is to the king of warlike Atha;
Danger moves not his firm soul.
Sad, she stood with downcast eyes;
The stars are burning in the sky.[a]

The shield of bosses had been heard by her.
Moved, but straightway stopped the maid;
Her voice arose, but downward sank:
She beheld him in his glittering steel,
Gleaming in the brightness of the stars;
She saw him 'neath his heavy locks,
Which waved to the sighing of the skies.[4]
Timidly she turned her steps away:
"Why wake the king of Erin of Bolgi?
Thou art not the dream of his sleep,
Daughter of warlike Innis-huna."

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with all its stars.

Again the shield resounds! She rushed; she stopped; her voice half rose; it failed. She saw him amidst his arms that gleamed to heaven's fire; she saw him dim in his locks, that rose to nightly wind. Away for fear she turned her steps. "Why should the king of Erin awake? Thou art not a dream to his rest, daughter of Inis-huna."

DUAN VII.

Gu garg a mhosgail an torman :
O'n dìgh thuit a ceann-bheairt sìos ;
Tha 'm farum air carraig nan sruth.
'Plaosgadh o aisling na h-oidhche
Ghluais Cathmor fo a chrann féin :
Chunnaic e an dìgh 'bu tlàth,
Air carraig Lùbair nan sliabh ;
Dearg reull a' sealladh sìos
'Measg siubhal a trom chiabh.

" Cò 'tha tro' oidhche gu Cathmor
'An ciar aimsir 'aisling féin ?
'Bheil fios dhuit air strì nan cruaidh bheum ?
Cò thusa, 'mhic duibhre nan speur ?
An seas thu 'am fianuis an rìgh,
Do chaol-thannas o'n àm o shean ?
No 'n guth thu o neul nam fras
Le cunnart Éirinn nan colg sean ?"

" Ni 'm fear-siubhail duibhre mi féin,
Ni 'n guth mi o neul nan gruaim :
Ach tha m'fhocal le cunnart na h-Éirinn ;
An cualas duit copan nam fuaim ?
Ni 'n taibhs' e, 'righ Atha nan sruth,
A thaomas an fhuaim air oidhche."

More dreadful rings the shield. Sulmalla starts ; her helmet falls. Loud echoes Lubar's rock as over it rolls the steel. Bursting from the dreams of night, Cathmor half rose beneath his tree. He saw the form of the maid above him on the rock. A red star, with twinkling beam, looked through her floating hair.

" Who comes through night to Cathmor in the season of his

Wildly woke the booming sound:
From the maiden fell her helmet down;
Its clang is on the rock of streams.
Half wakening from the dreams of night,
Ca-mor moved beneath his tree;
He beheld the maiden mild
On the rock of Lubar of hills.
A red star is looking down
Through the waving of her heavy locks.

Ca-mor, awakening at her approach, asks who she is.

"Who comes through night to Ca-mor
In the dusky season of his dream?
Knowest thou the fight of cleaving blows?
Who art thou, son of the darkness of the skies?
Dost thou stand in the presence of the king
A shadowy spectre from the times of old?
Or from the cloud of showers a voice
Of danger to old warlike Erin?"

She tells him that she had come to warn him of his danger when Fingal struck his shield for battle.

"No traveller of darkness I,
Nor voice from a cloud of gloom;
But my speech is of danger to Erin.
Didst thou hear the sounding boss?
No phantom is it, king of Atha of streams,
Which rolls that sound through night."

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dreams? Bring'st thou aught of war? Who art thou, son of night? Stand'st thou before me a form of the times of old? a voice from the fold of a cloud to warn me of the danger of Erin?"

"Nor lonely scout am I, nor voice from folded cloud," she said, "but I warn thee of the danger of Erin. Dost thou hear that sound? It is not the feeble king of Atha that rolls his signs on night."

DUAN VII.

"Taomadh an sciòd a ghuth féin,
'S fonn clàrsaich do Chathmor an fhuaim:
Tha aiteas, 'mhic dùibhre nan speur,
A' losgadh air m' anam gun ghruaim.
So ceòl chinn-fheadhna nan cruaidh bheum
'N àm oidhche aisre nan sìan,
'N uair a lasas anam nan sonn,
A' chlann an cruadal d' am miann,
Tha sìol meata 'an còmhnuidh nam fiamh
'An gleannan nan osna tlàth,
Far an aom ceò maidne ri sliabh
O ghorm-shiubhal sruthan nam blàr."

"Ni 'm meat' a chinn-uidhe nan sonn,
Na sìnns're o'n thuit mi féin:
Bu chòmhnuidh dhoibh dùbhra nan tonn
'An tìr fhada sìl cholgaich nam beum.
Ach ni 'n sòlas do m' anam tlàth
Fuaim mhall a' bhàis o'n raon.
Thig esan nach géill gu bràth:
Mosgail bàrd focail a's caoin."

Mar charraig 'us sruthan r'a taobh,
'Am fàsach nam faoin bheann
Sheas Cathmor, ceann-feadhna nach maoin,
'An deoir—

"Let the warrior roll his signs," he replied; "to Cathmor they are the sounds of harps. My joy is great, voice of night, and burns over all my thoughts. This is the music of kings on lonely hills by night, when they light their daring souls, the sons of mighty deeds! The feeble dwell alone in the valley of the breeze, where mists lift their morning skirts from the blue-winding

DUAN VII.

He answers that the greater the danger is, the greater is his joy in meeting it, and that the craven alone seek to avoid it.

"Let the warrior roll his voice;
To Ca-mor it is music of the harp.
Gladness, son of the darkness of the skies,
Burns in my soul without a frown.
This is music to leaders of dauntless deeds
By night in the pass of storms,
When kindle the souls of the brave—
The men who covet danger.
The timid race dwell in the house of fears,
In the narrow glen of tranquil breeze,
Where on the hill lean morning mists
From the blue course of streamlets on the plain."

She says she was not of a craven race; but she entreats of him to make peace with Fingal, who never yields.

"Not timid, leader of the brave,
Were those from whom I sprang;
Their dwelling was the darkness of the waves
In a far-off land of brave and warrior sons.
But no delight to my loving soul
Is the heavy sound of death on the field.
He comes who never will yield;
Awake a bard whose speech is peace."

He is deeply moved by her affectionate pleading, and by the remembrance of her happiness in

Like a rock with streams adown its side,
In the forest of desert Bens,
Stood Ca-mor, the dauntless chief,
In tears—

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streams."

"Not feeble, king of men, were they, the fathers of my race. They dwelt in the folds of battle in their distant lands. Yet delights not my soul in the signs of death! He who never yields comes forth: O send the bard of peace!"

Like a dropping rock in the desert stood Cathmor in his tears.

DUAN VII.

Mar oiteig air 'anam le bròn
Thàinig guth caoin na h-òigh
A' mosgladh cuimhne talmhuinn nam beann,
A caomh chòmhnuidh aig sruthain nan gleann,
Roimh an àm 'an d'thàinig e gu borb
Gu cobhair Chonmhoir nan colg fiar.

"A nighean coigrich nan lann,"
(Thionndaidh i a ceann o'n t-sonn)
"'S fhada fo m' shùil 'an cruaidh
Crann flathail Innis uaine nan tonn.
Tha m' anam, do thubhairt mi fhéin,
'An truscan nan slan ciar;
C' ar son a lasadh an dealradh so féin,*
Gus am pill mi 'an sìth o'n t-sliabh?
'N do ghlas m' aghaidh 'n ad fhianuis, a làmh-gheal,
'S tu 'togail do m' eagal an rìgh?
'S àm cunnairt, ainnir nan trom chiabh,
Àm do m' anam, mòr thalla na strì.
Atas e dòmhail mar shruth
A' taomadh air Gaill nan cruaidh bheum.

"'An taobh carnaig chòsaich air Lòna,
Mu chaochan nan sruthan cròm
Glas 'an ciabh na h-aoise
Tha Claonmhal', rìgh clàrsaich nam fonn;

* Why should this brightness shine, &c.?—*i.e.* why should he allow her love to occupy his mind until he returned in peace?

Her voice came, a breeze on his soul, and waked the memory of her land, where she dwelt by her peaceful streams before he came to the war of Conmor.

"Daughter of strangers," he said (she trembling turned away), "long have I marked thee in my steel, young pine of Inis-huna. But my soul, I said, is folded in a storm. Why should that beam

her own peaceful home before she had seen him.

Like a breeze across his soul in grief
Came the gentle voice of the maiden,
Wakening remembrance of the land of hills—
Her peaceful dwelling by the streams of glens—
Ere he had come in his strength
With aid to Conmor of warlike mood.

He declares his affection for her, but says that he rejoices in meeting danger; advises her to withdraw to the glen of Lona, where Clonmel the bard dwelt;

"Daughter of the stranger of spears"
(She turned her head from the warrior),
"Long (clad) in steel, beneath my eye,
Has been the graceful tree of the green isle of waves.
(But) my soul, I said to myself,
Is in the folds of dusky storms.
Why should this brightness shine,[a]
Till I return from the hill in peace?
Has my look blanched before thee, thou White-hand,
That, to dismay me, thou shouldst raise the king?
The hour of danger, maid of heavy locks,
Is the hour of my soul—the great abode of war.
It swells, enlarging like a flood,
Pouring on hard-smiting Galls.

"Beside a hollow rock on Lona,
By the eddies of the bending streams,
Hoary, in the locks of age,
Is Clonmel, king of tuneful harps;

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arise, till my steps return in peace? Have I been pale in thy presence as thou bidst me to fear the king? The time of danger, O maid! is the season of my soul; for then it swells a mighty stream, and rolls me on the foe.

"Beneath the moss-covered rock of Lona, near his own loud stream, grey in his locks of age, dwells Clonmal, king of harps.

DUAN VII.

Os a chionn tha crann daraich nam fuaim,
Agus siubhal nan ruadh-bhoc shìom.
Tha farum na strì 'n a chluais,
'S e 'g aomadh' an smuaintibh nach'tìom :
An sin biodh do thalla, 'Shùilmhalla,
Gus an ìlsich farum nam beum,
Gus am pill' mi 'an lasadh na cruaidhe
O thruscan duibhre na beinn',
O'n cheathach a thrusas o Lòna
Mu chòmhnuidh mo rùin féin."

Thuit gath soluis air anam na h-òighe ;
Las i suas fa chòir an rìgh :
Thionndaidh i a h-aghaidh ri Cathmor,
A ciabh bhog anns na h-osnaibh a' strì.

" Reubar iolair nan speur àrd
O mhòr shruth gaoithe nan gleann,
'N uair a chi e na ruadh bhuic f'a chòir
Clann eilid nam faoin bheann,
Mu -n tionndaidh Cathmor nan cruaidh bheum
O'n strì mu-n éirich dàn.
Faiceams' thu, 'ghaisgich nan geur lann,
O thruscan an duibhre dhuibh,
'N uair thogas ceò mu m' chòmhnuidh féin,
Air Lòna nan iomadh sruth.

Above him is his echoing tree and the dun bounding of roes. The noise of our strife reaches his ear as he bends in the thoughts of years. There let thy rest be, Sul-malla, until our battle cease ; until I return in my arms from the skirts of the evening mist that rises on Lona round the dwelling of my love."

A light fell on the soul of the maid ; it rose kindled before the

DUAN VII.

Above him is a sounding oak,
And the path of the slender roe.
The noise of war is in his ear,
As he bends in painful thought:
There be thy dwelling, Sulvalla,
Till the din of (battle-)stroke subsides,
And I return in shining steel,
From the folds of darkness on the Ben—
From the mist which rises on Lona,
Round the dwelling of my love."

and promises to visit her after the battle is over.

A beam of light fell on the maiden's soul;
She brightened in presence of the king:
She turned her face to Ca-mor,
Her soft hair waving in the breeze:

She is gladdened by the acknowledgment of his love to her. She regrets the impossibility of turning him from his purpose of battle.

"Torn shall be the eagle of the lofty skies
From the great wind-rush of the glens,
When he sees the roebucks near him—
Children of the hind of mountains waste—
Ere the hard-smiting Ca-mor will turn
From the war on which songs shall rise.
May I see thee, hero of sharp swords,
From the robe of gloomy darkness,
When mist rises round my dwelling,
On Lona of the many streams.

She begs of him to strike his shield in battle, so that she may hear it on Lona;

king. She turned her face to Cathmor from amidst her waving locks. "Sooner shall the eagle of heaven be torn from the stream of his roaring wind, when he sees the dun prey before him, the young sons of the bounding roe, than thou, O Cathmor! be turned from the strife of renown. Soon may I see thee, warrior, from the skirts of the evening mist, when it is rolled around me on Lona of

DUAN VII.

'N uair is fhada o m' shuil thu, a sheoid,
Buail copan nam fuaim àrd;
Pilleadh sòlas do m' anam, 's e 'n ceò,
'S mi ag aomadh air carraig leam féin.
Ach ma thuit thu, mar ri coigrich a ta mi!
Thigeadh do ghuth o neul
Gu òigh innis uaine, 's i fann."

"'Òg-gheug Lùmoin an fheoir,
C'uim' a dh'aomadh tu 'n stràchdadh nan slàn?
'S tric a thionndaidh Cathmor o'n bhlàr
'Dubh-thaomadh air aghaidh nan sliabh;
Mar mheallain domh féin tha sleaghan nan lot
'S iad a' bruanadh air cop nan sgiath.
Dh'éiream, 'am sholus, o'n strì,
Mar thein' oidhche o thaomadh nan nial.
Na pill, a dheò-gréine, o'n ghleann,
'N uair a dhlùthaicheas farum nan colg,
Eagal teicheadh do 'n nàmhaid o m' làimh,
Mar a theich iad o sheannsra nam Bolg."[a]

"Chualas le Sonnmor air Cluanfhear,
A thuit fo Chormac nan géur lann.
Tri làì dhorchaich an rìgh[b]
Mu 'n fhear a dh'aom 'an strì nan gleann.

[a] "The ancient Bolgi." The Gaelic here is *seannsra*, in every other place *sinnsre*; but as *seannsra* (*sean*, "*senex*") is evidently the older form, I have left it unchanged.

[b] Mourned the king; lit. *darkened*, &c. —an expression very frequently used to denote grief or gloom.

the streams. While yet thou art distant far, strike, Cathmor, strike the shield! that joy may return to my darkened soul as I lean on the mossy rock. But if thou shouldst fall, I am in the land of strangers; O send thy voice from thy cloud to the maid of Inishuna!"

"Young branch of green-headed Lumon, why dost thou shake in the storm? Often has Cathmor returned from darkly-rolling wars

When thou art far from my eye, O hero!
Strike the loudly-sounding boss;
Let joy return to my sorrowing soul,
As I lean above on the rock.
But if thou fall, I am with strangers!
Let thy voice come down from the cloud
To the maid of Innis-huna, faint."

adding that if he fall she is left friendless; and asks him to speak to her from his cloud.

"Young branch of grassy Lumon,
Why shouldst thou fall in the strewing of the storm?
Oft has Ca-mor returned from battle
Which had darkly rolled on the face of the hill;
Like hail are wounding spears to me,
As they crash on the bosses of the shield.
I would rise in brightness from the strife,
Like the fire of night from the rending clouds.
Return not, sunbeam, from the glen,
When the din of arms is nigh thee,
Lest the foe escape my hand,
As they escaped the ancient Bolgi.[a]

He says there is no cause to dread his fall: he had often returned from battle. He begs of her not to leave Lona till the battle is over; and tells the story of Son-mor and Sul-alin to enforce his request.

"Sonmor had heard that Cluaner
Had fallen by Cormac of keen-edged blades.
For three days mourned the king[b]
For him who fell in the battle of the glens.

Sonmor went forth to avenge his brother Cluaner, slain by Cormac.

The darts of death are but hail to me; they have often rattled along my shield. I have risen brightened from battle, like a meteor from a stormy cloud. Return not, fair beam, from thy vale, when the roar of battle grows. Then might the foe escape, as from my fathers of old.

"They told to Son-mor, of Clunar, who was slain by Cormac in fight. Three days darkened Son-mor over his brother's fall. His

DUAN VII.

Chunnaic mìn-bhean an sonn 'an ceò ;
Bhrosnuich sud di siubhal gu sliabh :
Thog i bogha fo 's lòsal
Gu dol mar ri laoch nan sgiath :
Do 'n ainnir luidh dùbhra air Atha,
'N uair a shiubhladh an gaisgeach gu gnìomh.
O cheud sruthan aonaich na h-oidhche
Thaom sìol Alnecma sìos.
Chualas sgiath chaismeachd an rìgh ;
Mhosgail an anam gu strì ;
Bha 'n siubhal 'am farum nan lann
Gu Ullin, talamh nan erann.
Bhuail Sonnmor air uairibh an sgiath,
Ceann-feadhna nam borb thriath.

"'N an déigh lean Sùil-àluinn
Air aomadh nam fras;
Bu sholus is' air aonach,
'N uair thaom iad air gleanntaibh glas ;
Tha 'ceuman fiathail air lom,
'N uair thog iad ri aghaidh nan tom :
B'eagal di sealladh an rìgh
A dh'fhàg i 'n Atha nam frìth.
'N uair dh'éirich farum nam beum
Agus thaom iad 's a' chéile 's a' chath,

spouse beheld the silent king, and foresaw his steps to war. She prepared the bow in secret to attend her blue-shielded hero: to her dwelt darkness at Atha when he was not there. From their hundred streams by night poured down the sons of Alnecma. They had heard the shield of the king, and their rage arose. In clanging arms they moved along towards Ullin of the groves. Son-mor

His gentle wife beheld the sorrowing chief,
And thus was moved to seek the hill,
Lifting her bow in secret
To go with the hero of shields;
Dark to his wife was Atha
When the hero went forth to war.
From hundred mountain-streams by night
Poured down Alnecma's race.
The warning-shield of the king was heard;
Their souls enkindled for the fray;
Their path was, in the din of arms,
To Ullin, the land of trees.
Sonmor struck the shield from time to time,
The leader of the fearless chiefs.

"Behind them followed Sul-alin
Along the showery steeps;
She was a light on the mountain,
As they marched across the green glens;
Her graceful steps were on the plain,
When they clomb the mountain-brow:
She dreaded the eye of the king,
Who had left her in Atha of woods.
When rose the clang of battle-strokes,
As they mingled fiercely in the fray,

Sul-alin, his wife, followed him, keeping at a distance from the warriors during their march.

When battle was joined, and Sonmor

struck his shield at times, the leader of the war.

"Far behind followed Sul-allin over the streamy hills. She was a light on the mountain, when they crossed the vale below. Her steps were stately on the vale, when they rose on the mossy hill. She feared to approach the king, who left her in echoing Atha. But when the roar of battle rose, when host was rolled on host,

DUAN VII.

Loisg Sonnmor mar theine nan speur ;
Thàinig Sùil-àluinn nam flath,
A folt sgaoilte 's an osna,
A h-anam ag ospairn mu 'n righ.
Dh'aom e 'n strì mu rùn nan laoch :
Theich nàmhaid fo dhùbhra nan speur ;
Luidh Cluanfhear gun fhuil,[a]
Gun fhuil air tigh caol gun leus.

"Ni 'n d'éirich fearg Shonnmhoir nan lann ;
Bha 'là gu dorcha 's gu mall.
Ghluais Sùil-àluinn mu 'gorm shruth féin,
A sùil 'an reachdaibh nan deur :
Bu lionmhor a sealladh gu caoin
Air gaisgeach sàmhach nach faoin :
Ach thionndaidh i a sùilean tlàth
O shealladh an laoich thuathail.[b]
Mhosgail blàir mar fharum nan nial ;
Ghluais dorran o 'anam mòr ;
Chunnas a ceuman le aiteas
'S a làmh gheal air clàrsaich nam fonn."

'N a chruaidh a ghluais an righ gun dàil ;
Bhuail e 'n sgiath chòsach àrd,
Gu h-àrd air darach nan sian,
Aig Lùbar nan iomadh sruth.

a "Without (avenging) blood." I have supplied *avenging* to make the meaning of the passage clear. "Blood for blood" was the law among the Celts as among all ancient nations.

b From the *moody* hero glance ; lit. *from the northern hero's glance*. The south, as often observed (*deas*), is expressive of all that is bright and joyful; the north (*tuath*), of all of an opposite description. "Sun-worship" is said to have originated this distinction.

when Son-mor burned like the fire of heaven in clouds, with her spreading hair came Sul-allin, for she trembled for her king. He stopped the rushing strife to save the love of heroes. The foe fled by night ; Clunar slept without his blood, the blood which ought to be poured upon the warrior's tomb.

"Nor rose the rage of Son-mor, but his days were silent and dark. Sul-allin wandered by her grey streams with her tearful

(And) Sonmor burned like fire of the skies,
Came Sul-alin (daughter) of heroes,
Her hair dishevelled in the blast,
And her heart distressed for her king;
He left the fight for (her,) the love of heroes.
Fled the foe in the darkness of the skies;
Cluaner lay without (avenging) blood[a]—
Without blood on the narrow rayless house.

likely to conquer, she rushed towards him, and induced him to forsake the fight—in consequence of which Cluaner lay unavenged.

"Nor rose the wrath of Sonmor of swords,
(Though) his days were dark and drear.
Sul-alin walked by her own blue stream,
Her eyes overflowing with tears.
Often did she fondly gaze
On the stern and silent warrior;
But she turned her gentle eyes away
From the moody hero's glance.[b]
Battles arose like the noise of clouds;
Gloom forsook his mighty soul;
Her steps were beheld in gladness,
And her white hand on the tuneful harp."

He showed no anger towards her, but continued gloomy until other battles arose. The engaging in these restored his happiness.

The king moved straightway in his steel;
He struck the hollow shield on high—
High on the oak of storms,
By Lubar of many streams.

Ca-mor now struck his shield—a shield of seven bosses, each of which, when struck, con-

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eyes. Often did she look on the hero when he was folded in his thoughts. But she shrank from his eyes, and turned her lone steps away. Battles rose like a tempest, and drove the mist from his soul. He beheld with joy her steps in the hall, and the white rising of her hands on the harp."

In his arms strode the chief of Atha to where his shield hung high in night: high on a mossy bough, over Lubar's streamy roar.

DUAN VII.

Seachd copana bha air an sgéith,
Seachd focail an rìgh d'a shluagh,
A thaomadh air osnaibh nan speur,
Air fineachan mòr nam Bolg.

Air gach copan tha reull de'n oidhche,
Ceann-mathan nan ros gun sclèo;
Caol-dearrsa o neul ag éirigh;
Iùl-oidhche 'an truscan de cheò.
Tha Caoin-chathlinn air carraig a' dealradh;
Reull-dùbhra air gorm-thonn o'n iar
'Leth-chealeadh a sholuis 'an uisge.
Tha Beur-theine, las-shuil nan sliabh
'Sealladh sios o choille 's an aonach
Air mall shiubhal sealgair 's e 'triall
Troimh ghleannan an dùbhra bhraonaich
Le faoibh ruadh-bhuic nan leum àrd.
Dòmhail am meadhon na sgéithe
Tha lasadh Tuinn-theine gun neul,
An rionnag, a sheall tro' 'n oidhche
Air Lear-thonn a' chuain mhòir;
Lear-thonn, ceann-feadhna nam Bolg,
An ceud fhear a shiubhail air gaoith.
Leathann sgaoil siuil bhàn an rìgh
Gu Innis-fàil nan iomadh sruth.
Thaom oidhche air aghaidh a' chuain,

Seven bosses rose on the shield; the seven voices of the king which his warriors received from the wind, and marked over all their tribes.

On each boss is placed a star of night: Can-mathon with beams unshorn; Colderna rising from a cloud; Uloicho robed in mist; and the soft beam of Cathlin glittering on a rock. Smiling on its own blue wave, Reldurath half sinks its western light. The red

Seven bosses were on the shield[5]—
Seven voices of the king to his host,
Which were wafted by the blasts of the sky
To the mighty tribes of the Bolgi.

veyed a distinct and separate intimation to his people.

On every boss there is a star of night:
Can-mahon of eye undimmed;
Col-dearsa rising from a cloud;
Iul-oichè in a robe of mist;
Caoin-calin is shining on a rock;
Reul-dura on blue western wave,
Half hiding his light in the sea;
Beur-henè, the fiery eye of the mountains,
Looks down through a wood on the hill,
On the slow step of the hunter, as he goes
Through the narrow glen in dewy twilight
With his spoil—the high-bounding roe;
Broad in the centre of the shield
Is the cloudless flame of Tonn-henè,
The star which looked through night
On Lar-hon of the mighty sea—
Lar-hon, leader of the Bolgi,
The first who travelled on the wind.
Broadly spread the white sails of the king,
Towards Innis-fail of many streams.
Night spread over the face of ocean

On each of the bosses was depicted a star, the names of which are given.

Tonn-henè (fire of the waves) is mentioned as having guided to Erin Lar-hon, the first of the Bolgi who reached it.

eye of Berthin looks through a grove on the hunter, as he returns by night with the spoils of the bounding roe. Wide in the midst arose the cloudless beams of Ton-théna, that star which looked by night on the course of the sea-tossed Larthon; Larthon, the first of Bolga's race, who travelled on the winds. White-bosomed spread the sails of the king towards streamy Inis-fail; dun night was rolled

DUAN VII.

Agus ceathach nan truscan dubh;
Bha gaoth a' caochladh dlùth 's an speur;
Leum luingeas o thonn gu tonn;
'N uair dh'èirich Tonn-theine nan stuadh,
'Caoin-shealladh o bhriseadh nan nial.
B' aiteas do Lear-thonn tein-iuil nam buadh,
A' dealradh air domhan nan sian.

Fo shleagh Chathmhoir nan colg sean,
Dhùisg an guth a dhùisgeadh bàird:
Thaom iad dubh o thaobh nan sliabh
Le clàrsaich ghrinn 's gach làimh.
Le aiteas mòr sheas romp' an righ,
Mar fhear-siubhail ri teas là 'n gleann,
'N uair chluinneas e fada 's an réidh [a]
Caoin thorman sruthan nam beann,
Sruthain a bhriseas 's an fhàsach
O charraig thaobh-ghlais nan ruadh-bhoc.

"C' arson a chluinneam guth àrd an righ
'N àm codail 'an oidhche nam fras?
Am facas tannas nach beò,
'Measg aisling, ag aomadh glas?
Air neul am bheil an àiteach fuar
A' feitheamh fonn Fhonnair nàm fleagh?
Is honmhor an siubhal air réidh,

[a] In the *strath*—*i.e.* the lower part, the level or "*via strata*" of the valley—a word now in common use.

before him with its skirts of mist. Unconstant blew the winds and rolled him from wave to wave. Then rose the fiery-haired Tonthéna, and smiled from her parted cloud. Larthon blessed the well-known beam as it faint-gleamed on the deep.

Beneath the spear of Cathmor rose that voice which awakes the bards. They came dark-winding from every side, each with the sound of his harp. Before them rejoiced the king as the traveller

With fog of dusky garments;
The wind veered oft in the sky;
Bounded the skiff from wave to wave;
When rose Tonn-henè of billows,
Mildly looking through parting clouds.
Welcome to Lar-hon was the happy fire-guide,
Shining on the stormy deep.

Beneath the spear of Ca-mor of tried arms
Awoke the voice which wakens bards:
They poured in darkness from the hill,
Each with a tuneful harp in his hand.
Before them stood the king in gladness great,
Like one who walks the glen in heat of day,
When he hears far off in the strath[a]
The soft murmur of the mountain-rills—
Rills which burst in the desert
From the grey-sided rock of deer.

The sounding of Ca-mor's shield aroused the bards, who gathered round him with their harps. He rejoiced as the traveller in a day of heat, when he hears the murmur of a mountain-stream.

"Why do I hear the king's loud voice
In the hour of sleep in night of showers?
Has a spirit of the dead been seen
Coming down in pallor through thy dreams?
Is their cold dwelling on the clouds
Awaiting the song of Fonnar of feasts?
Ofttimes they traverse the field

Fonnar, the chief of them, inquires why the shield had sounded in darkness; and asks whether he should address the spirits of night, or sing a requiem to

in the day of the sun, when he hears far-rolling around the murmur of mossy streams—streams that burst in the desert from the rock of roes.

"Why," said Fonar, "hear we the voice of the king in the season of his rest? Were the dim forms of thy fathers bending in thy dreams? Perhaps they stand on that cloud, and wait for Fonar's song: often they come to the fields where their sons are to

DUAN VII.

Far an tog an siol an t-sleagh ?
No 'n éirich ar crònan air thùs [a]
Mu 'n fhear nach tog an t-sleagh gu bràth,
Fear-cosgairt air gleann nan slòigh
O Mhòma nan iomadh bad ?"

"Ni 'n dì-chuimhn' dhomh dorchadh nam blàr,
'Chinn-fheadhna nam bàrd o thùs,
Togar clach dha aig Lùbar nan càrn,
Aite-còmhnuidh do Fholdath, 's d'a chliu :
Ach tàom m' anam air àm nan laoch,
Air na bliadhnaibh 's an d'éirich iad suas
Air tonn Innis-uaine nan colg.
Ni 'n aiteas do Chathmor a mhàin
Cuimhne Lùmoin, innis uaine nan slòigh ;
Lùmon, talamh nan sruth,
Caoin-chòmhnuidh nam bàn-bhroilleach òigh."

"'Lùmoin nan sruth,[b]
Tha thu 'dealradh air m' anam féin ;
Tha dò ghrian air do thaobh
Air carraig nan crann 'bu trom.
Tha d'eilid chiar,
Do dhearg bàrr-mhòr am measg nam bad
A' faicinn air sliabh
An colg chù a' siubhal grad.
Mall air an réidh

[a] "Lullaby ;" Gael. *crònan* (Scottish, "croon"), a slow murmuring air. The word is generally used nowadays for "lullaby ;" and I have taken it here, as the intention of the *crònan* was to soothe and lull to rest the spirit of Folda.

[b] The difference of the measure here from the common one, as well as its irregularity throughout this Duan, is deserving of notice.

lift the spear. Or shall our voice arise for him who lifts the spear no more : he that consumed the field from Moma of the groves ?"

"Not forgot is that cloud in war, bard of other times. High shall his tomb rise on Moi-lena, the dwelling of renown. But now roll back my soul to the times of my fathers : to the years when first they rose on Inis-huna's waves. Nor alone pleasant to Cath-

DUAN VII.

Where their children lift the spear.
Or shall our lullaby arise at first[a]
To him who lifts the spear no more—
The slayer of people in the glen—
Him from Moma of many woods?"

Folda (slain in battle by Fillan).

"I forget not the darkener of battles,
Thou who wert ever chief of bards;
His stone shall be raised by Lubar of cairns,
A dwelling for Folda and his fame.
But pour my soul on the time of heroes,
On the years in which they rose
Over warlike Innis-huna's wave.
Not pleasant to Ca-mor alone is
Memory of Lumon, green isle of hosts—
Lumon, the land of rivers,
Glad abode of white-bosomed maidens."

Ca-mor asks him to sing of the heroes of old, and of their coming from Innis-huna, or Lumon, to Erin.

"Lumon of rivers,[b]
Thou shinest on my soul;
Thy sun is on thy side,
On the rock of stately trees.
Thy dark dun hind, (and)
Thy great-antlered stag in thy woods,
Behold on the hill
The stanch fleet-footed dog.
Slow on the plain

Fonnar begins an address to Lumon, describing its beauty.

mor is the remembrance of wood-covered Lumon—Lumon of the streams, the dwelling of white-bosomed maids."

"Lumon of the streams, thou risest on Fonar's soul! Thy sun is on thy side, on the rocks of thy bending trees. The dun roe is seen from thy furze: the deer lifts his branchy head; for he sees at times the hound on the half-covered heath. Slow on the vale

DUAN VII.

Tha ceumna nan òigh,
Oigh làmh-gheal nan teud
'S nam bogha crom 's a' mhagh,
'Togail an gorm shùl tlàth
O'n leadan bàrr-bhuidh air sliabh nam flath.
Ni bheil ceumna Lear-thonn 's a' bheinn,
Ceann Innis nan geug uaine.
Tha e 'togail dubh dharach air tonn
'An camas Chlùba nan iomadh stuadh,
'N dubh-dharach a bhuain e o Lùmon
Gu siubhal air aghaidh a' chuain.
Thionndaidh òighe 'n sùilean tlàth
O'n rìgh mu'n tuiteadh e sios:
Ni 'm facas leo riamh an long,
Ciar mharcach a' chuain mhòir.

"Ghlaodh a nis an rìgh a' ghaoth
'Measg ceò na mara glais.
Dh'eirich Innis-fàil gu gorm.
Thuit, gu dian, oidhche nam fras;
Bhuail eagal clann Bholga gu luath,
Ghlan neoil o Thonn-theine nan stuadh;
'An camas Chùlbeinn' dh'àitich an long,"
Far am freagradh a' choille do thonn:
'Bu chopach an sin an sruth,
O charraig Dubh-uamha nan còs,

" Moored the ship; lit. *dwelt the ship.*

are the steps of maids; the white-armed daughters of the bow; they lift their blue eyes to the hill from amidst their wandering locks. Not there is the stride of Larthon, chief of Inis-huna. He mounts the wave on his own dark oak in Cluba's ridgy bay; that oak which he cut from Lumon to bound along the sea. The maids turn their eyes away, lest the king should be lowly laid; for never

Are the steps of maidens—
White-handed maidens of harps,
And of bended bows on the field;
They raise their soft blue eyes
From their yellow locks to the hill of heroes.
The steps of Lar-hon are not on the hill—
Chief of Innis-huna of trees:
Over the wave he urges the black oak [6]
In the many-billowed bay of Cluba—
The black oak which he felled on Lunon
To travel over the face of ocean.
The maidens turned their gentle eyes
From the king, for fear he would sink;
For never had they beheld a ship—
The dark rider of great ocean.

Lar-hon, the chief, built a ship of oak, the first which had ever been seen there; and when he set sail the maidens turned away their eyes, lest they should see him sinking in the ocean.

"Now the king invoked the wind
Amid the mist of the grey sea.
Rose Innis-fail in its greenness:
Swiftly fell a night of showers;
Fear straightway struck the sons of Bolga;
Cleared the clouds from Tonn-henè of waves.
In the bay of Culben moored the ship,"
Where wood re-echoed to the surge:
Therein a foaming river ran
From the rock of Du-uma of clefts,

He sailed onwards till Innis-fail (Erin) came to view. A night of storm came on; his companions became timorous; but the star Tonn-henè banished the darkness, and he landed safely in the bay of Culben.

had they seen a ship, dark rider of the wave!

"Now he dares to call the winds, and to mix with the mist of ocean. Blue Inis-fail rose in smoke; but dark-skirted night came down. The sons of Bolga feared: the fiery-haired Ton-thena rose. Culbin's bay received the ship in the bosom of its echoing woods. There issued a stream from Duthuma's horrid cave, where spirits

DUAN VII.

'S an dealradh tarnais nach beò
Le 'n cruthan caochlach féin.

"Thàinig aisling gu Lear-thonn nan long,
Seachd sàmhla de na linnean nach beò;
Chualas an guth briste, trom.
Chunnas an sìol 'an ceò,
Chunnas sìol Atha nan colg,
'S an clann, cinn-uidhe nam Bolg:
Thaom iad am feachda féin,
Mar cheathach a' teurnadh o'n bheinn,
'N uair a shiùbhlas e glas fo'n osna
Air Atha nan iomadh dos.

"Thog Lear-thonn talla Shàmhla*
Rì caoin fhonn clàrsaich nan teud.
Dh'aom eilid Éirinn o 'cheumnaibh,
Aig aisre ghlais nan sruth.
Ni 'n dì-chuimhn' da Lùmon uaine,
No Flathal gheal-làmhach nam buadh,
'S i 'coimhead air marcaich nan tonn
O thulaich nan eilid ruadh.
'Lùmoin han sruth;
Tha thu 'dealradh air m' anam féin."

Mhosgail gath soluis o'n ear;
Dh'éirich àrd chinn cheathach nam beannan;

* The hall of Samla, or of "forms" or "spectres." *Samhla (similis)* is the common name for a "shadowy appearance."

gleamed at times with their half-finished forms.

"Dreams descended on Larthon; he saw seven spirits of his fathers. He heard their half-formed words, and dimly beheld the times to come. He beheld the kings of Atha, the sons of future days. They led their hosts along the field, like ridges of mist which winds pour in autumn over Atha of the groves.

Where gleamed the spirits of the dead
In their own changeful forms.

"Came a dream to Lar-hon of ships—
Seven shades of those who lived not then;
Heard was their voice, broken and sad.
Their sons were seen in mist—
The race of Atha of arms was seen,
And their sons, the leaders of the Bolgi:
They poured their armies forth,
Like mist descending from the hill,
When grey it drives before the blast
On Atha of many trees.

Instructed by a dream, in which seven spirits of the Bolgi appeared to him,

"Lar-hon built the hall of Samla,[a]
To the sweet song of the stringed harp.
Erin's hind retreated from his steps
By the grey passes of the streams;
Nor did he forget green Lumon,
Nor the graceful white-handed Flahal,
Who beheld the rider of the waves
From the hill of the dun hinds.
Lumon of streams,
Thou shinest o'er my soul!"

he built the house of Samla, settled there, and took Flahal, from Lumon, as his wife. (He was the first of the kings of Atha.)

A beam of light shone from east;
High rose the misty heads of mountains;

Morning now dawned from the east.

[a] "Larthon raised the hall of Samla to the music of the harp. He went forth to the roes of Erin, to their wonted streams. Nor did he forget green-headed Lumon; he often bounded over his seas, to where white-handed Flathal looked from the hill of roes. Lumon of the foamy streams, thou risest on Fonar's soul!"

Morning pours from the east. The misty heads of the mountains

DUAN VII.

Chunnas air cladach nan gleannan [a]
An crom chaochain ghlas-shruthach féin.
Chualas sgiath Chathmhoir nan colg;
Mhosgail slol Éirinn nam Bolg
Mar mhuir dhomhail 'n uair ghluaiseas gu geur
Fuaim éiti air aghaidh nan speur
'Taomadh thonn o thaobh gu taobh
Ag aomadh an glas cheannan baoth
Gun eolas air siubhal a' chuain.

Trom 'us mall gu Lòn nan sruth
Ghluais Sùil-mhalla nan rosg tlàth:
Ghluais 'us thionndaidh 'n dìgh le bròn
A' gorm shùil fo shileadh blàth.
'N uair thàinig i gu carraig chruaidh
'Dubh-chromadh air gleannan a Lòin,
Sheall i o bhriseadh a céille [b]
Air righ Atha—dh'aom i sìos.

"Buail teud, a mhic Alpuinn nam fonn.
'Bheil sòlas 'an clàrsaich 'an neoil?
Taom air Oisean, 'us 'osan gu trom,
Tha 'anam a' snàmh 'an ceò.
Chualas thu, 'bhàird, 'am oidhche:
Ach siùbhladh fonn eutrom uam féin.
'S aiteas caoin thuireadh do Oisean
'Am bliadhnaibh ciar na h-aoise.

[a] On the shores of the glens—*i. e.* on the banks of streams in the glens. *Cladach* is applied not only to the "sea-shore," but to any gravelly beach, whether by fresh or salt water.

[b] She looked, her reason reeling; lit. *she looked from the breaking of her reason.*

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rise. Valleys show on every side the grey winding of their streams. His host heard the shield of Cathmor: at once they rose around, like a crowded sea when first it feels the wings of the wind. The waves know not whither to roll; they lift their troubled heads.

Sad and slow retired Sul-malla to Lona of the streams. She went, and often turned; her blue eyes rolled in tears. But when

DUAN VII.

Ca-mor's host was aroused by his shield, and for a time tossed hither and thither, like waves at the very commencement of a storm.

Seen on the shores of the glens[a]
Were their winding grey-streamed brooks.
Heard was the shield of warlike Ca-mor;
Roused was the race of Erin of Bolgi
Like the swelling sea, when shrilly stirs
A sound of storm on the face of the skies—
Billows roll from side to side,
Swaying their grey witless heads,
Not knowing the course of ocean.

Sulvalla withdraws to Lona; taking a last look at Ca-mor, is overpowered with grief, and faints.

Sadly and slowly to Lona of streams
Moved Sulvalla of soft kind eye;
The maiden moved, and turned in grief,
Her blue eyes raining warm tears.
When she came to the rugged rock,
Beetling dark o'er Lona's narrow glen,
She looked, her reason reeling,[b]
On Atha's king, and downward sank.

Ossian calls on the son of Alpin to sing mournful strains—

"Strike the string, thou son of tuneful Alpin!
Is there joy in the harp amid clouds?
Shed (it) on Ossian—his sigh is heavy;
His soul is swimming in mist.
Thou hast been heard, O bard! in my night;
But far from me be the cheerful strain.
Soft mourning is joy to Ossian
In the sombre years of age.

she came to the rock that darkly covered Lona's vale, she looked from her bursting soul on the king, and sank at once behind.

"Son of Alpin, strike the string!' Is there aught of joy in the harp? Pour it, then, on the soul of Ossian; it is folded in mist. I hear thee, O bard! in my night. But cease the lightly-trembling sound. The joy of grief belongs to Ossian amidst his dark-brown years.

DUAN VII.

"A dhroighinn uaine thulaich nan taibhs',[a]
A thaomas do cheann air gaoith oidhche,
Ni bheil d'fharum ann am chluais féin,
No faiteal tannais u' ad ghéig ghlais.
Ach 's honmhor ceum nam marbh 'bu treun,
Air osna dubh-aisre na beinn',
'N uair ghluaiseas a' ghealach o'n ear,
Mar ghlas-sgéith 'dubh-shiubhal nan speur.

"'Ullin, a Charuill, a Raoinne,
Guthan aimsir a dh'aom o shean,
Cluinneam sibh 'an dorchadas Shelma,
Agus mosglaibhse anam nan dàn.
Ni 'n cluinneam sibh, a 'shiol nam fonn:
Cia an talla de neoil 'bheil 'ur suain?
'N do thribhuail sibh clarsach nach trom
'An truscan ceò maidne 'us gruaim,
Far an éirich gu fuaimear a' ghrian
O stuaidh nan ceanna glas?"

[a] I see no proof that the thorn was a special haunt of ghosts—probably it is a particular "fairy-tree" that is referred to.

"Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shakest thy head to nightly winds, I hear no sound in thee. Is there no spirit's windy skirt now rustling in thy leaves? Often are the steps of the dead in the dark-eddying blasts, when the moon, a dun shield from the east, is rolled along the sky.

"Thou green thorn of the spirit-knoll,[a]
That wavest thy head in the wind of night,
Thy sound is not in my ear,
Nor a glimmer of ghosts in thy green boughs;
But many the steps of the brave dead
On the blast of the dark passes of the Ben,
When moves the moon from the east,
Like a grey shield dark-travelling the sky.

such as suited the presence, ever before him, of the spirits of the brave dead;

"Ullin, Carul, Ryno,
Voices of time which declined of old,
Let me hear you in the darkness of Selma,
And rouse ye up the soul of song.
I hear you not, ye sons of music:
In what hall of clouds is your slumber?
Have you struck the airy harp
'Mid the robe of morning mist and gloom,
Where rises the resounding sun
From the waves of hoary heads?"

and concludes by invoking the great bards, who had at one time been his companions—Ullin, Carul, and Ryno.

[a] "Ullin, Carril, and Ryno, voices of the days of old, let me hear you, while yet it is dark, to please and awake my soul! I hear you not, ye sons of song! In what hall of the clouds is your rest? Do you touch the shadowy harp robed with morning mist, where the rustling sun comes forth from his green-headed waves?"

DUAN VIII.

ARGUMENT.

"The fourth morning from the opening of the poem comes on. Fingal, still continuing in the place to which he had retired on the preceding night, is seen at intervals through the mist which covered the rock of Cormul. The descent of the king is described. He orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carril the bard to go to the valley of Cluna, and conduct from thence to the Caledonian army Ferad-artho, the son of Cairbre, the only person remaining of the family of Conar, the first king of Ireland. The king takes the command of the army, and prepares for battle. Marching towards the enemy, he comes to the cave of Lubar, where the body of Fillan lay. Upon seeing his dog Bran, who lay at the entrance of the cave, his grief returns. Cathmor arranges the Irish army in order of battle. The appearance of that hero. The general conflict is described. The actions of Fingal and Cathmor. A storm. The total rout of the Firbolg. The two kings engage in a column of mist on the banks of Lubar. Their attitude and conference after the combat. The death of Cathmor. Fingal resigns *the spear of Trenmor* to Ossian. The ceremonies observed on that occasion. The spirit of Cathmor, in the mean time, appears to Sulmalla in the valley of Lona. Her sorrow. Evening comes on. A feast is prepared. The coming of Ferad-artho is announced by the songs of a hundred bards. The poem closes with a speech of Fingal."—M.

DUAN VIII.

Mar ghlacas gaoth gharbh reo'idh fo ghruaim
Ciar lochan càthair nan ruadh bheann;
Mar ghlacas, 'an oidhche na fuaim,
Caol roinnean nam fuar thonna thall
'Sgaoileadh trusgain dè eith mu'n cuairt,
Geal fo shùil maidne an t-sealgair
Tha uisge nan garbh chàrn a' gluasad.
[Réir barail, na tonnan a' falbhan;][a]
Faoin fharum tha marbh m'a chluasan,
Gach tonn dhiubh a' dealradh 'an sàmhchair
Fo gheugaibh 'us bhàrr ruadh an fheoir
'Tha 'eritheadh 's a' feadadh fo ghaoith
Air an àiteachan baoth fo reòdh:[b]
Cho sàmhach 's cho glas a bha 'n sluagh
Ri madainn 'dol suas o ear,
Gach gaisgeach o 'cheann-bheairt de chruaidh
A' sealltuinn air cruaich an rìgh,
Cruach Fhionnghail thall fo nial,

[a] This eighth line looks like a gloss on the preceding one. It is, at the least, superfluous.

[b] In the frost—*i.e.* on the summits of the frozen waves.

As when the wintry winds have seized the waves of the mountain-lake—have seized them in stormy night, and clothed them over with ice—white to the hunter's early eye the billows seem to roll. He turns his ear to the sound of each unequal ridge; but each is silent,

DUAN VIII.

As grasps an angry and keen-freezing wind [1]
A gloomy tarn in the moor of dark-red Bens—
As it grasps on a night of storm
The slender crests of its chilly waves,
And spreads a robe of ice around—
White, to the morning-eye of the hunter,
The waters of the rugged hills are moving;
[In his belief the waves are moving;] *
The slightest sound to his ear is dead,
Gleams every wave in silence
Under branches and brown tufts of grass,
Which tremble and whistle in the wind,
On their giddy places in the frost; [b]—
So silent and grey was the host,
When morn descended from the east,
Each warrior, in casque of steel,
Looking up to the hill of the king—
The cloud-covered hill of Fingal—

Fingal's army, silent and grey, is compared to the surface of a lake whose waves have been suddenly congealed by frost, but, to a distant observer, appear to continue their motion.

gleaming, strewn with boughs and tufts of grass, which shake and whistle to the wind over their grey seats of frost. So silent shone to the morning the ridges of Morven's host, as each warrior looked up from his helmet towards the hill of the king; the cloud-covered

DUAN VIII.

A gharbh cheum a' dol sios 'an ceò.
Air àm a chìteadh an t-àrd threun
Leth-fhaicte 'an leus a mhòr arm ;
O smuain gu smuain ghluais còmhrag
Ag iadhadh gu dòmhail m'a chliabh.

Mar so ghluais a mach an triath ;
Lann Luinne nam beum a' soillseadh ;
Sleagh fhada a' druideadh o nial,
Leth-fhaicte a sgiath 's i 'boillsgeadh.
'N uair a thàinig e uile fo cheum [a]
Le 'liath chiabh ag èirigh ri gaoith
Fo dhealt a' taomadh mu 'n cuairt,
Ghluais a suas garbh fhuaim nan sluagh
Thar an cinneachan 'buaireadh gu strì,
Iad a' sgaoileadh 'an dealra mu 'n cuairt
Le 'n uile sgiath' fhuaimear mu 'n rìgh.
Mar so tha gluasad glas a' chuain
Mu 'n cuairt do fhuath o chruaich nam beann,
'N uair a'theurnas e 'n gaoith air na stuaidh,
Fear-astair fo ghruaim fada thall
A' togail a chinn thar a' bhruaich
'S e 'coimhead air bruaillein a' chaoil,[b]
E 'saoilsinn gu-m faicear an cruth
Leth-dhubh am measg còmh -stri nam beuc,

[a] When he came clearly into view ; lit. *when he came wholly under step*—*i.e.* when his form was fully seen from head to foot.

[b] The sea ; lit. *the strait*, or *narrows*.

hill of Fingal, where he strode in the folds of mist. At times is the hero seen greatly dim in all his arms. From thought to thought rolled the war along his mighty soul.

Now is the coming forth of the king. First appeared the sword of Luno ; the spear half issuing from a cloud, the shield still dim in mist. But when the stride of the king came abroad, with all his

DUAN VIII.

His stalwart stride going down in mist.
At times the high chief was descried
Half seen in the light of his great arms;
From thought to thought the battle ranged,
Densely enveloping his breast.

He is described as partially seen through mist on the hill.

Thus the chief moved forth;
The cleaving sword of Luno shining;
A long spear issuing from a cloud;
Half seen was his shield, and gleaming.
When he came clearly into view,[a]
With his grey hair waving in the wind,
And streaming round, besprent with dew,
Great shouting from the host rose high—
The clansmen all were burning for the fray;
On every hand they spread in brightness
With all their sounding shields about the king.

As he descends, the host raise a loud shout of joy, and crowd around him in eager excitement,

So is the grey strife of ocean
Round a spirit from the height of Bens,
When he descends in a blast to the waves:
Far off the traveller stands dismayed;
Raising his head above the steep,
He looks on the surging of the sea;[b]
He thinks that the Form is seen
Dim amidst the bellowing strife—

like the waves of ocean around the spirit of the storm.

grey dewy locks in the wind, then rose the shouts of his host over every moving tribe. They gathered, gleaming round, with all their echoing shields. So rise the green seas round a spirit that comes down from the squally wind. The traveller hears the sound afar, and lifts his head over the rock. He looks on the troubled bay, and thinks he dimly sees the form. The waves sport unwieldy

DUAN VIII.

Garbh thonnan fo 'ailghios mu 'n cuairt,
Gach baoth dhruim a' buaireadh fo chop.

Fada thall mac Mhorni nam beum;
Mac Dhùthno thréin, 'us bàrd caoin Chòna;
Sheas iadsan, gach fear dhiubh gun fheum
Fo 'gharbh-ehrann féin gun chuimhn' air còmhrag.
Chum sinne o shùilibh an rìgh;
Cha do bhuadhaich leinn strì nan raon.
Bha sruthan beag a' taomadh sios,
Mi 'g a bhualadh gu 'thrian le sleagh,
Gun m' anam ag iadhadh r'a thaobh,
Ag éirigh baoth o smuain gu smuain,
Mall osna o urlar mo chléibh'.[a]

"Shìol Mhorni," thuirt rìgh nan sluagh;
"A Dhiarmaid, 'shealgair nan ruadh ciar,
Cuim' a tha sibh cho dorcha 's an uair,
Mar charraigean air cruach nan sliabh,
Sileadh dubh uisge air an taobh?
Cha-n'eil fearg air m' anam gun fheum[b]
Ri gaisgeachaibh treun nan sluagh,
Mo neart ann an còmhrag nam beum,
Mo shòlas 'an sìth an déigh buaidh,
Mo ghuth mar aiteal a' dol suas
Air madainn, 's na ruaidh fo shéilg.

[a] The depths of my heart; lit. *the floor of my chest.*

[b] The meaning seems to be that it would be "useless" in him to show wrath against those on whom he so entirely depended.

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round with all their backs of foam.

Far distant stood the son of Morni, Duthno's race, and Conà's bard. We stood far distant, each beneath his tree. We shunned the eyes of the king: we had not conquered in the field. A little stream rolled at my feet: I touched its light wave with my spear. I touched it with my spear; nor there was the soul of Ossian. It

Huge billows swirl round at his will;
Seethes each raging ridge in foam.

Gaul, Dermid, and Ossian, ashamed of not having gained renown in the preceding battle, stand aloof from the rest.

Far off was the hard-smiting son of Morni,
Duno's brave son, and the sweet bard of Cona;
Stood they every man in idlesse,
By his great tree, of war forgetful.
We shunned the eye of the king;
We had not won in battle on the field.
A little brook was flowing down;
I struck it lightly with my spear;
But not by its borders dwelt my mind,
Which, aimless, ranged from thought to thought,
With weary sighs from the depths of my heart.[a]

Fingal calls them to him, and gently chides them for their gloom.

"Son of Morni," said the king of the people;
"Dermid, hunter of dark-brown deer;
Wherefore are you now thus gloomy,
Like rocks of the mountain-tops,
When dark showers rain on their sides?
No anger, useless, fills my soul[b]
Against true heroes of the host—
My strength in the smiting battle,
After victory, my joy in peace.
My voice is as a breeze arising
At morn, the hour of chasing deer,

darkly rose from thought to thought, and sent abroad the sigh.

"Son of Morni," said the king; "Dermid, hunter of roes! why are ye dark like two rocks, each with its trickling waters? No wrath gathers on Fingal's soul against the chiefs of men. Ye are my strength in battle; the kindling of my joy in peace. My early voice has been a pleasant gale to your ears when Fillan prepared

DUAN VIII.

Òg Fhillean 'cur a bhogh' air sheòl—
Cha-n'eil an sealgair sin 's a' bheinn,
'S-e 'druideadh air leum nan ruadh.
C'uim' tha sìol-bhrisidh nan sgiath
Cho fada so shìos fo dhùbhra?"

'N uair dhìrich ar ceum gus an triath,
A shùilean a' tionndadh ri sliabh Mhòra,
Bha 'dheoir gu dlùth a' dol sìos
Mu ghorm-shùileach òg nam fial chòmhradh.
Ghlan dealradh a mhùig-san gu trian
'Am fianuis sgiathan leathann a' chòmhraig.
"Feuch Cromall nan carraige fo chrann,
Cathair na gaoithe, 's an ceann fo cheò;
Air an cùlaobh ag iadhadh 's a' ghleann
Tha Làbha nan glan shruth 's nam fiadh.
Tha còs 'an eudann donn na carraige,
Air an àird, sgiath iolaire tréine.
Tha, dorch', roimhe sgaoileadh nan darag,
Tha fuaim ri gaoith Chlunai 's a' bheinn:
An sin tha òg nan ciabh donn,
Mac Chairbre nan rosg gorm,
Àrd rìgh nan sgiath leathann 's nan sonn,
O Ullinn nan ruadh 's nam mòr thìr.
Tha 'chluas ri guth Chondain 'tha liath;
Ag aomadh sìos 'an solus 'tha fann;

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the bow. The son of Fingal is not here, nor yet the chase of the bounding roes. But why should the breakers of shields stand darkened far away?"

Tall they strode towards the king; they saw him turned to Mora's wind. His tears came down for his blue-eyed son, who slept in the cave of streams. But he brightened before them, and spoke to the broad-shielded kings.

When young Fillan trims his bow—
That hunter is not on the hill,
Close-pressing on the bounding stag.
Wherefore is the shield-breaking race
Thus far away in darkness?

When our steps ascended to the king,
His eyes were turned to the hill of Mora;
His tears in close succession fell,
For the blue-eyed youth of generous bearing:
(But) brightness banished all his gloom,
In presence of the broad shields of war.
"See Cromal of wooded rocks,
The dwelling of the wind, with heads in mist;
Behind them, winding through the glen,
Is Lava of clear streams, and deer.
A cave is in the brown face of the cliff,
On the height the strong wing of the eagle;
Before it the dark spreading of oaks,
Which sound to the mountain-wind of Cluno:
There is the youth of dark-brown hair—
Son of Cairbar of blue eyes,
High king of broad shields and heroes,
From Ullin of deer and wide plains.
He listens to the voice of grey-haired Condan,
Bending down in light bedimmed;

They approach, and he orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carul the bard, to go to the hill of Cromar,

where young Artho, the lawful king of Ullin, was hiding himself from Ca-mor, who had usurped the throne.

"Crommal with woody rocks and misty top, the field of winds, pours forth to the sight blue Lubar's streamy roar. Behind it rolls clear-winding Lavath, in the still vale of deer. A cave is dark in a rock; above it strong-winged eagles dwell; broad-headed oaks before it sound in Cluna's wind. Within, in his locks of youth, is Ferad-artho, blue-eyed king, the son of broad-shielded Cairbar, from Ullin of the roes. He listens to the voice of Condan, as grey he bends in

DUAN VIII.

Tha 'chluas ris; tha nàimhdean an triath
'An Tighmòra nam fuaim nach gann.
Thig esan a mach o àm gu àm
'An cearb nan ceòtha gus na ruaidh.
'N uair a sheallas a' ghrian air a' ghleann,
Cha-n fhaicear e thall air a' chruaich
Aig carraig, no ri fuaim nan sruth,
E 'g a cheileadh o Bholga nan triath,
Tha 'chòmhnuidh 'an ceud thalla 'shìnns're:
Innis da gu-n d' thogas an t-sleagh,
'Us theagamh gu-n leagh a naimhdean.

"'Shìol Mhorni, tog-sa suas an sgiath,
A Dhiarmaid, tog ciar shleagh Thighmòra;
Biodh flo ghuth-sa, 'Charuill 'tha liath,
Le 'n gnìomhan gu sìol nam mòr thriath;
Thoir a rìs e gu taobh Mhoiléna,
Raon ciar nam beum 's nan taibhsean;
'An so buaileamsa còmhrag leam féin,
'An so gleann cumhann nan ceud garbh ghnìomh.
Mu -n teiring sìos an oidhche dhonn,
Thigibhse gu lom Dhùn-mòra,
'Coimhead o chiarad nan tom,
O'n cheò 'us e trom, 'us dòmhail
Mu Léna nam mòr shruthan mall;
Ma chithear mo bhrataichean caola

---

feeble light; he listens, for his foes dwell in the echoing halls of Temora. He comes at times abroad in the skirts of mist to pierce the bounding roes. When the sun looks on the field, nor by the rock nor stream is he! He shuns the race of Bolga, who dwell in his father's hall. Tell him that Fingal lifts the spear, and that his foes, perhaps, may fail.

He listens to him; (for) the prince's foes
Are in Temora of re-echoing sounds.
He comes forth from time to time
In the skirt of mist to strike the deer.
When the sun looks on the glen,
He is not seen on yonder heights
By the rock, or by the sound of streams;
He hides himself from Bolga of warriors,
Who dwell in his fathers' first abode.
Tell him that the spear is raised,
And that mayhap his foes shall melt away.

"Son of Morni, raise on high the shield;
Dermid, lift Temora's dusky spear;
Let thy voice, O Carul of grey hairs!
(Declare) the deeds of heroes to their son;
Bring him again to the side of Moi-Lena,
Dark field of cleaving strokes and ghosts:
There shall I strike in conflict, alone,
In the narrow glen of a hundred bold deeds.
Before dun night comes down,
Come you to the plain of Dunmora:
Look from the darkness of the hills,
From the mist that is dense and vast of fold,
By Lena of great and sluggish streams;
If my streaming banners are seen

They are ordered to bring him to Dunmora, where Fingal's banners would be seen if he were to conquer in the last of his fields.

"Lift up, O Gaul! the shield before him. Stretch, Dermid, Temora's spear. Be thy voice in his ear, O Carril! with the deeds of his fathers. Lead him to green Moi-lena, to the dusky field of ghosts; for there I fall forward in battle, in the folds of war. Before dun night descends, come to high Dunmora's top. Look from the grey skirts of mist on Lena of the streams. If there my stand-

DUAN VIII.

Air Lùbar nan glas lùba caoin,
Cha do ghéill, 'an còmh -stri nan laoch,
'An raon deiridh a' bhaoth chòmhraig."

Mar sin a chualas focail an triaith:
'Cha do fhreagair o'n triall na treuna,
Iad a' sìnéadh an ceuman balbh
A' sealltuinn, 's a' falbh, o'n gruaidh,[a]
Air sluaigh, 'us gruaim, 'us fuaim na h-Éirinn,
Iad a' dorchadh air astar nan sliabh.
Cha do thréig iad an rìgh roimhe riamh
Ann am meadhon nan sgiathan stoirmeil.
'An déigh nan triath le 'chlàrsaich, mall
Ghluais Carull fo cheann a bha liath;
Chunnaic e bàs sluaigh anns a' ghleann,
'S bu bhrònach 'us fann am fonn,
Mar aiteal caoin gaoith' bha 'm fuaim,
Mu seach thig fo ghruaim air Légo
Mu lochan nan cuilc a tha ruadh,
'N uair a theurnas air gruaidh sealgair
Caoin chadal air còinnich nan còs.

"C'uim' a tha aomadh a' bhàird o Chòna,"
Thuirt am mòr rìgh, "thar sruthan dìomhair?
'An àm so do bhròn, 'us do dhòghruinn,
'Athair Oscair, nach còmhnui 'dh 'an sìothaimh?"[b]

[a] Going on, and looking down; lit. *looking from their cheek*—a mode of expression frequently used to describe all oblique looking. In this line the clearness of arrangement is sacrificed completely to rhythm. *Falbh*, to correspond with *balbh* in the preceding line, takes the place of *sealltuinn*, "looking;" and it reads "looking, and going from their cheek."

[b] Oscar, ever prompt in battle; lit. *who would not dwell in peaceful sloth.*

ard shall float on wind over Lubar's gleaming stream, then has not Fingal failed in the last of his fields."

Such were his words, nor aught replied the silent striding kings. They looked sidelong on Erin's host, and darkened as they went. Never before had they left the king in the midst of the stormy field. Behind them, touching at times his harp, the grey-haired Carril

On the green, smooth windings of Lubar,
I have not failed in the conflict of heroes
On the last field of direful war."

They set off, accompanied by Carul singing mournful strains.

Thus were heard the words of the chief;
The warriors replied not on their march—
They stretched their steps in silence,
Going on, and looking down [a]
On crowding, frowning, sounding Erin; [2]
They darkened as they marched across the hill:
Never before had they left the king
In the midst of the stormy shields.
Behind the chiefs, with harp of measured note,
Walked Carul of the hoary head;
He saw the death of people in the glen,
And faint and slow was his song—
Its sound was as a breath of gentle wind,
Which comes and goes in gloom on Lego,
Around the lochs of reddish reeds,
When on the hunter's cheek descends
A soothing sleep in mossy cave.

Ossian, bending over a stream in grief, is reproved by Fingal for indulging in

"Wherefore bends the bard of Cona,"
Said the great king, "over secret streams?
Is this a time for grief and sadness,
Father of Oscar, ever prompt in battle? [b]

---

moved. He foresaw the fall of the people, and mournful was the sound. It was like a breeze that comes by fits over Lego's reedy lake, when sleep half descends on the hunter within his mossy cave.

"Why bends the bard of Cona," said Fingal, "over his secret stream? Is this a time for sorrow, father of low-laid Oscar? Be

DUAN VIII.

Biodh cuimhne air gaisgich 'an sìth,
'N uair nach cluinnear air strì na gruaim
Mu sgéith bhallaich 'an cruadal nam blàr.
Aoms' an sin 'am bròn thar sruth,
Air am buaileadh gaoth fhuar nan cruach;
Biodh 's an àm sin d'anam fo dhubh
Mu na gorm-shùilich sìnte 'an uaigh.
Tha Éirinn ag iadhadh a' chòmhraig
Gu leathann, gu mòr, gu dorcha.
Tog, 'Oisein, do sgiathsa air chòmhla;
Tha mi 'm aonar 's a' chòmh-strì, a thréin."

Mar thig guth fuasach o ghaoith
Air long 'an caol glas Innis uaine.
'G a bualadh tro' 'n doimhne 'tha faoin,
'Ciar-mharcach nam baoth thonna mòra;
Mar sin chuir guth uaibhreach an rìgh
Mòr Oisian gu strì nan sleagh.
Thog e suas a chruaidh 'an soillse,
'An cearb dhubh gun bhoillsge a' chòmhraig,
Mar eudann ré leathainn gun tuar,
'An iomall ciar nam fuar nial,
Seal mu -n éirich an stoirm air chuan.

Àrd-fhuaimneach o' chòinnich Mhòra,
Thaom gu dòmhail còmhrag sgiathach.
Treun Fhionnghal a' gluasad a' mhòr shluaigh,

the warriors remembered in peace, when echoing shields are heard no more. Bend then in grief over the flood where blows the mountain breeze. Let them pass on thy soul, the blue-eyed dwellers of the tomb. But Erin rolls to war, wide-tumbling, rough, and dark. Lift, Ossian, lift the shield! I am alone, my son!"

As comes the sudden voice of winds to the becalmed ship of Inis-

DUAN VIII.

sorrow when the time for action had arrived, and Erin's host was advancing upon them.

Let warriors be remembered in peace,
When nought is heard of lowering war
Around the bossy shield in hardy fights.
Bend then in grief above the stream
Smote by the cold winds of the peaks—
Then be thy soul in blackness
For the blue-eyed, stretched in the grave.
Erin comes on in the folds of strife,
Broad and great and dark.
Ossian, lift with us the shield;
I, O hero! am alone in battle."

Ossian is roused by his voice, and rushes to battle like a ship driven onwards by a sudden blast of stormy wind.

As comes a dread voice from the wind
To a ship in the grey strait of Innis-huna,
Driving her over the waste deep,
Darkly riding the great wild waves—
So drove the lofty word of the king
Great Ossian to the conflict of spears.
He lifted high his shining steel
In the dark and cloudy skirt of battle,
Like the face of a broad pale moon,
On the dusky edge of cold clouds,
The moment ere wakes the storm of ocean.

Fingal's advance is described.

Loud-sounding from the moss of Mora,
Vast in volume, poured the shielded war;
Strong Fingal rousing his mighty host—

---

huna, and drives it large along the deep, dark rider of the wave; so the voice of Fingal sent Ossian, tall, along the heath. He lifted high his shining shield in the dusky wing of war, like the broad blank moon in the skirt of a cloud before the storms arise.

Loud from moss-covered Mora poured down at once the broad-winged war. Fingal led his people forth, king of Morven of streams.

DUAN VIII.

Righ Mhorbheinn nan seòrr-shruth ciara.
Sgiath iolair' a' sgaoileadh 's an àird,
A liath-fhalt a' taomadh m' a ghuaillean,
'Gharbh cheuman mar thorrunn nan càrn.
'S tric a sheas e, 's a shealladh mu 'n cuairt,
Teine 'losgadh o bhuaireadh nan arm.
Bu choslach e ri carraig chruaidh,
Fo liath eith 'am bruachan nan alld,
A' choille fo ghaoith, 'us i 'fuaim;
Sruthan 'dealradh m'a gruaidh 's m'a ceann,*
'Sgaoileadh àrd an cobhair air osaig.

A nise bhuail e còs creig Lùbair,
'Us Fillean air chùlaobh 'an suain.
Bha Bran 'n a shìneadh air a sgéith,
It' fhìreoin chòrr a' stri 's a' ghaoith:
Glan o fhraoch chìteadh thall
Ceann cruaidh sleagh fhada an laoich.
Thog an dòghruinn do anam an triath,
Mar dhubh ghaoith 'tha 'fiaradh air loch.
Thionndaidh e 'cheuman air an t-sliabh,
'S e 'g aomadh o 'sgiath air a shleagh.

Leum Bran an uchd bhàin gu luath,
Gu astar rìgh nan sluagh le sòlas;

* Around its brow; lit. *its cheek.*

On high spreads the eagle's wing. His grey hair is poured on his shoulders broad. In thunder are his mighty strides. He often stood, and saw behind the wide-gleaming rolling of armour. A rock he seemed, grey over with ice, whose woods are high in wind. Bright streams leap from its head, and spread their foam on blasts.

Now he came to Lubar's cave, where Fillan darkly slept. Bran

DUAN VIII.

King of Morven of brown rocky streams.
An eagle's wing was spread on high;
On his shoulders flowed his hoary hair;
His great strides like thunder of the craggy peaks.
Often he stood and looked around;
Fire was flashing from his brandished arms:
He was like to a solid rock
Clothed with ice by the river's banks,
When the wood is sounding in the wind;
Streams flash around its brow and head,[a]
Flinging high their foam upon the blast.

He reached Lubar's rock, where Fillan had fallen. Bran was lying on his shield,

Now he reached the cave of Lubar's rock,
Where Fillan, lifeless, lay in sleep;
Bran was lying on his shield,
The great eagle's feather tossing in the wind:
Clear-shining in the heath was seen
The head of the hero's long steel spear;—
Anguish rose in the soul of the chief,
Like a black wind eddying on the loch.
He turned away his steps on the hill,
And leaned from his shield on his spear.

and quickly bounded towards Fingal.

Quickly Bran of the white breast bounded
In joy to the path of the king of men:

still lay on the broken shield: the eagle-wing is strewed by the winds. Bright from withered furze looked forth the hero's spear. Then grief stirred the soul of the king, like whirlwinds blackening on a lake. He turned his sudden step, and leaned on his bending spear.

White-breasted Bran came bounding with joy to the known path

DUAN VIII.

a "Grave" or "cave," *uaigh*, or *uaimh*. The two Gaelic words are very similar, and seem to have been the same originally.

Thàinig e 's a shealladh air uaigh [a]
Anns 'n do shìneadh 'n a shuain an sealgair.
Moch 's a' mhadainn b' annsa do threun
Fuaim faoghaid mu bheinn nan ruadh.
An sin bha sileadh sìos do dhèoir,
O anam mòr an rìgh fo ghruaim.
Mar thaomas 'an àrdaibh nan gaoth,
Stoirm uisge o fhaobhar nan cruach,
A' fàgail shruth glan 's an fhraoch;
Grian a' dearrsadh air aonach nan stuadh;
Ceannan uaine nan tom fo fheur:
Mar sin a ghluais an dealra baoth
O chòmhrag air laoch nan triath.
Leum e air a shleagh thar Lùbair,
'Us bhuail gu 'cùl a mhòr sgiath.
Bha aomadh 'us taomadh an t-sluaigh,
Le 'n uile roinn chruaidh gu blàr.

Chual' Eirinn gun eagal am fuaim;
Leathann, ghluais i a sluagh gu réidh.
Bha Malthos ciar 'an sgiath an raoin,
Le sealladh nach faoin fo 'dhubh fhàbhraid;
'Us teann air bha 'dealradh 's a' ghleann,
Gath soluis nam bàrd 's nan triath,
Hidalla 'bha riamh cho ciuin.

---

of Fingal. He came, and looked towards the cave where the blue-eyed hunter lay, for he was wont to stride with morning to the dewy bed of the roe. It was then the tears of the king came down, and all his soul was dark.) But as the rising wind rolls away the storm of rain, and leaves the white streams to the sun, and the hills with their heads of grass; so the returning war brightened in the

DUAN VIII.

He came, and looked to the grave[a]
Where the hunter was laid in his sleep.
At early morn the delight of the chief
Was the sound of the chase on the hill of deer.
Then was there raining down of tears
From the great heart of the king in sorrow.
As pours in the high places of the winds
A storm of rain from the side of the peaks,
Leaving clear streams through the heather;
The sun shines on the clouded hill;
The heads of knolls are green in grass;—
So passed a flickering gleam
From battle to the hero of heroes.
He leaped over Lubar on his spear,
And struck his great shield with might.
Forward the people bent, and rushed
With all their sharp steel to the fight.

Overcome with grief, the king, suddenly, turned back,

leaped across the river of Lubar, and sounded his great shield.

Erin heard the noise without dismay;
Widespread, her people to the plain advanced.
Dark Malthos on the wing of the field,
With threatening glance from his black eyebrow;
And near him, bright in the glen,
The sunbeam of bards and of chiefs—
Hidala, who was ever gentle;

The host of Erin, nothing daunted, came onwards: Ca-mor and various chiefs are described.

---

mind of Fingal. He bounded on his spear over Lubar, and struck his echoing shield. His ridgy host bend forward at once with all their pointed steel.

Nor Erin heard with fear the sound: wide they came rolling along. Dark Malthos, in the wing of war, looks forward from shaggy brows. Next rose that beam of light, Hidalla; then the

DUAN VIII.

Bha gruaim Mhathronnain 's a' chruaich,
'Rosgan 'sealladh o ghruaidh air nàmhaid.
Air sleagh bha Clonar nan gorm sgiath,
Cormar ciar nan ciabha mòra
Gu dòmhail fo chòmas na gaoithe,
Mall, o chùl tòrr àrd nan còs
Ghluais gu mòr cruth còrr rìgh Atha;
Ah dà shleagh a' dealradh 'n a làimh,
'Us leth a ghlas sgéith thall ag éirigh,
Mar ghath teine 'an oidhche 'dol suas
Air beanntaibh ruadh nam fuar thaibhsean.
'N uair a dhealradh leis uile 'am fàire,
Thaom an sluagh a' buaireadh strì;
Bha sradadh dearg dealain na stàilinn
A' beumadh 's a' snàmh o dhà thaobh.

Mar thachras 'am bruaillein dà chuan
Le 'n uile stuaidh, fo fhuaradh shian
'An àm dhoibh faireachadh fo ghruaim
Àrd chòmh-strì chruaidh nan gaoth 's nan nial;
'An caol ghlas Lùmoin nan creag fiar;
Air faobhar chruachan àrd nam fuaim
Faoin astar nam fuath gun leus;
O'n osaig tha tuiteam air cuan
Àrd choille o chruaich gach beinn,
'Measg cobhair 'us iadhaidh nan tonn:

sidelong-looking gloom of Maronnan. Blue-shielded Clonar lifts the spear; Cormar shakes his bushy locks on the wind. Slowly from behind a rock rose the bright form of Atha. First appeared his two pointed spears, then the half of his burnished shield; like the rising of a nightly meteor over the vale of ghosts. But when he shone all abroad, the hosts plunged at once into strife. The

Maronnan's frown was on the hill,
His eye askance upon the foe;
On his spear (leaned) Clonar of blue shields;
The bushy locks of swarthy Cormar
Heavily waved at the will of the wind:
Slowly from the back of the high peak of caves
Moved stately the noble form of Atha's king;
Two spears were glittering in his hand;
Half of his shield rose up (to view),
Like a fire-beam ascending, at night,
The brown hill of spectres cold;
When fully he shone on the ridge,
The people plunged into raging fight;
Red lightning-sparks from steel
Are struck, and float on either side.

As in wild tumult meet two seas
With all their billows in the height of storm,
What time they feel in wrath
The high hard conflict of winds and of clouds
In Lumon's grey strait of jutting crags;
On the brow of high and sounding peaks
Is the dark and empty spirit-path;
Beneath the blast, fall on the flood
High trees from the crests of every hill
Amid the foaming and rolling of whales;—

The onset of the two hosts is compared to the meeting of two stormy seas.

gleaming waves of steel are poured on either side.

As meet two troubled seas, with the rolling of all their waves, when they feel the wings of contending winds in the rock-sided frith of Lumon; along the echoing hills is the dim course of ghosts: from the blast fall the torn groves on the deep amidst the foamy path of whales. So mixed the hosts. Now Fingal, now Cathmor,

DUAN VIII.

Mar sin a thaom 's a' chéile an sluagh ;
Nis Fionnghal nam buadh, nis Cathmor.
'Ard-leumadh a mach air a' chruaich,
Dubh aomadh a' bhàis air dà thaobh,
'Liath-dhealradh o chòmh -stri na cruaidhe,
A' leantuinn suas garbh astair nan triath,
'S iad a' sìneadh an ceuman fo fhuaim,
'Gearradh slos garbh-fhaobhar nan sgiath.

Thuit Màthronnan fo làimh an rìgh,
Sìnte slos thar strì nan sruth ;
R'a thaobh thionail nisge na frìth'
'Liath-leumadh thar aomadh a sgéith'.
Bhuail Cathmor 'an Clonar a chruaidh ;
Cha do thuit e gun tuar air làr ;
Ghabh darag a' chiabh 'bha m'a ghruaidh,
A gharbh cheann-bheairt a' gluasad mall ;
Tuitidh deoir o Thlàthmhìn 's an talla
Fo éirigh uchd banail na fial.

Cha do dhì-chuimhn' mise féin
Sleagh fhada nan treun 'an còmhrag.
Bha aomadh nam marbh fo mo bheum,
Òg Hidalla gun fheum 's a' chòmh -stri.
A chaoin ghuth Chlonrath nan sruth ciar,

came abroad. The dark tumbling of death is before them: the gleam of broken steel is rolled on their steps, as, loud, the high-bounding kings hewed down the ridge of shields.

Maronnan fell by Fingal, laid large across a stream. The waters gathered by his side, and leapt grey over his bossy shield. Clonar is pierced by Cathmor: nor yet lay the chief on earth. An oak

DUAN VIII.

So rushed on each other the hosts:
Now glorious Fingal, and now Ca-mor,
High-bounding forward on the hill;
The dark swoop of death on either side
Grey-gleaming from the strife of steel,
Followed close the great strides of the chiefs
As they stretched their sounding steps,
Hewing down the rugged rims of shields.

The steps of both Fingal and Ca-mor are followed by death whithersoever they turn.

Maronnan fell by the hand of the king,
Stretched across a brawling stream;
Against him heaped the waters of the hill,
And, grey, leaped over the slope of his shield.
Ca-mor pierced Clonar with his steel;
Wan, he fell not on the ground—
In an oak the locks round his face were caught;
His great helmet slid slowly down:
Tears will fall from Tlamin in the hall—
Her womanly and noble breast will heave.

Fingal slays Maronnan.

On the other hand, Ca-mor slew Clonar, whose wife, Tlamin, is described as mourning for him.

Nor did I myself forget
The long spear of the strong in fight.
In death they bowed beneath my strokes;
Young Hidala failed in battle.
Sweet voice of Clonra of dark streams,

Ossian kills Hidala, whose fall he deeply regrets.

---

seized his hair in his fall. His helmet rolled on the ground. By its thong hung his broad shield; over it wandered his streaming blood. Tla-min shall weep in the hall, and strike her heaving breast.

Nor did Ossian forget the spear in the wing of his war. He strewed the field with dead. Young Hidalla came. Soft voice of

DUAN VIII.

C'uim' a thogas air triath a' chruaidh?
Truagh! nach tachradh 'an talla fial,
'An strì mu 'n iadhadh na luaidh?
Chunnaic Malthos losal an triath;
Ghlac dubhar a thriall 's e gun chlì:
Air dà thaobh liath alldain nan sliabh
Chrom sinn 'an ciaradh na strì.
Theiring slos an speur air a' chuan;
Bhris guthan mu 'n cuairt o fhiar ghaoith,
An truscanaibh teine gach cruaich,
Garbh thorrunn a' fuaim o cheò baoth.
'An dùbhra shìolaidh slos an nàmhaid;
Sheas Mòrbheinn gun 'chàil 'us gun tuar;[a]
Bha m' aomadh thar sruthan a' chàthair
'Measg faruim nach gann mu mo shluais.

'N sin chualas guth fuasach an rìgh,
'Us toirm shìl Bholga o strì.
Chìt' an treun o àm gu àm
'An dealan a cheum nach robh mall.
Bhuail mi sgiath chaismeachd nam fuaim,
Mi 'sìneadh Alnecma nan sluagh;[b]
Iad ag iadhadh 'an ciaradh nan gleann
Fo cho-thional mùig, nach 'eil gann.

Sheall a' ghrian gu 'trian à 'nial;

[a] "Morven, stood bereft of strength, and pale." They also were appalled by the sudden storm.

[b] I pressed on the hosts, &c. The Gaelic verb *sìneadh*, here used in a transitive sense, now always takes the preposition *air* after it when signifying, as here, to "pursue," or "press on."

streamy Clonra! why dost thou lift the steel? O that we met in the strife of song in thy own rushy vale! Malthos beheld him low, and darkened as he rushed along. On either side of a stream we bend in the echoing strife. Heaven comes rolling down: around burst the voices of squally winds. Hills are clothed at times in fire; thunder rolls in wreaths of mist. In darkness shrunk the foe: Morven's warriors stood aghast. Still I bent over the stream

DUAN VIII.

Malhos attacks Ossian; but meantime a great thunderstorm, accompanied with heavy mist, comes on, and the host of Erin retreat.

Why raise thy spear against a warrior?
Would that we met in the festive hall,
In the contest wreathed with song!
Malhos saw the chief laid low;
Darkness and faintness took his step:
On the bank of a grey streamlet of the hills
We bent in the darkening of strife.
The sky descended on the sea;
From the whirlwind voices burst around;
Through the fiery robe of every hill,
Great thunders roared in wandering mist.
In the darkness ebbed away the foe.
Morven stood bereft of strength, and pale:[a]
I leaped over the streams of the moor
'Mid din loud-sounding in my ears.

Ossian pursues them.

There was heard the king's dread voice,
And the noise of Bolga's race in flight:
The hero was ever and anon beheld
In the lightning of his rapid strides.
I struck the sounding shield of war-alarm,
While I pressed on the hosts of Alnecma,[b]
As they wound their way in dusk of glens,
Through gathering of far-spread mist.

The sun looked forth through a cloud;

---

amidst my whistling locks.

Then rose the voice of Fingal, and the sound of the flying foe. I saw the king at times in lightning, darkly striding in his might. I struck my echoing shield, and hung forward on the steps of Alnecma: the foe is rolled before me like a wreath of smoke.

The sun looked forth from his cloud; the hundred streams of

DUAN VIII.

Ceud sruthan 'dol sìos 'an soillse.
Bu mhall an ceò air thaobh nan sliabh,
Air eudann nan liath-chàrn a' boillsgeadh.
C' àit' am bheil na gaisgich threun?
Mu shruth, mu bheinn, mu chraoibh o àrd?
Mi 'chluinntinn fuaim arma nam beum:
Tha 'n strì san mu iadhadh nan càrn,
'An achlais dhuibh mhaill a' cheò.[a]
Mar sin tha strì nam fuath-thaibhs' féin
'An oidhche dhuibh, air beinn nan nial,
Iad a' còmh -strì mu sgiathan garbh treun
Gaoith, gheamhraidh 'tha 'beumadh nan sian,
Thar taomadh 'us aomadh nan tonn.

Ghluais mi thall; theich liath cheò mall;
A' dealradh fann sheas iads' aig Lùbar.
Treun Chathmhor ri carraig nan allt
Leth-aomta air sgéith, 's é fo dhùbhra,
A ghabh gu 'chùl sruth ùr nan càrn,
'Bha 'leum o charraig nan dos liath.
Bha ceuman garbh an rìgh gu triall;
Ach chunnaic e am fial fo fhuil;
Thuit glas lann Luinne r'a thaobh;
Labhair e 's a shòlas a' dorchadh.

"An géill mac Bhorbair nan còrn fial,

[a] In the dark corrie, &c.; lit. *in the dark armpit.*

Moi-lena shone. Slow rose the blue columns of mist against the glittering hill. "Where are the mighty kings? Not by that stream nor wood are they. I hear the clang of arms: their strife is in the bosom of that mist. Such is the contending of spirits in a nightly cloud, when they strive for the wintry wings of winds and the rolling of the foam-covered waves.

DUAN VIII.

The storm clears off. He hears the sounding arms of the two kings, Fingal and Ca-mor, in combat, but for a time does not see them.

A hundred streams flowed down in light;
Sluggish the mist on the hill-sides,
Gleaming on the face of hoary crags.
Where are the mighty warriors?
By stream, or Ben, or tree on high?
I hear the noise of cleaving arms:
They fight in the hollow of the hills,
In the dark corrie of slow-moving mist.[a]
So is the strife of spectres dread
In dark night on the clouded Ben,
As they fight on the strong wild wings
Of winter-wind that cleaves the storm,
Over the breaking headlong waves.

When he drew near them, he saw Ca-mor, sorely wounded, leaning on his shield.

On I went; slowly fled the hoary mist;
Faintly gleaming, they stood at Lubar:
Brave Ca-mor stood by the rock of streams,
Half leaning in gloom on his shield,
Against it flowed the cairn's fresh streams
That leaped from the rock of hoary trees.
The king's great strides were about to turn,
But he saw the hero in blood;
The blue sword of Luno sank by his side;
He spoke while his joy grew dark:

"Yields Borbar's son of festive cups?

I rushed along. The grey mist rose. Tall, gleaming, they stood at Lubar. Cathmor leaned against a rock: his half-fallen shield received the stream that leapt from the moss above. Towards him is the stride of Fingal: he saw the hero's blood. His sword fell slowly to his side. He spoke midst his darkening joy.

"Yields the race of Borbar-duthul? or still does he lift the

DUAN VIII.

No 'n togar leis sgiath 'us sleagh ?
Cha-n'eil d'ainm -sa fo shanas, a thriath,*
'An àrd-Atha a's ciara magh,
Talla mòr nam fleagh 's nan sàr ;
Thàinig e mar aiteal thar stuadh
Gu mo chluais 'an tìr nam beann.
Thig-sa gu mo chuirmibh, a thréin ;
Bithidh gaisgich fo bheud air àm.
Cha teine do nàimhdean mi féin ;
Cha shòlas do threun mu mharbh
No calmai garbh air làr 'an còmhrag.
Is eòlas dùnadh lot dhomh féin ;
Gach dìthean 'tha 'm frìth no 'n gleann
Ghlac mi 'n caoin cheanna 's a' bheinn,
'S iad ag aomadh mu shruthan thall
Fo chàrnaibh 'bu dìomhaire gaoth.
Is dorcha sàmhach am mòr thriath,
Rìgh Atha nan ciar shruth 's nan dàimh."

"Aig Atha, a's ciara sruth,
Tha éirigh carraig' dhuibh fo chòinnich ;
Air a ceann tha seachran nan geug
Fo bhaoth astar nan treun ghaoth ;
Dorcha fo 'h-eudann tha eòs
Rì glan shruthan a's mòr fuaim :
Anns an àite sin féin, a thréin,

* Thy name is not unknown ; lit. *under whisper*, or *secret sign*.

spear ? Not unheard is thy name at Atha, in the green dwelling of strangers. It has come like the breeze of his desert to the ear of Fingal. Come to my hill of feasts : the mighty fail at times. No fire am I to low-laid foes : I rejoice not over the fall of the brave. To close the wound is mine ; I have known the herbs of the hills.

DUAN VIII.

Fingal generously offers him friendship, and

Or will he lift his shield and sword?
Thy name is not unknown, O chief![a]
In lofty Atha of dusky plain,
Great dwelling of feasts and of heroes;
It has come like a breeze across the waves
To my ear in the land of hills.
Come to my feast, thou brave one;
Warriors at times must fail.
No fire am I to foemen;
The brave rejoice not over the dead,
Nor over the great and strong laid low in war.
The art of closing wounds is mine;[3]
Of every flower in wood or glen
I have plucked the ripe heads on the hill,
As they bent before me by the stream,
Under the rocky peaks of secret winds.
Dark and silent is the mighty prince—
King of Atha of brown streams and strangers."

promises, through his knowledge of the virtues of herbs, to heal his wounds.

Ca-mor replies by describing the place where he wishes to be buried,

"By Atha of darkest stream
Rises a black and mossy crag;
On its head is the wandering of boughs
In the wild track of mighty winds;
Under its face is a darksome cave
By a clear loud-sounding river:
In that same spot, O hero!

I seized their fair heads on high, as they waved by their secret streams. Thou art dark and silent, king of Atha of strangers!"

"By Atha of the stream," he said, "there rises a mossy rock. On its head is the wandering of boughs within the course of winds. Dark in its face is a cave with its own loud rill. There have I

DUAN VIII.

Chuala mi ceuman nan dàimh,
'N uair a ghluais iad gu talla nan teud
'Us nan slige gun bheud fo dhàn;
Las sòlas mar theine dhomh féin
Air m' anam mu charraig nan crann.
Biodh, 'an dorcha, an so mo chòmhnuidh
'An gleannan còmhnard m' eòlais féin.
O sò bi'dh mo dhìreadh gu luath
Air aiteal 'tha 'ruagadh nan cluaran,
'Us coimh 'didh mi sìos gun ghruaim
Air Atha nan cruach 'us nan sruth."

"C'uim' a labhras an rìgh mu 'n uaigh?
'Oisein, thréig a thuar an laoch!
Biodh sòlas mu 'anamsan shuas
Mar shruth a tha 'fuaim gu baoth—
Ard Chathmor, ceann faoilidh nan dàimh.
A mhic, tha mo bhliadhna mu 'n cuairt,[a]
Iad a' sanas 'an cluasaibh an rìgh,
Iad a' glacadh mo shleaghsa uam,
'Dol thairis gun luaidh mu strì.
'C'uim' nach sìolaidh,' their iadsan féin,
'Liath Fhionnghal o fheum ann a thùr?
'Bheil do shòlas 'an lotaibh nam beum?
'An deuraibh nan treun fo mhùig?'
A liath bhliadhna, sìolaidh mi féin;
Cha-n'eil sòlas, no feum 'am fuil.

[a] My years are closing in; lit. *are about their circle*—*i.e.* are around (me).

heard the tread of strangers when they passed to my hall of shells. Joy rose like a flame on my soul: I blest the echoing rock. Here be my dwelling in darkness, in my grassy vale. From this I shall mount the breeze that pursues my thistle's beard, or look down on blue-winding Atha from its wandering mist."

"Why speaks the king of the tomb? Ossian, the warrior has

I have heard the tread of strangers,
As they advanced to the hall of harps
And of faultless shells, together with the song;
Then kindled joy like fire
Around my soul on the rocks of trees.
There, in darkness, let my dwelling be,
In my own smooth and well-known glen.
Thence shall I speedily ascend
On the breeze that chases the thistle;
And I will look without a frown
On Atha of mountains and of streams."

and immediately dies.

"Why speaks the king of the grave?
Ossian, the hero's hue has fled!
Let joy surround his soul on high
Like a river loud-resounding—
Great Ca-mor, generous chief of strangers!
My years, O son! are closing in;[a]
They warn the ears of the king;
They are wresting from me the spear;
They pass without praise of war.
'Why not withdraw,' they say,
'Grey Fingal, from war to thy tower?
Is thy joy in gashing wounds?
In the tears of the brave in grief?'
Ye hoary years, I will withdraw;
There is nor joy nor gain in blood.

Fingal, reflecting on his own advanced age, and the many sorrows accompanying war, resolves to draw his spear—"the spear of Treunmor"—no more, and resigns it to his only son Ossian,

failed! Joy meet thy soul like a stream, Cathmor, friend of strangers! My son, I hear the call of years; they take my spear as they pass along. 'Why does not Fingal,' they seem to say, 'rest within his hall? Dost thou always delight in blood? in the tears of the sad?' No, ye dark-rolling years, Fingal delights not in blood. Tears are wintry streams that waste away my soul. But

DUAN VIII.

Tha deuran mar gharbh ré nan speur
'Cur anaim fo bheud, 's fo dhubh.
'N uair a shìneas mo shlios sìos 'an sìth, [a]
Guth garbh nam baoth strì 'am chluais
Gu mo mhosgladh 'an talla nan rìgh
'S a' tarruing gun chlì mo chruaidh [b]—
Cha tarruing sin mo chruaidh na 's mò:
Glacsa sleagh d'athar, a thréin-fhir;
Tog suas i 'an còmhragaibh còrr,
'N uair a ghluaiseas a' mhòrchuis gu beuman.
"Tha mo shìnns're air mo thriall,
Mo ghnìomha do thriathan fo 'n sùilibh.
'N uair ghluaiseas mi a mach air sliabh,
Air mo raonsa tha liath an dùbhra.
Chum mo làmh na lagaich o bheud,
'S leagh mòrchuis gun fheum fo m'fheirg,
Gun sòlas mu thuiteam nan treun
Mo shùilean ag iadhadh mu leirg.
Tachraidh mo shìnns're mise thall
Aig talla nan garbh ghaoth fiar
'An truscanaibh soluis neo-ghann,
Sùilean 'lasadh gu mall do thriaith.
Do dhonaibh 'an armaibh gun fheum
Mar ré iad 'an dùbhra nan speur,
'Tha 'trusadh tein-oidhche m'a gruaidh
'Dearg-sheachran air eudann gun tuar.

[a] Lay me down in peace; lit. *when stretches my side in peace.*

[b] And drawing my willing steel; lit. *drawing without strength my spear.* I understand by this that he had no strength to resist the "hoarse voice" of war —*i.e.* that he was still inclined to fight on; but the translation is mainly conjectural.

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when I lie down to rest, then comes the mighty voice of war. It awakes me in my hall, and calls forth all my steel. It shall call it forth no more. Ossian, take thou thy father's spear. Lift it in battle when the proud arise.

"My fathers, Ossian, trace my steps; my deeds are pleasant to their eyes. Wherever I come forth to battle, on my field are their

DUAN VIII.

Like a stormy moon in the sky are tears,
Weakening and darkening the soul.
(But) when I lay me down in peace,[a]
Fierce war's hoarse voice is in my ear,
Rousing me in the dwelling-place of kings,
And drawing my willing steel.[b]
That shall draw it forth no more:
Grasp, thou brave one, thy father's spear;
Lift it high in glorious war,
When pride comes forth to slay.
"My ancestors are on my track;
My deeds are before the eyes of chiefs.
When I go forth upon the hill,
Their hoary shades are with me on the field.
My hand has kept the weak from harm;
Vainglorious pride has melted 'neath my wrath;
I never joyed at the fall of the brave
When my eye ranged over the field.
My fathers will meet me afar
In the hall of the great and eddying winds
In robes of plenteous light,
While the eyes of the heroes mildly shine.
To the weak and worthless in arms
They are like the moon in a lowering sky,
Which gathers lightning round her cheek,
Red-flashing across her pale face.

telling him how he had used it in shielding the weak and in quelling vainglorious pride.

columns of mist. But mine arm rescued the feeble; the haughty found my rage was fire. Never over the fallen did mine eye rejoice. For this my fathers shall meet me at the gates of their airy halls, tall, with robes of light, with mildly-kindled eyes. But to the proud in arms they are darkened moons in heaven, which send the fire of night red-wandering over their face.

DUAN VIII.

"'Athair nan triath àrd, O Thréinmhoir,
'Thus' 'tha 'chòmhnuidh leat féin 'am fiar ghaoith,
Mo shleaghsa do Oisian nam beuma;
Biodh do shùilean fo shòlas, a laoich,
Chunna' mise féin thu air àm
'An dealra neo-fhann 'an neulaibh.
Mar sin biodh do shealladh neo-ghann
Mu mo mhacsa, 's e 'togail na sgéithe;
Mar sin bi'dh cuimhne air àrd threun,
Air do mhòr ghnìomh, a thriath nan garbh bheum;
[Cha-n'eil annad féin ach gaoth.]"[a]

Shìn e 'n t-sleagh mhòr do mo làimh -sa,
'Us thog e air àrd clachan ciar
Gu labhairt mu iadhadh 'àm-san,
'S an liath cheann 'an còinnich nan sliabh.
Fo chloich dh'adhlaic triath a lann
'S glan chopan o shlios a sgéithe;
E 'dorchadh fo smuaintibh neo-ghann;
Bhris focail gu mall o 'chliabh.

"'N uair thuiteas tusa, 'chlach, fo smùir,
'S tu air chall am measg còinnich nam bliadhna,
An sin thig fear-siubhail o chùl
E 'feadadh air d'ùir, 's e 'triall.
Cha-n aithne dhuits', a laig gun fheum,
So monadh Mhoiléna fo chliu,

a "(Though now) thou art nought but wind." I have bracketed this line because it seems altogether incongruous with the context. Literally, it runs: "Thou thyself art nothing but wind," which sounds very like an insult to the great Treunmor, everywhere else spoken of with reverence, sometimes with a measure of dread.

"Father of heroes, Trenmor, dweller of eddying winds! I give thy spear to Ossian; let thine eye rejoice. Thee have I seen at times bright from between thy clouds; so appear to my son when he is to lift the spear; then shall he remember thy mighty deeds, though thou art now but a blast."

He gave the spear to my hand, and raised at once a stone on

DUAN VIII.

He prays that his great ancestor Treunmor may be present with Ossian as he had been with him.

"Father of noble chiefs, O Treunmor!
Thou who dwellest alone in the whirlwind,
To Ossian of cleaving blows (I give) my spear;
Let thine eye be in joy, O hero!
I have beheld thee, in time of need,
Shining brightly 'mid the clouds.
So do thou oftentimes appear
To my son as he lifts the shield;
He thus shall remember the high chief—
Thy mighty deeds, hero of weighty stroke,
[(Though now) thou art nought but wind.]"

He then formally gives over the spear, and raises stones to commemorate the event.

He reached the great spear to my hand,
And dusky stones he raised on high
To tell the doings of his day
When mountain-moss has clothed their hoary heads.
Buried the chief his sword beneath a stone,
And a shining boss from the face of his shield,
While darkening under crowding thoughts;
His words came slowly from his chest:

Addressing the stone, he pictures the time when the weak and the worthless will stand beside it, ignorant of all the glory of the battles of Moi-Lena;

"O stone! when thou shalt fall in dust,[4]
Lost amongst the moss of years,
Then a traveller unknown shall come,
And, as he passes, whistle o'er thy dust.
Thou knowest not, thou sorry weakling,
This to be Moi-Lena's hill renowned,

high, to speak to future times, with its grey head of moss. Beneath he placed a sword in earth, and one bright boss from his shield. Dark in thought awhile he bends: his words at length came forth.

"When thou, O stone! shalt moulder down, and lose thee in the moss of years, then shall the traveller come, and whistling pass away. Thou know'st not, feeble man, that fame once shone on

DUAN VIII.

'S an do ghéill an rìgh a shleagh fhéin
'An deireadh a bheum' air an raon.
[Grad o fhianuis, a thrian de thuar,
'An deireadh nam beum gu'n cùl.][a]
Cha-n'eil cliu no luaidh ann do ghuth;
Do chòmhnuidh mu chaochan chruach,
Tha do bhliadhnan gu luath fo dhubh;
Cha bhi cuimhne, no luaidh ort fhéin,
'Fhir a's dona 's a' bheinn fo cheò.
Tha mo chlius' 'an truscan nan treun,
Gath soluis do 'n àm nach 'eil beò:
Shiubhail mise a mach 'an cruaidh
'Shaoradh laigse gun bhuaidh 'an armaibh."

E 'lasadh suas 'n a chliu mòr féin
Ghrad sgaoil an treun a cheuman còrr
Fo fhuaim daraig Lùbair 's a' bheinn,
Thar taomadh 'us beucadh sruith mhòir
Ag iadhadh sìos o thòrr 'an soillse.
Gorm raona caol fo aomadh cruaich
Caoin thoirm nam fuaran shuas o chàrn;
Bha sgaoileadh brataich mhòir nan sluagh
A' taomadh air fuar ghaoith nam beann.
So comharadh iuil an òg rìgh
O fhaoin nam frìth 'an dìomhair glinn.
'Glan-bhriseadh an athair o iar,

[a] I have bracketed these two lines as altogether unintelligible. The translation is purely conjectural. There is evidently a serious mistake of writer or printer in regard to them. They will not construe in any way.

Moi-lena. Here Fingal resigned his spear after the last of his fields. Pass away, thou empty shade! in thy voice there is no renown. Thou dwellest by some peaceful stream; yet a few years, and thou art gone. No one remembers thee, thou dweller of thick mist! But Fingal shall be clothed with fame, a beam of light to other times; for he went forth in echoing steel to save the

DUAN VIII.

and speaks with great contempt of such.

Where the king resigned his spear
In the close of his wars on the field.
[Quick, begone! thou hollow shade,
From the scene of his latest deeds.][a]
Nor fame nor name is in thy voice;
Thou dwellest by the stream of rocky peaks,
Thy years pass quickly into dusk;
Nor memory nor praise shall e'er be thine,
Thou weakest on the misty hill.
In the robe of the brave is my renown,
A beam of light to the time that lives not;
I have gone forth in (my) steel
To save the weak who failed in arms."

He then goes forward to the place appointed for meeting Arthe, the young king of Ullin,

Kindling in his own great fame,
Quickly stretched the king his stalwart strides
Beneath the sounding oaks of Lubar on the hill,
Across the flow and roar of a great stream
Rolling downwards from the hill in light—
Green narrow plains beneath the slope of hills,
(Where) sweetly murmured springs from cairns—
Here the great banner of the host was spread,
Waving in the cold wind of the Bens.
This was the landmark to the youthful king,
From desert wood in hidden glen.
Brightly parting the clouds in the west,

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weak in arms."

Brightening in his fame, the king strode to Lubar's sounding oak, where it bent from its rock over the bright tumbling stream. Beneath it is a narrow plain, and the sound of the fount of the rock. Here the standard of Morven poured its wreaths on the wind, to mark the way of Ferad-artho from his secret vale. Bright from his

DUAN VIII.

Sheall grian a' dol sìos o speuraibh :
Chunnaic an treun na sluaigh air sliabh ;
Chual'e guth an t-sòlais m'a cheuman
'Briseadh 's a' sgaoileadh mu 'n cuairt,
Glan dearrsa 'dol suas o chruaidh.
Ghlac aiteas còrr cridh' mòr an rìgh,
Mar shealgair 'n a ghleann uaine féin
'N déigh frasan 'tha 'sìoladh 'am frìth.
Carraig ghlas 'tha 'boillsgeadh air beinn,
An droighionn gorm air sgoirm nan càrn [a]
'S e 'crathadh a chinn air gaoith mhall,
Na ruadhan 'coimhead o'n àiridh.[b]

Liath thall aig còinnich chaoin nan còs
Chrom Claonmhal' a cheann 's e fo aois,
Gun léirsinn 'n a shùilean fo cheò.
Air maide bàrd còrr 'us e 'caoineadh.
Glan làimh ris 'an siubhal a ciabh.
Sùilmhalla nan triath, 'us i fann
Ri dànaibh thriath' Atha nan sgiath
Ann an làithean na h-aois' a bha thall.
Ghluais farum a' chòmhraig o 'chluais ;
Chaisg focail fo bhuaireadh a chléibh,
Mall osna gu dìomhair 'dol suas.
Bha tannas' nam fuath, their iad féin,
Tric mar dhealan a' beumadh a smuaintean :

a "In the rocky gorge." *Sgoirm*, "gorge," or "throat," is very rarely used.

b *Àiridh* should probably be *fhàire*.

parted west, the sun of heaven looked abroad. The hero saw his people, and heard their shouts of joy. In broken ridges round they glittered to the beam. The king rejoiced as a hunter in his own green vale, when, after the storm is rolled away, he sees the gleaming sides of the rocks. The green thorn shakes its head in their face; from their top look forward the roes.

and is received by the people with loud shouts of joy.

The sun looked forth, descending from the sky:
The chief beheld the people on the hill,
And heard the voice of joy at his approach
Breaking forth and spreading round,
While brightness shot from their steel.
Exceeding joy possessed the king's great heart,
Like a hunter in his own green glen,
When showers pass away in the forest:
Glistens a hoary cliff on high,
Green briers in the rocky gorge [a]
Wave their heads in the listless wind;
The deer look down from the ridge.[b]

The aged and blind bard Clonmal, with whom Sulvalla had remained during the battle, is described, grieving deeply as he saw the fall of Ca-mor.

Grey-haired, on the soft moss of caves,
Clonmal bent his agèd head;
His eyes are sightless under mist:
The mighty bard leaned on a staff and wept.
Close beside him, with wandering locks,
Sulvalla, faint, (the daughter) of chiefs,
Heard the tales of Atha's shielded heroes
In the ancient days that are gone.
The noise of war forsook his ear;
His words were hushed in his troubled breast;
His slow-drawn sigh arose in secret.
Dread spirits, it is said,
Oft, like lightning, cleft his thoughts:

Grey at his mossy cave is bent the aged form of Clonmal. The eyes of the bard had failed. He leaned forward on his staff. Bright in her locks before him, Sul-malla listened to the tale: the tale of the kings of Atha in the days of old. The noise of battle had ceased in his ear: he stopped, and raised the secret sigh. The spirits of the dead, they said, often lightened along his soul. He

DUAN VIII.

Chunnaic e rìgh Atha an treun
Fo chròm chrann na beinn' air chùlaobh.

"C'uim' a thàinig an dorch'?" thuirt an òigh;
"Shiubhail farum a' chòmhraig uainn:
Ann a dheireadh thig an rìgh còrr
Thar còmhnaird gu 'shruthanan ruadh.
Tha grian a' sealltuinn sìos o iar,
An dubh cheò a' fiaradh o'n lòn
E 'sgaoileadh gu tiugh air na sliabhan
Mu luachair fo iadhadh nan tòrr.
O cheò tha do theurnadh, a rìgh!
Faic a cheuman 'cur sìos fo chruaidh.
Thig do chòs Chlaoinmhail o strì,
'Shàir ghaisgich, do 'm bi mo luaidh."

'S e tannas rìgh Atha a th' ann,
A gharbh cheuman mall, a chruth fo leus.[a]
Thuit esan 'an gearradh nan alld
Ag iadhadh o chàrnaibh le beuc.
"'S e 'n sealgair a th'ann," thuirt an òigh,
"Fear-faoghaid nan tòrr mu na ruaidh:
Cha-n'eil ceum da gu còmhrag nan seòd:
'Bhean ghasda 's i òg, a luaidh,
'S i 'feitheamh fo ghruaim na h-oidhche.
Tilleas esan o thaobh nan sliabh
Le faobhan nam fiadh eilid dhonn."

[a] "Dim his form," or, "his form in light." The words may be rendered either way. I think the former most in accordance with the context.

saw the king of Atha low beneath his bending tree.

"Why art thou dark?" said the maid; "the strife of arms is past. Soon shall he come to thy cave, over thy winding streams. The sun looks from the rocks of the west. The mists of the lake arise. Grey they spread on that hill, the rushy dwelling of roes. From the mist shall my king appear! Behold, he comes in his

He saw the brave king of Atha
Stretched under the bent tree of the hill.

"Wherefore has darkness come?" said the maiden;
"The din of battle has travelled from us:
At its close will come the peerless king
Over the plain to his own brown streams.
The sun looks down from the west;
The murky mist slants upwards from the plain,
Spreading in masses on the slopes,
'Mongst rushes at the foot of swelling knolls.
From mist thou comest down, O king!
Behold his steps advancing in his steel.
To Clonmal's cave come from the conflict,
True hero, ever to be loved by me."

Sulvalla sees his form, or ghost, descending the hill. Believing him to be alive, she rejoices greatly.

It is the spirit of the king of Atha!
His great stride slow, (and) dim his form: [a]
He sank in the channel of the stream,
Which, roaring, breaks from rocky heights.
"A hunter it is," said the maiden,
"Who follows the deer on the hills:
He goes not to the battle of warriors;
His goodly, youthful wife, his love,
Awaits him with the dusk of night.
He will return from the mountain-side
With spoils of the wild dun hinds."

She then mistakes him for a hunter,

arms. Come to the cave of Clonmal, O my best beloved!"

It was the spirit of Cathmor stalking large, a gleaming form. He sank by the hollow stream that roared between the hills. "It was but the hunter," she said, "who searches for the bed of the roe. His steps are not forth to war; his spouse expects him with night. He shall, whistling, return with the spoils of the dark-brown hinds."

DUAN VIII.

Sùil àillidh na h-òigh' mu an chruaich,
Garbh thannas gun tuar a'dol sìos,
'An sòlas a mhosgail i suas.
Thuit esan fo ghruaim 's e gu 'thrian :[a]
Shìolaidh an cruth gu mùgach thall
'Measg gaoith nan càrn mall a' triall.
Bha 'h-aithne mu thuiteam an triath';
" Tha rìgh Éirinn nan sgiath air làr!"
Na biodh cuimhn' air a bròn gu 'thrian,
'Chaitheas anam na h-aoise gu bàrr.

Thuit dùbhra dubh air taobh Mhoiléna,
Liath iadhadh nam fiar shruth 'an gleann :
Chualas guth Fhionnghail ag éirigh
'Us lasair o chiar chraobh nam beann.
Thionail thall na sluaigh fo shòlas,
Le sòlas leth dhorcha fo ghruaim,
A' coimhead fo 'n gruaidhean air mòr thriath
Gun 'anam 'am mòrchuis 's an àm.
'Us caoin o fhàsach nam faoin bheann
Ghluais guth mall nan teud gu cluais,
Mar thoirm nan sruth o shlios chàrn,
Iad fada thall 'an gleann nan cruach
Neo-throm air aomadh donn nan sliabh,
Mar osag chiar air sgiath nan stuadh,

[a] Shrinking in size, he sank in gloom; lit. *he sank in gloom, and he (reduced) to his third part.*

Her eyes were turned to the hill; again the stately form came down. She rose in the midst of joy. He retired again in mist. Gradual vanish his limbs of smoke, and mix with the mountain-wind. Then she knew that he fell! "King of Erin, art thou low?" Let Ossian forget her grief; it wastes the soul of age.

Evening came down on Moi-lena. Grey rolled the streams of the

DUAN VIII.

The maiden's lovely eye was on the peak,
A great dim form was coming down;
She brightened up in gladness:
Shrinking in size, he sank in gloom,[a]
And dimly vanished the form,
Slow-moving on the wind of cairns.
She knew of the fall of the chief:
"The shielded king of Erin is laid low!"
Let there be no remembrance of her grief,
It sorely wastes the agèd soul.

but the apparition soon vanishes in gloom,

and she understands that Ca-mor has fallen. Ossian refuses to describe her grief.

Fell darkness black on the side of Moi-Lena,
Grey winding of eddying streams in the glen:
Fingal's voice was heard loud-sounding;
Flame (went up) from the dark trees of the hills.
The people gathered around in joy—
Joy half darkened by gloom,
As sidewise they glanced on the mighty prince
Whose soul did not then exult.
Sweetly from the waste of desert hills
Came the slow voice of chords to his ear,
Like murmur of brooks from the face of cairns
Far away in the glen of peaks,
Lightly (floating) on dark-sloping hills,
(Or) as dusky breeze from the wing of clouds,

Night comes on; the sound of distant music is heard. Carul and Condan, the bards, approach the army of Fingal

land. Loud came forth the voice of Fingal: the beam of oaks arose. The people gathered round with gladness—with gladness blended with shades. They sidelong looked to the king, and beheld his unfinished joy. Pleasant from the way of the desert the voice of music came. It seemed at first the noise of a stream far distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill, like the

DUAN VIII.

[a] Him of hoary tufts —*i.e.* the thistle.

'N uair a ghlacas i fear nan dos liath [a]
'Am fiaradh na h-oidhche fo ghruaim.
'S e focal chaoin Chondain a th' ann,
'Us Carull le clàrsaichean theud.
Thàinig an gorm-shùileach a nall
Gu Mòra nam mall shruth fo bheuc.

Ghrad bhris na fonnan o bhàird
Air Léna nan càrn 's nan àrd thòrr;
Bhuail na slòigh uile an sgiath'
'Measg tionndadh 'us fiaradh nam fonn.
Ghlan sòlas 'an eudann an rìgh,
Mar dhearrsa 'dol sìos o nial,
Air aomadh uaine nam mòr fhrìth,
Seal mu -n éirich an fhiar lom ghaoth.
Bhuail e copan caismeachd a sgéith;
Ghrad chaisg e na sléibh mu 'n cuairt:
Bha aomadh nan sluagh ris an treun,
Ri guth an tìr féin thar na stuaidh.

"'Shìol Mhòirbheinn, sgaoilear an so fleagh;
Cuirear thairis an oidhch' 'am fonn;
Tha 'n dearrsa mu 'n cuairt air magh;
Shiubhail dùbhra nan torrunn a null.
Mo shluagh so mo charraigean treun

ruffled wing of a breeze when it takes the tufted beard of the rocks in the still season of night. It was the voice of Condan mixed with Carril's trembling harp. They came with blue-eyed Feradartho to Mora of the streams.

Sudden bursts the song from our bards on Lena: the host struck their shields 'midst the sound. Gladness rose brightening on the

DUAN VIII.

When it seizes him of hoary tufts [5]
In its sweep amid night of gloom.
It is the voice of tuneful Condan,
And of Carul with the stringed harp.
The blue-eyed one came across
To Mora of slow-sounding streams.

along with the young king,

Straightway broke the songs from bards
On Lena of cairns and lofty mounds;
The host all struck their shields
Amid the winding of the changeful strains.
Joy shone on the countenance of the king
Like brightness coming down from cloud,
On the green slope of great forests,
Brief time ere rises the cold whirlwind.
On his shield he struck the warning boss,
And sudden hushed the hills all round:
The host bent forward to the hero—
To the voice of their own land across the wave.

and are joined by many other bards, who celebrate the victory gained, and its results.

"Race of Morven, here let the feast be spread;
Let the night pass on in song;
Brightness encircles the field;
The darkness of thunder has passed away.
These my people are my rock of strength,

Fingal rejoices; addresses his people as his strength and the source of his renown;

king, like the beam of a cloudy day when it rises on the green hill before the roar of winds. He struck the bossy shield of kings; at once they cease around. The people lean forward from their spears towards the voice of their land.

"Sons of Morven, spread the feast; send the night away in song. Ye have shone around me, and the dark storm is past. My people

DUAN VIII.

O 'n sgaoilear sgiath iolair' gu 'cùl,
'N uair a shiùbhlas mi mach gu beum,
'Us mi 'glacadh dhomh féin mo chliu.
Tha, 'Oisein, mo shleaghsa a' d' làimh;
Cha bhioran fann balaoich a crann,
A chuireas an cluaran air chall,
Air raon, 'us e mall 'n a thriall.
So sleagh nan garbh threuna 'an àm
'Chur sìneadh nan làmh gu bàs.
Coimhead-sa rì sinns'ribh nan treun,
'Tha mar dhearrsa nam fuath o speur.
'N uair a ghlasas caoin sholus air chuan,
Gabh Artho nan sluagh ri d' thaobh
Gu Tighmòra, a's fuaimeara stuadh;
Cuir-sa rìghrean ghorm Éirinn fo 'shùil,
Cruthan àillidh 'thog cliu o shean,
Gun dì-chuimhn na thuit anns a' bhlàr,
Mosgail fonn do na sàir air an raon:
Cuireadh Carull gu luaidh an dàn;
Biodh sòlas mu ghluasad nan laoch
'An ceò maidne mu iadhadh nan càrn.
Éiridh am màireach mo shiuil bhàn
Gu Selma nan crann 's nan tùr
Garbh shruthan 'tha 'fiaradh o ghleann
'Measg tuinidh nan ruadh fo mhùig."

---

are the windy rocks, from which I spread my eagle-wings, when I rush forth to renown and seize it on its field. Ossian, thou hast the spear of Fingal: it is not the staff of a boy with which he strews the thistle round, young wanderer of the field. No; it is the lance of the mighty, with which they stretched forth their hands to death. Look to thy fathers, my son; they are awful beams.

From which the eagle-wing is fully spread,
When I go forth to smite,
And win for myself renown.
Ossian, my spear is in thy hand;
No weak stripling's wand its shaft,
With which he lays the thistle low
On the field, as he saunters slowly.
This is the spear of the great and strong,
Whose stretching forth of hands is death.
Look to the fathers of the brave,
They are like shining spirits from the sky.
When the kindly light gleams on the sea,
Take Artho of hosts by thy side
To Temora of loud-resounding wave:
Before him bring green Erin's kings—
Stately forms who won renown of old;
Nor forgotten be those who fell in battle;
Raise a strain to the brave on the field:
Let Carul sing their song;
Be joy around the steps of the warriors
In morning mist as it twines around the cairns.
To-morrow shall my white sails rise
For Selma of trees and of towers—
Of great rivers winding through glens,
Amid the misty haunts of deer."

publicly addresses Ossian as his successor;

orders him to lead Artho to his fathers' hall;

and declares his resolution to sail for Selma on the following morning.

With morning lead Ferad-artho forth to the echoing halls of Temora. Remind him of the kings of Erin; the stately forms of old. Let not the fallen be forgot, they were mighty in the field. Let Carril pour his song, that the kings may rejoice in their mist. To-morrow I spread my sails to Selma's shaded walls, where streamy Duthula winds through the seats of roes."

EXPLANATION OF PROPER NAMES

IN

TEMORA.

Note.—There are very few names of importance mentioned in Temora which have not occurred in the previous poems, except that of Ca-mor; and as the scene is nearly the same with that of the battles described in the poem of Fingal, there is little need of explaining proper names in this poem; but I give the leading ones for the sake of uniformity.—A. C.

ALNECMA, the ancient name of Connaught, or for the south of Erin generally.—Duan I. *et pass.*

ALPIN, an aged bard.—Duan V.

ALTHAN, son of Conachar, the chief bard of Artho, king of Erin.

ARTHO, ARTHRO, ARTH, called Ferad-Artho by Macpherson, the legitimate king of Erin whom Fingal restored to his throne.—Duan VIII.

BOLGA, a name for the south of Erin, the residence of the Bolgi, or *Fir-bholg*, who are said to have been the same with the Belgae. The name *Fir-bholg* means "quiver-men," or "arrow-men."

BORBAR-DU-HAL, *Borb-fhear-dubh-shùl*, "fierce black-eyed one." He was lord or king of Bolga, also called Alnecma, and father of Cairbar and Ca-mor. His character fully justifies his name as fierce and savage. —Duan II. *et al.*

CAIRBAR, a name formerly explained, and a very common one—here borne by the son of Borbar, who murdered Cormac the young king of Erin, or, more properly, of Ullin, and also treacherously slew Oscar.

His usurpation of the throne of Ullin was the cause of Fingal's expedition, described in this poem.—Duan I.

CA-MIN, *Cath-mìn*, "gentle in battle," a chief of Ullin, father of Comla.—Duan II.

CA-MOR, *Cath-mòr*, "great in battle," son of Borbar and brother of Cairbar, who fought with Fingal in his brother's cause—a truly noble character, and the hero of this poem. For boundless hospitality he has been compared to Axylus in Homer, and to Gallius of Agrigentum.

CLATHO, daughter of Cath-ulla, king of Inistore, Fingal's second wife, and mother of Fillan.—Duan II.

CLONA, *Claonadh*, "sloping," "winding," the name of a narrow glen near the river Lubar.—Duan V.

CLONMAL, *Claon-mall*, probably "stooping and slow," one of Ca-mor's aged bards, to whom he consigned Sulvalla during the war, and who foresaw his death.—Duan VIII.

CLONRA, *Claon rath*, "sloping ridge," the home of Hidala.—Duan VIII.

CLUANER, probably *Cluain-fhear*, "a man of guile," a chief of Erin, slain by Cormac.—Duan VII.

CLUBA, a bay in Innis-huna, the home of Sulvalla.—Duan IV.

CLUNAI, probably *Cluainean*, "meadows," or "green pastures," still a common name of places in the Highlands.—Duan VIII.

CLUNGEL, *Glùn geal*, "white knee," the mother of Sulvalla.—Duan VI.

COLC-ULLA, *Colg ullamh*, "prompt to fight," "fiery-tempered," a chief who had defeated Cormac, king of Erin, and was in his turn defeated by Fingal in his first expedition to Erin.—Duan IV.

COMLA, *Caomh làmh*, "smooth or soft hand," daughter of Ca-min.—Duan II.

CONAR, probably *Caoin-fhear*, "gentle or mild one," the son of Treunmor, and first Caledonian king of Ireland.—Duan II.

CONDAN, *Caoin-dàn*, "sweet song"—*i.e.* "sweet singer"—a bard attending on Artho, the young king of Ullin.—Duan VIII.

CONMOR, *Caoin-mòr*, "mild and tall," king of Innis-huna, and father of Sulvalla.—Duan IV.

CORMUL, probably *Gormmheall*, "green hill," a hill occupied by Fingal.—Duan VIII.

CORMUL, probably *Gorm-shùil*, "blue-eyed," is also the name of one of Ca-mor's warriors.—Duan III.

CROMAL, *Cròm-mheall*, "sloping hill," a mountain in Erin.—Duan VIII.

CUL-ALUINN, "beautiful hair," the mother of Culmeena.

CULMEENA, *Cùl-mìn*, "soft hair," a young warrior slain by Fillan.—Duan V.

DALRIACH, *Dail-riabhach*, "mottled field."—Duan V.

DALRUA, *Dail ruadh*, "red field."—Duan V.

DEARRSA-LENA, "the brightness of Lena," daughter of Folda.—Duan V.

DORA, a hill near Temora.—Duan I.

DRUM-ARD, "lofty ridge."—Duan II.

DU-CARHON, *Dubh-carrunn*, said by Macpherson to mean "dark-brown man."—Duan III.

DUN-LORA, "the fort of Lora," said to be on Loch Etive in Argyle-shire.—Duan III.

DUNO, *Dùthno*, *Duibhne*, probably from *dubh*, "black," the father of the celebrated Dermid.—Duan V.

DUN-RATHO, probably a "circular fort," the residence of Cormul.—Duan III.

DU-ULA, *Dubh-thuilean*, "dark floods," a river in Alnecma.—Duan III.

DU-UMA, *Dubh uamhan*, "black caverns."—Duan VII.

ETA, *Èitidh*, "wild," "frightful," said to be Loch Etive in Argyle-shire.

FLAHAL, *Flaitheil*, "stately," "elegant," the wife of Lar-hon.—Duan VII.

FOLDA, *Foldath*, said to be from *faoildeachd*, "hospitality." He was chief of Moma, and the leading man in Ca-mor's army, fierce and quarrelsome in temper—slain by Fillan.—Duan V.

FONNAR, *Fonnmhor*, "tuneful," "musical," one of Ca-mor's bards, frequently mentioned.

INNIS-HUNA, *Innis-uaine*, "green island," the home of Sulvalla. (I have allowed both spellings of this name to stand.)

LAR-HON, *Lear-thonn*, "wave of the sea," the name of the first leader of the *Fir-bholg* who settled in Erin, and the first man who ventured to sea from his native place Lumon.—Duan VII.

LONA, *Lòn*, formerly explained as "meadow," "lawn," a glen to which Sulvalla retired before Ca-mor's last battle.

MALHOS, *Malthos*, said to mean "slow to speak," one of Ca-mor's leading warriors.—Duan I. *et al.*

MARONNAN, one of Cairbar's followers, slain by Oscar.—Duan I. *et al.*

MOMA, or MUMA, a district in Connaught, of which Folda was chief.—Duan V.

NA-HOS, *Nathos*, son of Usnoth, the chief of Eta, nephew of Cuchullin, and a supporter of Cormac against Cairbar.—Duan I.

OLLA, Cairbar's bard, who sang the death-song, warning Oscar of the attack to be made on him.—Duan I.

RO-MAR, *Ròthmar*, one of Ca-mor's warriors, slain by Fillan.—Duan V.

ROSCRANNA, said by Macpherson to be the "beam of the rising sun." This would make the word *Rosg-gréine*, and would not be a very literal rendering after all. Probably the name signifies "bright-eyed"—literally, "eye of the sun." She was the daughter of Cormac, king of Erin, and the first wife of Fingal.

Tradition, in tales and poems, speaks of Grainè as the wife of Fingal, of her elopement with Dermid, &c., and has invented various romantic stories about Fingal's revenge and Dermid's death. Ossian, however, says nothing of all this; but if Roscranna be *Rosg-gréine*, she is in all probability the same with Grainè, *gréine* being the genitive of *grian*,

"sun." The name readily suggests thoughts of sun-worship; nor does it require any stretch of imagination to resolve Fingal's own name, *Fionn-geal*, "white-white," or "bright-bright," into some representation of the "bright light of day."—Duan IV. The mother of King Arthur was *Igrainè*. Can a connection between him and Fingal be established?

SAMLA, *Samhladh*, "likeness," "apparition," the name of the hall built by Lar-hon in consequence of a vision which appeared to him.—Duan VII.

SRUMON, or STRUMON, *Sruth-monaidh*, "mountain-stream," the name of the family-seat of Morni, father of Gaul, said to be near Selma.—Duan III.

SUL-ALIN, *Sùil àluinn*, "beautiful eye," the wife of *Sonnmor*, "great hero," who followed him to battle, where his love for her induced him to cease fighting, in consequence of which his enemy escaped.—Duan VII.

SULVALLA, *Sùil-mhall*, "slow-moving eye," daughter of the king of Innis-huna, who, falling in love with Ca-mor, followed him to Erin in the disguise of a warrior—was recognised by him as her helmet fell off when she was asleep. He deeply loved her, and persuaded her to retire to the glen of Lona until the close of the war. Her name occurs very frequently throughout the poem of Temora. One of Macpherson's minor poems (not given in Gaelic) bears the title of "Sulmalla [Sulvalla] of Lumon."

TEMORA, is said by Macpherson to be *Tigh-mòr-rìgh*, "the house of a great king, or "the great house of a king;" but it is generally written *Teamhair*, "pleasant," or *Teamhra*, *Teamhair-rath*, "pleasant circle," "fortification," or "dwelling," modernised into the well-known Tara, the palace of the king of Ireland.

TLAMIN, *Tlàth-mìn*, "kindly and smooth," wife of Clonar, slain by Ca-mor.—Duan VIII.

TURLA, a hero slain by Gaul.—Duan III.

TURLOCH, a name of frequent occurrence, probably *tur-laoch*, "thorough warrior," or "hero."

USNOTH, often referred to, chief of Eta, father of three brave sons, whose sad history is given in the poem of Darthula, of which, as observed in the notes, there are very many versions preserved.

NOTES TO TEMORA.

DUAN I.

[1] "His bubbling blood red-gushing from his breast."
"'Fhuil chraobh-dhearg," &c.

Macfarlan translates this by "sanguine *arboreo rutilo*," an extreme instance of his *transliteration*. I have heard good Gaelic scholars suggesting the expression *crò-dhearg*, *crò* being used for deep-red; but *craobh* is frequently applied to "bubbles" or "bells" on the surface of any liquid. "Bubbling" or "foaming" gives a literal and a good meaning here.

[2] "Moranal, to the hill of Lena's plain," &c.

The close resemblance of the account here given to that at the beginning of the first Duan of Fingal is very obvious; and the names of the two scouts, *Moranal* and *Moran*, are so very similar, as to render it more than probable that the one scene is, at least in part, copied from the other.

I think this remarkable similarity a strong proof that Macpherson gave the two poems as he found them. He had far too much sharpness to commit so palpable a blunder as this, were he drawing from his own resources.

[3] "I saw on high the hero's forward spear," &c.

Macpherson says that when any one approached another with the point of his spear before him, he thus intimated that he came for combat.

[4] "Cairbar, terrify a slave"—

in Gael. *tràill*, and occurring nowhere else in Ossian. It is now in common use: but it seems to be the Saxon word "thrall;" and it is deserving of remark that the Gaelic for "servant" or "slave" given

in the Bible is always *òglach* or *ban-òglach*, "young man" or "young woman." It is as if no service had been known among the Celts except that which the younger rendered to the elder.

Seirbhiseach for "servant" (*servus*) is quite common in modern Gaelic, but does not belong to the time of Ossian. Probably the root of this word is *searbh* (pronounced *sharv*), "bitter," "hateful."

[5] "Olla the seer ceased the song."

Olla (or *Ollamh*) may possibly be here the proper name of a bard; but more probably it is an official title—one which of old carried high dignity and valuable privileges in Ireland, and is still used in the Highlands as the equivalent of a graduate, whether in theology or medicine, D.D. or M.D.

Filidh, or *File*, often taken as signifying a bard or poet, denoted in Ireland a man of learning—what in the present day is understood by a man of liberal or university education. There were no fewer than seven classes or grades in *filidheachd*. To one of these was committed the preservation of the genealogies of families—to another the recording the history of the country. Others were poets and musicians; but the *ollamh* stood at the head of them all. In rank, he took precedence of the whole nobility (*flaithean*), standing next the king. There was a liberal public provision made for his maintenance, and not only was his person—as were those of the whole class—held sacred from violence, but he had the privilege of establishing a sanctuary around his dwelling wherever he was.

These few facts I take from the very able work of Professor O'Curry on the MS. materials of Irish history; and I will venture to say that any one who reads these most elaborate lectures will admit at least the possibility of high-class poetry being produced by, and preserved among, the ancient Celts.

[6] The death of Oscar by Cairbar, the account of which occupies from l. 257 to 381 of this Duan, is, I believe, more widely known throughout the Highlands than any other event recorded in Ossianic poetry. It is called *Bàs Oscair, Laoidh Oscair, Marbh-Rann Oscair, Cath Ghabhra*, &c. &c. There is an outline of the story in the Dean of Lismore's Book (1530), a long ballad on the subject in Jerome Stone's MS. (before 1756), one in Kennedy's Collection (1783), one in the Irvine MS. (1800), two versions in Gillies (1786), one in MacCallum (1816), and one in Mr J. F. Campbell's 'West Highland Tales,' got in 1860, besides an Irish version got in 1853.

It would be a tedious work to analyse and compare these various versions; nor would it repay the necessary labour. They all differ from each other in length, in arrangement, and in various incidents, but agree in stating that Cairbar slew Oscar, who, however, before falling, inflicted a mortal wound on his enemy. Macpherson's, as in similar cases, is greatly superior to the others in clearness and in poetic beauty.

It may be remarked, as one instance of the corruptions which creep into such ballads when recited by persons unskilled in the language in which they are composed, that, in several of the versions which I have seen, Fingal, when describing wounds which Oscar had received on former occasions, is made to say,

"Shnàmhadh na corrain ro' d' chneas;"

and again—

"Shnàmhadh na geòidh," &c.:

which has been translated—

"The *cranes* would swim through thy waist,"

and

"The *geese* would swim," &c.

It need hardly be said that this is nonsense. I observe, in Jerome Stone's MS., the first line running thus—

"*Namh* na corthoin ro' d' chneas;"

and in the second he has *feidh* for *geoidh*, which, if translated according to the most obvious meaning, would make Oscar's wound so wide that *deer* might swim through it—worse than even *geese*.

Corran is, however, an old word for some kind of arrow. Thus, in Dr Smith's 'Tiomna Ghuill,' Gaul, in "I-freoin," is described as having

"Ceud corran 'n a thaobh 'an sàs;"

which Dr Smith translates by

"A hundred arrows with iron heads," &c.

Fiui is another word for arrow frequently used by Ossian; and it is said also to signify a spear-shaft. The *namh* seems to be the colloquial abbreviation of *'n àm bha*, "at the time when"—and thus the lines would run as follows:—

"'N àm bha na na corrain tro' d' chneas;"

"'N àm bha na *fiuidh** tro' d' chneas"—

* *Fiuidh* or *fi'idh*, by error of writer made *feidh*.

that is—

"When the *arrows* were through thy waist;"
"When the *spear-shafts* were," &c.

I doubt not that many similar obscurities and apparent contradictions in old poetry, Celtic and other, have arisen from such causes as gave to Oscar the unheard-of wounds mentioned in the ballads.

No. VII. of Macpherson's 'Fragments' gives an account of the death of an Oscar, son of Caruth; but the circumstances do not in the least resemble those detailed in the account of the death of Oscar the son of Ossian. Oscar was a very common name.

[7] "Who but the sons of noble Usnoth,
From Eta of the hoary streams?"

The children of Usnoth—Nahos, Ardan, Aille—are well known in Highland and Irish tradition. Macpherson in "Darthula," one of his minor poems (of which he left no Gaelic original), gives the tragical tale of their death. There is in the Advocates' Library a MS., bearing the date of 1238, containing the "Lament of Deirdre," or "Darthula," (the bride of Nahos) for Alba, which is translated by Mr Skene.—(Introduction to Dean of Lismore's Book, p. 87.) There is a long version of the whole story of "Clann Usnoich nan each geala," "the children of Usnoth of the 'white horses,'" in Gillies; another in Stewart's Collection; and I have a very long, though imperfect one, which was got in the Island of Barra three years ago by Mr Carmichael of the Inland Revenue, Lochmaddy—a very zealous and successful collector of old tales and traditions. His name frequently appears in Mr Campbell's most interesting work of the 'West Highland Tales.' There are also Irish versions of the story. The heroine's name is sometimes *Dèirdre*, more frequently *Dèard-shuil*, probably meaning "bright eye." A "vitrified fort" in Glen Nevis, and another on Loch Ness, are called *Dùn-dèard-shuil;* and on the farm of Dalness, in Glen Etive, there is a place called *Grianan Dèard-shuil.* For the locality of Eta, *vide* note 9, vol. i. p. 81.

[8] "Unlike each other are our souls, thou hero,
Thou of feeblest hand in battle."

It is very remarkable that he "of feeblest hand in battle" should be addressed as a "hero." The words are *a thréin*, "thou strong one," or "thou hero." Possibly the term may be used as one of courtesy to which all engaged in war were held to be entitled, or probably the bard often uses the various terms for hero, as I have formerly remarked he

does those descriptive of place, merely to balance his lines when needed. Their number is very great—*àrmunn, curaidh, flath, gaisgeach, laoch, saoi, sàr, sonn, treun, triath*, and some more, without any marked difference of meaning, occur with a frequency monotonous to the reader, and very trying to the translator.

DUAN II.

[1] "Recalling the fame of the Bolgi."

Macpherson considers the *Bolgi*, or *Fir-bholg*, to be a tribe of "Belgae" who made their way to Ireland; and Professor O'Curry repeatedly speaks of the *Bolgi* as early inhabitants of his country, who fought with the *Tuath de Danan*. I will say nothing on the subject, except that their name implies their being known as "archers." Macpherson is quite right in translating *Fir-bholg* by "men of the quiver" or "arrow-bag."

[2] "Three times called the bards of song

. . . . .

The soul of Colgar," &c.

This reminds us of the "clamor supremus" of the Romans—"magnà manes ter voce vocavi" (Æn., VI. 506). I do not remember any other instance in Ossian where the call is thrice repeated as here; but as Fingal (Duan IV., l. 189, 190) charges the "cold blast of Lena" to waft to their native land the spirits of the warriors who might fall in battle in Erin, it is probable that the calling of the bards here was intended to assist Colgar's spirit in regaining his own land.

[3] "My vengeance flies," &c.

In the text we have *mo ghamhlas*, the common term for "vengeance," "malice," &c.; but Dr Ross gives at the foot of the page *mo ghallt'nas*, which means my "stranger-*hood*," or "stranger-*ship*," the feelings with which a *Gall*, or "stranger," was regarded by Ossian. The probability is that Dr Ross found this word in Macpherson's MS.; but wherever found, it is remarkable as showing the bitter feeling entertained towards "*Galls*." In translating the word here by "stranger," I follow the common usage; but in the text I have retained the word *Gall* untranslated. The meeting with *gallt'nas* as the original form of

gamhlas, "hatred," "vengeance," confirms me in the propriety of thus retaining it; for if, according to the common acceptation, we take *dàimh* to signify "stranger" (undoubtedly its frequent though not uniform meaning), and remember with what hospitality and courtesy "strangers" were always treated, it will appear impossible that the two words, *Gall* and *dàimh*, apply to the same class of people. It seems probable that *Gall* denoted some race, or apparently various tribes of the same race, who were particularly obnoxious to the men of Alba in Ossian's day.

[4] "As they hear thee rising in noise."
. . . or "with noise."

Vide also Duan VII., l. 422, 423—

"Where rises the resounding sun
From the waves of hoary heads."

I do not know what exact opinion regarding the sun originated the remarkable phrase before us. In "Mòrdubh," a Gaelic fragment of undoubted antiquity and of great beauty, published by Gillies, and translated into English by Clark in his 'Caledonian Bards,' there is a sun-hymn, as is so frequently to be met with in old Gaelic poetry, and therein he is thus addressed—

"Retire to thy bed with *music*,
Thou who art great among the stars."

It is not improbable that they who worshipped the sun would celebrate both his rising and his setting with music and song. Or the reference may be to one of the many Aryan myths which represent the Sun-god as for a season overpowered by Darkness, and regaining his freedom through contest and struggle, which naturally suggests the idea of noise. Have we a trace of a belief in this struggle in the words which, both in Gaelic and English, describe the first appearance of day—*briseadh*, "breaking," or "breaking forth of day"?

It is remarkable that in almost all the beautiful sun-hymns preserved in Gaelic, whatever homage is paid to the great light for his brightness and power, he is spoken of as hastening to darkness and decay. The warrior sometimes boasts that his renown will survive the shining of the sun. But it appears that this idea of the mortality of the gods was arrived at by thoughtful men wherever the powers of

nature were deified. The changes seen on these through the seasons of the year necessarily suggested the mutability and final destruction of those whom they represented; and the Teutonic mythology came to the dark conclusion that "all gods must die." Thus it was, however, that the mind rose to perceive the necessity of one supreme and absolute Power.—*Vide* 'Chips from a German Workshop,' by Professor M. Müller, vol. i. c. x.

DUAN III.

[1] "Sing, ye bards, an undying song!"

In this line I have departed very much farther from a literal rendering than I usually do. The words are "Fàgaibhse 'bhàrda, am fonn"—literally, "leave you, ye bards, the song;" and Macfarlan translates it "omittite cantum," &c. The context clearly shows that this cannot be the meaning. Fingal, about to engage in the last of his battles, speaks thus to his bards, and charges them, in the following lines, to "shed plenteous light on the combat." It is evident that he wished them to sing; and his meaning seems to be that they were to sing a battle-song which would not perish with themselves, but remain after them—"Leave a song (behind you)," which I have rendered, as above, an "undying song."

[2] "While he rides the horse of the whirlwind."

The expressions "riding the storm" and "the riding" or "careering of the storms"—"*marcachd nan sian*"—are still preserved in Gaelic; and there are days when its appropriateness can be fully understood. We now and then see the elements rushing onwards as if in their utmost strength—mist and sleet or rain driven along the steep face of the mountain by a raging and roaring wind; and often they heave in great surges or ridges, extending from the depth of the glen to the summit of the mountain. This terrific heaving and rolling is called the "riding of the storm," and the scene naturally enough suggests the idea of the wild career of cloud-born steeds rushing onwards with fearful swiftness in resistless and destructive strength.

Ossian frequently represents the storm as under the control of spirits hostile to man, and thus fitted to awaken terror in the mind. But in this

he expresses a feeling natural to man, and which we meet with in heathen poets generally. It is the Bible that first speaks of the thunder as the voice of Jehovah—"of fire and hail, snow and vapour, and stormy wind fulfilling His word"—that represents Him as ruling supreme over all; and it is only when we dwell under the covert of His wing that we can contemplate the war of the elements with a sense of security, or in any degree rejoice in the sublimity of the spectacle. The deep gloom which often pervades Ossian's pictures of the aspect of nature has been complained of; but it affords a strong proof that the author, whoever he was, actually lived amid the oft-desolating storms and floods, and the rugged mist-shrouded mountains, of the north-west Highlands—proof also that he did not view nature through the benign light shed on her face by the revelation of the God of nature as the Father and the Friend of man.

[3] "They never can quit the earth
For the home of the winds *without the song.*"

From this and many other passages of a similar import we see what mighty power the bardic order must have wielded over a people who believed that their song or publicly-awarded praise was necessary for admitting the spirit to a state of happiness after death; and we have here at least the elements of a public judgment being passed on men when their lives came to an end. The bards refused to sing the praises of Cairbar, because he had been dark and bloodthirsty; and it was solely through the generosity of Ossian—wonderful generosity towards an enemy who had treacherously slain his only son—that he was at length released from his imprisonment. We read of many others who seemed to have been doomed to hover amid the vapour of the reedy marsh without any prospect of deliverance.

From the prayer of the shade of Patroclus to his friend and patron Achilles (Il., XXIII. ver. 72 *et seq.*), we see that the performance of due funeral rites was required to admit the departed Greeks to happiness beyond the grave; and Virgil (Æn., VI. ver. 329) shows that the Romans whose remains lay unburied were condemned to wander for a hundred years on the banks of the Styx, forbidden to cross the fated stream. But there is no mention of personal merit or demerit as affecting their position.

[4] The episode of Evir-choma, the wife of Gaul (l. 310-319), seems to be entirely out of place here, and I have accordingly bracketed it.

5 "Raise stones . . .
To all who have fallen in the war.
Leaders they were not, but their arms
Were strong as heroes' in the fight.
My strength they were in danger of the spear;
My rock in the time of arrows—
The mountain from which rose on high
The sounding eagle-wing of my renown.
. . . . . .
Carul, forget not thou their dust."—L. 460-469.

It is refreshing, among the constantly-recurring, high-sounding praises of heroes and chiefs, of lords and kings, to find such a recognition as we have here of men of common mould and stamp; and it shows the wisdom as well as the kind-heartedness of Fingal to acknowledge the merits of those who must ever be the strength, not merely of the warrior, but the strength and the stay of every kingdom and country.

The popular idea of the clan system entertained in the southern part of the kingdom calls up a pompous petty tyrant on the one hand, and a crowd of abject serfs on the other. But whatever may be the era of Fingal, we have Gaelic poems in abundance, unquestionably composed more than two hundred years ago, which represent the chief then as following Fingal's example in showing true regard for his clan, acting as the *ceann-cinne*, the head of the kindred; and it would be well for the Highlands if this spirit were once more restored —if due value were set on the native race of the mountains, and a stop put to those "clearances" which are fast realising Tennyson's dreary description of Britain before Arthur rose—

"And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was more and more,
And man was less and less."

DUAN IV.

1 "Cormac drew toward my steps."
"Ghluais suas *do* m' cheumaibh Cormac."

The use of the preposition *do*, as here, is entirely opposed to modern usage. *Gu* would be used instead. Ewen M'Lachlan, in various instances, changes the *do* to *gu*, and in the beginning of my work I

followed his example; but on seeing that it is frequently, though not uniformly, used thus by Ossian, I have retained it, as I do every form of expression which is characteristic of his style.

[2] "The wind was under cloud of darkest skirt,
Which he had snatched off the rough breast of night,
As he rose from the praise of the chariots."

The whole history of the burial, and of the subsequent fate of Cairbar, is interesting in various respects. I have, in a note on Duan III., adverted to the power of the bards to give or to refuse entrance to the Celtic Valhalla, or the "abode of the brave and the hospitable"—*Flath-innis*, as it was called. It appears that the bards of Cairbar's friends could not give him right of admission. It was necessary that the bards of him whom he had injured should consent to this—should sign his passport; otherwise his brother Ca-mor, who had abundance of bards at his command, would not apply to Ossian, as we see him doing toward the close of Duan II. Ossian had very generously sent Carul to raise him on high. From the lines before us, however, it seems that he found the ascent a difficult one. He had to *snatch* a cloud off the rough (or rugged) breast of night to carry him upwards. It appears that chiefs of stainless character easily ascended on "cloud-cars," and were joyfully welcomed by those who were before them. Cairbar's cruel murder of young Cormac carried a Nemesis with it, which clung to him through life, in death, and beyond it.

"As he rose from the praise of the chariots."

This obscure line seems to point to the song of Carul, who probably praised Cairbar as a chief or ruler of chariots—a description often given of other chiefs, and very frequently of Cuchullin.

[3] "My form is in the dusky hall,
Like dreaded lightning of the storms,
When it bursts and scatters on the hill,
And the night-tempest travels from the north."

The character which Cairbar here gives of himself corresponds well with the ferocity which he manifested in the hall of Temora, but it does not seem to be in harmony with the circumstances in which he gives this account of himself. He rejoices at his release; he shows great tenderness towards his brother; and this exulting in the posses-

sion of dread destructive powers seems quite at variance with the affection and sympathy which he expresses for Ca-mor. I think it probable that the last three lines of the quotation belong to some other scene, and are here misplaced.

[4] "The breezes, dusky and light,
Darkly leaned on the edge of the waves."

Attributing colour to the viewless wind appears to be a considerable stretch of poetic licence; but if authority were required to justify Ossian in a practice which he very frequently follows, the high names of Homer and of Horace might be quoted, both of whom speak of "the *white south wind*." I know not why they call the south wind white; but every one who has noticed the darkening effect of a breeze, from whatever quarter, on the face of previously still water, will acknowledge that, if the cause is to be characterised by its effects, a breeze may in all truth be described as dark or dusky.

I am not sure that I give the right word in speaking of the breeze *leaning* on the edge of the waves—*ag aomadh* is very often applied as here. It signifies "to lean," "to bend forward," "to slant." It clearly implies contact between the wind and the sea; but I cannot find an English word to express this contact appropriately. It is one of very many instances where the widely-different idioms of Gaelic and English renders a good translation (strictly so called) from the one into the other a matter of extreme difficulty, if not impossibility. *Ciar*, used here and elsewhere so often, signifies "dark" or "dusky," and has *céire* in the gen. *Céire* is pronounced *kēre*, and reminds one of the Greek κήρες, or "darkness" (?).

[5] "Battle is *pouring* from the wood."

Taomadh, "pouring," is very often used to describe a battle-charge, and, speaking of the engagement of two hosts, it is frequently said, "thaom iad 's a chéile," "they *poured in to* each other." I have sometimes endeavoured to avoid what appears a harsh expression in English by substituting "rushing on each other," but I have observed that Virgil uses the same figure where Achæmenides describes the attack which he and his companions made on the monster Polyphemus—

. . . "Unâ, undique circum
Fundimur," &c.—Æn. iii. v. 634.

DUAN V.

[1] "Son of Alpin."

"The son of Alpin" is a title frequently given by the Highlanders of Scotland to St Patrick, the apostle of Ireland; and as, according to the Irish theory, Ossian recited his poetry to the saint, his addressing the "son of Alpin" in "Temora" is held to be a confirmation of the Irish origin of the poem. Alpin was, however, a common name in the Highlands of old, and is still frequently to be met with. It was the name of a very celebrated bard, who is, in Smith's 'Sean Dàna' (p. 98, 4to ed.), associated with Ullin and Carul—.

"'Ulainn aosair nan teuda binn,
'*Alpuinn* ghrinn, 's a Charuil cheólmhoir;"

and it frequently occurs in Macpherson. Consequently the occurrence of the name in "Temora" decides no question as to the origin of the poem.

The clan Alpin claim, like so many others, to be the oldest and first of clans, founding on the ancient saying—

"Cnuic, 'us uilc, 'us Ailpeinich;
Ach c'uin a thainig Arturaich?"
"Hills, and ills, and Alpin-men;
But when came the Arthur-men?"

[2] "A new bright light," &c.

The Gaelic term here is *dealan*, which I have generally translated "lightning," its more common acceptation. Here, however, as applied to Fillan, Fingal's son, "light" or "brightness" is the more appropriate rendering, as it is also the root-meaning of the word—one to be found in various Aryan languages—*deal* and *geal* in Gaelic; δῆλος and its cognates in Greek; *jala*, Sanscrit for "light."

[3] "Their memory and their worth unknown."

The Gaelic here is puzzling—

"Gun chuimhne, gun *diù* ri èirigh."

Diù generally signifies what is "worthless," or "the worst." I see it in the Soc. Dict., however, marked as signifying "worth while," and apparently as a variation of *fiù*, well known as meaning "good,"

"valuable." The scope of the passage here evidently fixes the term as implying something worthy of remembrance.

[4] "His idle shield is bloody in the hall."

It appears from this, and many similar statements throughout the Ossianic poems, that when a warrior fell in death, the shield which he had left at home assumed a bloody hue. We have also references to intimations of the death of a master being given by the howling of his dogs. And not only in the Highlands, but throughout every part of the world, people believe in various death-omens as superstitious as those mentioned in Ossian.

DUAN VI.

[1] "Grasping Temora's spear as I strode."

"The spear of Temora was that which Oscar had received in a present from Cormac, the son of Artho, king of Ireland. It was of it that Cairbar made the pretext for quarrelling with Oscar at the feast in the first book."—M.

[2] "In my first battle I have fallen
Without renown or conquest by my spear."
"Gun chliu 'us gun *rath* air mo lann."

The word *rath*, which I have translated "conquest," generally means "prosperity" or "good luck." It is evidently connected with *ré*, *rà*, *ro* (Lat. *ro-ta*), "a circle," the symbol of completeness; and I mention it on account of a singular notion prevailing in some (possibly in all) parts of the Highlands regarding the lot of every individual in life. It is said that in the youth of each man a spirit appears to him—whether corresponding to the character of a guardian spirit, I cannot say—and asks the very serious question—

"Co dhiùbh 'bhios agad ealain gun *rath*,
No *rath* gun ealain?"—

i.e., "Whether wilt thou have talent (genius) without prosperity, or prosperity without talent?" And according to the answer given, the man's fate is fixed either in splendid failure, or in obscure good luck.

[3] "The shaggy foot of the brave dog *Bran*."

The touching account here given of the affection of the noble stag-hound to young Fillan must give him a high place in the regard of every reader who can appreciate the wonderful devotedness of the dog to man. But there is far more than is to be found in Ossian told in Gaelic song and story of the surpassing qualities and feats of Bran—more than is told of Gell-hert, or any other hound that I have read of. Bran is, indeed, to this day more popular among Highlanders than are many of the Ossianic heroes; and he must have held a very high place in the estimation of Fingal himself, who is said in some of the stories never to have wept except twice—once at the death of his grandson Oscar, and again at the death of Bran.

He is celebrated for several extraordinary feats in a well-known poem called "Dàn a' Choin Duibh," or the "Lay of the Black Dog;" and many descriptions of his appearance are still to be heard throughout every corner of the Highlands. I give one which was printed by the late Rev. Dr M'Leod of Glasgow in his admirable periodical the 'Teachdaire Gäelach,' and was sent to him by the late Archibald M'Neill, Esq. (of Colonsay), W.S., Edinburgh:—

"Sud mar thaghadh Fiònn a chù:
Sùil mar àirneig, cluas mar dhuilleig,
Uchd mar ghearran, speir mar chorran,
'S an t-alt-lùthaidh fad' o 'n cheann."

"Thus would Fingal choose his dog:
Eye like a sloe, ear like a leaf,
Chest like a horse, hough like a reaping-hook,
And the neck-joint far from the head."

What I render the *neck-joint* here refers to the junction of the highest of the cervical vertebræ with the head, and the expression evidently means that the head should play freely on the neck.

A second account I have got from a very intelligent old man living in my immediate neighbourhood, Angus MacPhie, a descendant of a race who were foresters (deer-hunters) to Lochiel for generations. It is substantially the same with the above, but longer and more minute—

"Miann mhic Cumhail air a chù,
An t-alt-lùthaidh fad o 'n cheann;
Meadhon leathann, leòbhar cliabh;
Uileann fhiar, agus speir chàm;
Earball seach speir, speir mar chorran,
Sùil mar àirneig, cluas mar dhuilleig;
Sud mar thaghadh Fionn na Féinne cuilein-cuain."

I have got a third from Mr Carmichael, Lochmaddy, Uist, and I see his, word for word, in the Irvine MS., written in the centre of Perthshire at the beginning of the century. These begin "Casan buidhe bhi air Bran." They give him yellow feet, a green back, and make him as wonderful for colour as others do for extraordinary feats of sagacity and strength.

I think it needless to insert them in full, but I mention the great variety of descriptions of Bran to be found in the widest-apart districts of the Highlands as illustrative of the diversified and fragmentary knowledge of some Ossianic subjects still to be found throughout the country; and the state in which these scraps are found gives strong confirmation to what Macpherson and Dr Smith both say as to the variety of editions of the same subject which they often met with. Surely they were right in selecting the best, and rejecting the worst, out of them all.

[4] "Lubar wound before the host."

I give Macpherson's note on this line. "In order to illustrate this passage, it is proper to lay before the reader the scene of the two preceding battles. Between the hills of Mora and Lona lay the plain of Moi-Lena, through which ran the river Lubar. The first battle, wherein Gaul the son of Morni commanded on the Caledonian side, was fought on the banks of Lubar. As there was little advantage obtained on either side, the armies, after the battle, retained their former position. In the second battle, wherein Fillan commanded, the Irish after the fall of Foldath were driven up the hill of Lena, but upon the coming of Cathmor to their aid, they regained their former situation, and drove back the Caledonians in their turn; so that *Lubar again winded in their host.*"

[5] "Urge not their lingering ghosts."

I have already remarked that the song of the bard was necessary to enable disembodied spirits to ascend to the hall of clouds. According to the words before us, it would seem that they could be urged to a more rapid flight than they desired. And it says much for the generosity of Ca-mor that he wishes so much respect to be shown to his fallen enemies as is implied in his remonstrance with Malhos.

DUAN VII.

[1] "Pouring ghost-mist slowly
On Fillan, by Lubar of streams."

Macpherson says that during the interval between the fall of a warrior and his ascent to the "airy hall" of his ancestors on the wings of the song of the bard, "it was the business of the spirit of the nearest relation to the deceased to take the mist of Lego and pour it over the grave. We find here Conar, the son of Treunmor, the first king of Ireland, performing this office for Fillan, as it was in the cause of the family of Conar that that hero was killed."

[2] ["This is dark!"]
["Is doilleir so!"]

Mr Campbell, in his fourth volume of the 'West Highland Tales,' where he so fully and ably discusses many points of the Ossianic controversy, remarks on this abrupt and irrelevant line that it is more probably a despairing remark by the scribe than an utterance by the author, and I entirely concur with him; for I do not see it possible to connect it with either preceding or succeeding context. I have therefore put it within brackets.

[3] "The husband of Clatho;"

Gaelic, *fear-pòsda*. In a marginal note on this word I noticed, as has been often said, that it seemed to be a modern one. Since that note was printed off, I have, however, observed that in the 'Book of Deer,' p. 95, *ben phùsta* is used for "wedded wife." A word belonging to the eleventh or twelfth century cannot be called *modern;* and I believe the more thorough the investigation into Ossian's phraseology, the more ancient it will be seen to be.

[4] "Which waved to the *sighing* of the skies."

The Gaelic word which I have translated "sighing" is *osna* (l. 87), and *osna*, or *osann*, is now generally used for "sigh," while *osag* is the term for "breeze" or "blast" of wind.

The sighing of the wind, or of the skies, is a more poetical expression than the other, and probably I might with advantage have used it more frequently than I have done, but there are many places, such

as l. 66, where the more common word is evidently required. The distinction now observed between two terms originally one and the same seems to have been unknown to Ossian; and here, as in a hundred other instances, the translator must be guided by the context, and by common-sense more than by the dictionary.

[5] "Seven bosses were on the shield—

. . . . . .

On every boss there is a star of night."

Much has been said in ridicule of the description of Ca-mor's shield as implying a knowledge alike of decorative art and of astronomy, such as the Celts could not possibly have possessed in the days of Fingal. It would be well, however, before endorsing this objection, to look at Wilson's 'Pre-Historic Annals,' where it is said (vol. i. p. 432) that the "Caledonian metallurgist" displayed "skill, taste, and ingenuity in the manufacture both of bronze and of gold ornaments during the bronze period"—that is, I need hardly say, long before the period assigned to Fingal. Throughout the chapter (xi.) ample proof is given of the Caledonians having made such attainments in decorative art as would make it a very small matter indeed to their workmen to engrave the figure of a star on a shield.

The objections to the mention of the "seven stars" is, I believe, likewise founded on absolute ignorance of the Caledonians, ancient and modern. I do not assert that they ever framed a theory of the heavens, or an astronomical system properly so called, though the Druids, writing in the Greek character (according to Cæsar), might have known the Greek systems; but like every people endowed with ordinary intelligence and observation, they gave, and still give, names to the more conspicuous stars. The Pole-star is very generally known as *Reull na h-àirde Tuatha*, "the star of the north;" Mars, as *An reull dearg*, "the red star;" the Plough, as in so many languages, as *An crann-arain*, "the plough;" and a score more might be named were it needful. I have to add that the Highlanders of the present day, besides having Gaelic names for many of the stars, keep a remarkably accurate reckoning of time from their nightly progress, especially from the movements of the Plough and the Pleiades, the two constellations which are chiefly consulted as time-measurers.

Of the Pleiades I must say a few words more. In some parts the group is called *Seacaran*, "septenary," or *Sevener*, a name interesting as confirming the old notion that that group of stars at one time numbered seven, though long ago reduced to six. The more common name, how-

ever, and one with which I am familiar from youth, is *An grioglachan*, in the Western Isles changed to *grigneachan*. Both words have the same root, *greigh* (Lat. *grex*, *gregis*), signifying "flock," "assemblage," "cluster." *Grigneachan* is also used for a "sieve," on account of the number of its perforations.

The Pleiades is the only constellation of which I have gathered any Gaelic account in the least savouring of myth or fable. But the following, given on the authority of Mr Carmichael, to whom I have repeatedly referred, is worth recording. He says that an old woman in Uist tells him that in her youth, when tending cattle or sheep at night, she and her companions used to look up to the *Seacaran* (Pleiades), and invoke them as

"Nighean righ Mheangain,
'S a triuir leannan,
A gille, 's a cù, 's a còcairg"—

"Daughter of King Mengan, and her three lovers, her servant-man, her dog, and her cook." And they firmly believed that the daughter of the king, who was herself a shepherdess, listened to this address from shepherdesses.

Meangan signifies "branch" or "shoot," but I can give no further explanation of the word; nor can I tell how this king's daughter attained so exalted a place. The mention of a cook seems to savour of modern luxury; but I see the word occurs as *coic* in the Irish 'Life of St Columba,' written as far back as the tenth century. The only point in common between the Greek and the Gaelic account of the Pleiades seems to be that the seven sisters in the former, like the one lady in the latter, had a royal father. I do not suppose, however, that it would be easy to identify King Atlas with King *Mengan*.

We have still in every part of the United Kingdom various traces of the sun-worship which at one time prevailed among our ancestors. In England there are thousands who now, as in the days of Shakespeare, go forth

"To do observance for a morn of May."

In Ireland these observances are too well known to need description. In Scotland May-day is expressly designed as *Beltane—i.e.*, *Bel-teine*, "the fire of Bel, or Baal." In Orkney fires are kindled on heights, and people walk round them with loud blowing of horns. In some parts of Perthshire and Banffshire fires are kindled; young people dance around them, rush through the flames, and also roll cakes through them, afterwards breaking the cake into fragments, the number of which represents the tale of years before him who breaks it. We have these

various traces of sun-worship; but this strange address to the *Seacaran* (Pleiades) is the only remnant I know of the worship of the "heavenly host," which prevailed to some extent wherever the adoration of the sun was observed.

The names of Ca-mor's stars have nothing very distinctive or interesting about them, but I subjoin their meaning in English: 1. *Ceann-mathain*, which Macpherson doubtingly translates "the bear's head." I cannot give a better translation, but I would suggest that the word may be *Ceann-Meangain* (?). 2. *Caol-dearrsa*, "slender beam." 3. *Iùl-oidhche*, "night-guide." 4. *Cath-lin* (*gath-linne*), "beam of the waters." 5. *Reull-dùbhra*, "evening" or "twilight star." 6. *Beur-theine*, "fire of the hill," or, more probably, "fiery serpent." 7. *Tonn-theine*, "fire of the waves."

It would be interesting to know if there be a connection, beyond the generally sacred character of the number seven, between these and

"The seven clear stars of Arthur's table round,"

mentioned by Tennyson in the 'Holy Grail.'

Macpherson's description of the shield of Ca-mor has, as a matter of course, been said to be a copy of that of the shield of Achilles (Il., xviii). But there, only four constellations are mentioned; while there is added an elaborate description of various scenes, by sea and land, of war and peace, of towered cities, and of green fields, occupying upwards of one hundred and thirty lines of Homer's best poetry. If the extreme simplicity of Ca-mor's shield be contrasted with this, the resemblance will be seen to be of the faintest, and the copying of the least skilful kind.

[6] "Over the wave he urges the black oak
In the many-billowed bay of Cluba.
. . . . . .
For never had they beheld a ship—
The dark rider of great ocean."

We have little account except here of Lar-hon, the bold mariner who first ventured from Innis-huna across the deep sea, and would thus earn so very high a place in the estimation of Horace for daring valour. I notice what is said of his sailing in the dark oak ship on account of the assertions frequently and confidently made regarding the seamanship of the ancient Caledonians—saying that they had no other boats than the hide-covered *curach*, and that their very name for a ship, *long*, is derived from the *navis longa* of the Romans, which I regard as the crowning absurdity of ignorant etymological pretension.

Without dwelling on the certainty that a people occupying so many

islands, which were scattered over a stormy sea, must have had sea-worthy craft, I would refer to the account which we have of naval matters in the island of Iona during the days of the great Columba. Adamnan says that the society there had "*onerariæ naves*," or "*longæ naves*," or "*rates*," some of which were of wood, some of wicker-work covered with hides, called *curucœ* or *scaphæ*, and capacious, furnished with masts, *antennæ*, *rudentes*, *vela*, and *palmulæ*, having *carinæ*, *latera*, *puppis*, *prorœ*, capable of being served both by wind and oar, and formed to hold a crew. They had smaller kinds—*naviculæ*, *caupalli* (cobbles), and *cymbœ*. — *Vide* Dr Reeves's 'Adamnan's Life of St Columba,' p. 363. It is clear, then, that in the sixth century something of navigation was known in Iona; and from the situation of the islanders, as well as from the many old Celtic names for boats—*bdta*, *eithear*, *iùrach*, *bìrlinn*, *sgoth*, *long*, *soitheach*—it is probable that they were as well acquainted with sailing as their contemporaries.

Much has been said of the frequent mention of the term *curach*. We see from the above passage that a *curach* might be a vessel of considerable capacity. And in a poem attributed to St Columba, probably more recent than his day, but unquestionably very old, the writer speaks with great affection of his *little curach*, "curachdan," which, at the same time, was formed of "broad oak planks."—Dr Reeves's 'Adamnan's Life of St Columba,' p. 286. Virgil uses *trabes* and *rates* as the terms for the ships of Æneas, which were something better than "logs" or "rafts;" and *slige*, or "shell," to this day denotes a drinking-cup, whatever be its material or form.

DUAN VIII.

"As grasps an angry and keen-freezing wind
A gloomy tarn in the moor of dark-red Bens—
As it grasps on a night of storm
The slender crests of its chilly waves,
And spreads a robe of ice around," &c.

The very beautiful simile contained in the first fourteen lines of this Duan has been objected to as built on a false foundation—as untrue to nature; and certain it is that "the keenest-freezing wind" which can be supposed to have blown, even during the glacial period, could not arrest and congeal the surging waves. It is difficult to understand how

a poet who generally delineates nature so very faithfully should so mispresent her as seems to be here done; nor do I see anything that can be said in defence or extenuation of his fault more than the common one of saying that he has erred in good company—

"Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus."

I must observe, however, that I have seen a picture not unlike that here described by Ossian. When, after frost and snow, a sudden thaw accompanied by high wind comes on, the mountain-streams rapidly fill with the melting snow and rush into the lake in torrents. The ice is speedily torn up, and driven in masses to the lee-shore, where, in a partially sheltered bay, it accumulates in great quantities. It often happens in our very variable climate that frost again sets in as suddenly as did the thaw and storm. Then these masses of ice, frequently resting on their edges, are in a few hours fixed in their position, and present, at a little distance, a very serrated, ridgy appearance, bearing a strong resemblance to frozen waves.

[2] . . . "Looking down
On crowding, frowning, sounding Erin."

This is one of the very few instances in which I have endeavoured to present some imitation of a style common in Gaelic poetry, where the repetition of the same sound is used to give impressiveness to the line; and I believe the fewer such attempts are the better—for while the English language avails itself of "apt alliteration's artful aid," it does not tolerate the reduplication of *oi's* and *ow's*, common in Gaelic and in Greek. The very frequent combination of two and three vowels in Gaelic affords great facilities for the rhythm which is characteristic of its poetry—that is, "assonance" instead of "consonance," a vowel-sound at the end of one line corresponding with a vowel-sound, it may be, in the middle of the next line, making no account of the consonants; and when the matter is judiciously managed, it gives sonorousness and impressiveness not attainable in a language where consonants prevail.

[3] "The art of closing wounds is mine;
Of every flower in wood or glen
I have plucked the ripe heads on the hill,
As they bent before me by the stream,
Under the rocky peaks of secret winds."

Fingal here professes an art for which he was very famous. His

"magic cup," by which he could heal all diseases, is frequently referred to in the Tales, and the healing art seems to have been studied by ancient warriors generally more than by modern ones. The Homeric heroes were to some extent both surgeons and physicians. Achilles received medical instruction from Chiron, and Patroclus acts as surgeon to Eurypylus (Il. xi. v. 827-841). The knights of the middle ages also practised rude surgery, as they had frequent need of doing. And whatever may be said of the ancient Caledonians as to other attainments, we have full proof that hundreds of years ago the medical art in all its branches was carefully and scientifically cultivated among them.

Among the Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, there are some medical treatises, two of which deserve special mention, being translations of Galen on Anatomy, and of the 'Schola Salernitana,' by Dr Malcolm Bethune; and Martin (Western Isles) says that Fergus Beaton in Uist had Gaelic translations of Avicenna, Averroes, Joannes de Vigo, Bernardus Gordonus, and several volumes of Hippocrates. This Bethune family was for ages highly celebrated as physicians throughout the Western Isles—more particularly in Mull and in Islay; and some of their prescriptions may still be heard throughout every corner of the Western Highlands. In Cosmo Innes's 'Sketches of Early Scottish History' it is mentioned that very early in the sixteenth century the celebrated Dr M'Conachar from Argyleshire was called to Irvine to attend the family of the third son of the Earl of Argyle—the founder of the Cawdor family. The M'Conachars, like the Bethunes, studied medicine from generation to generation, and like them were men of wealth and position, being proprietors of the lands of Ardorain near Oban. Medical practice does not now enlist in its ranks men of such standing as these, but we have still among the common people descendants of those who have been known as medical herbalists (*lusanaich*) as far as tradition goes back. They give decoctions of herbs for almost all the ills that flesh is heir to; and I have known such as require very careful dealing —digitalis, for example—administered with great care and success. I may also mention, what I have full proof of, that, at least for a century back (probably for many), cod-liver oil, now so much recommended by the medical faculty, was given in the Highlands for pulmonary affections—only, however, when eel-oil could not be procured, which is said to be far more nutritious than the other. I have seen eel-oil and hartshorn-jelly—jelly made from stag-antlers broken down and boiled for a long time—given in Lochaber by people who never read a medical book, nor consulted a medical man.

[4] "O stone! when thou shalt fall in dust," &c.

Similar addresses to monumental stones are of frequent occurrence. One is to be found in Duan II. l. 448-458, and another in "Golnandona," vol. i. p. 267. They are not identical, but the resemblance between them is such as to lead to the conclusion that the poet imitated himself, or some other bard, if the authorship be various.

[5] "As dusky breeze from the wing of clouds,
When it seizes him of hoary tufts
In its sweep amid night of gloom."

The thistle, or some other plant of "hoary tuft," is evidently meant here. The Gaelic is *fear nan dos liath—fear (vir)* being the common name for "man," but, according to Gaelic usage, being also put for "one," an individual object of any kind, animate or inanimate.

Macfarlan, true to his rule of absolute literality, translates the line—

"Quando opprimit illa *virum* cirrorum canorum."

CONLOCH AND CUHONA

ARGUMENT.

"Conlath was the youngest of Morni's sons, and brother to the celebrated Gaul. He was in love with Cuthona, the daughter of Rumar, when Toscar, the son of Kinfena, accompanied by Fercuth his friend, arrived from Ireland at Mora, where Conlath dwelt. He was hospitably received, and, according to the custom of the times, feasted three days with Conlath. On the fourth he set sail, and, coasting the *island of waves*, one of the Hebrides, he saw Cuthona hunting, fell in love with her, and carried her away by force in his ship. He was forced, by stress of weather, into I-thona, a desert isle. In the mean time Conlath, hearing of the rape, sailed after him, and found him on the point of sailing for the coast of Ireland. They fought, and they and their followers fell by mutual wounds. Cuthona did not long survive, for she died of grief the third day after. Fingal, hearing of their unfortunate death, sent Stormal, the son of Moran, to bury them, but forgot to send a bard to sing the funeral song over their tombs. The ghost of Conlath comes long after to Ossian to entreat him to transmit to posterity his and Cuthona's fame. For it was the opinion of the times that the souls of the deceased were not happy till their elegies were composed by a bard."—M.

CONLAOCH 'US CUTHONNA.

An cuala Oisian guth neo-fhaoin ?[a]
No 'n gairm làì fo aomadh a th' ann ?
Tric mo smaoin air aimsir nan raon,
Mar ghréin fheasgair 'tha claon 'an gleann.
Nuadhaichear mòr thorman na seilg,
Sleagh fhada nam marbh a'm' làimh.
Is ceart a chual' Oisian an guth.
Co thusa, 'shìol dùbhra na h-oidhche ?
Tha clann gun ghnìomh 'an suain fo dhubh,
Gaoth 'am meadhon an tallaidh gun soillse.
Tha sgiath an rìgh a' fuaim air àm
Ri osaig càirn, a's àirde gruaim,
Sgiath chopanach balladh mo thallaidh,
Air an cuir mi, car tamuill, mo làmh.
'S ceart gu-n cluinn mi mo chara' féin ;
Is fada guth an tréin o 'luaidh !
C'uim' astar air dubh-nial gun fheum,
A shìol Mhorni nam beuma cruaidh ?
An gar dhuit càirdean triath fo aois,

[a] A living voice ; Gael. *neo-fhaoin ;* lit. *not vain—i.e. real,* or *living.*

Did not Ossian hear a voice ? or is it the sound of days that are no more ? Often does the memory of former times come, like the evening sun, on my soul. The noise of the chase is renewed. In thought I lift the spear. But Ossian did hear a voice ! Who art thou, son of night ? The children of the feeble are asleep. The

CONLOCH AND CUHONA.

Ossian hears a voice at night, which he first imagines to be "the voice of the past," but at length recognises as that of his departed friend Conloch.

HAS Ossian heard a living voice?[a]
Or the call of days that are gone?
My thoughts oft dwell on days of battle,
Like evening sun when slanting in the glen.
Renewed is the loud clamour of the chase;
The long spear of death (is) in my hand:
Ossian verily hath heard the voice.
Who art thou, son of dusky night?
In darkness sleep the deedless race;
Cold and lightless their abode.
The shield of the king gives forth a sound
To a blast from the sternly-frowning cairn,
The bossy shield on the wall of my house;
I'll lay my hand upon it for a space.
In sooth I hear my faithful friend;
Long has the hero's voice been mute.
Why travel on the dark and empty cloud,
Son of Morni of the heavy stroke?
Are the friends of the aged hero nigh thee—

He asks him about his son

midnight wind is in my hall. Perhaps it is the shield of Fingal that echoes to the blast. It hangs in Ossian's hall. He feels it sometimes with his hands. Yes! I hear thee, my friend! Long has thy voice been absent from mine ear! What brings thee on thy cloud to Ossian, son of generous Morni? Are the friends of

Sàr Oscar neo-bhaoth air cùl sgéith'?
Is tric a bha 'n gaisgeach ri d' thaobh,
A Chonlaoich, 'an àm aomadh nan sleagh.

TAIBHS' CHONLAOICH.

'Bheil cadal air mìn-ghuth Chòna
'Am meadhon tallaidh fo mhòr-ghaoith toirm?
An cadal do Oisian nan còrr ghnìomh,
'S an rò-chuan m'a chòmhnuidh fo stoirm?
Cha-n'eil uaigh 'tha fo léirsinn 'an Innis.
Cia fada bhios sinne gun chliu,
A rìgh Shelma a's fuaimear gleann?[a]

[a] Stewart hergives the additional line, "Cia fad' bhitheas sinn air neulaibh cùl?"

OISIAN.

'S truagh Oisian do nach léir thu féin,
'Us tu 'suidhe gun fheum air do neul.
An cèò thu bhàrr Làno, a thréin,
No tein-athair gun bheum air sliabh?
Co dheth tha cearb do thruscain bhaoith?
Co dhéth do bhogha faoin nan speur?
Shiubhail e air osaig de ghaoith,
Mar fhaileus fo aomadh nan neul.
Thig -sa o do bhalla féin,
A chlàrsach nan treun, le fuaim,

---

the aged near thee? Where is Oscar, son of fame? He was often near thee, O Conlath! when the sound of battle arose.

GHOST OF CONLATH.—Sleeps the sweet voice of Cona in the midst of his rustling hall? Sleeps Ossian in his hall, and his friends without their fame? The sea rolls round dark I-thona. Our tombs are not seen in our isle. How long shall our fame be

Great Oscar, strong beneath a shield?
Oft did the hero stand beside thee,
Conloch, in time of wielding spears.

Oscar, and his other friends who were in the abode of spirits.

THE GHOST OF CONLOCH.

Sleeps the sweet voice of Cona
In the hall amid the roar of stormy wind?
Sleeps Ossian of the valiant deeds,
When the deep sea rages round our home?
In the isle no grave is to be seen.
How long shall our praise be unsung,
King of Selma of loud-echoing glen?[a]

Conloch answers, complaining that his tomb in the stormy island was unbuilt, and his death-song unsung.

OSSIAN.

Woe is to Ossian that he sees thee not,
As powerless thou sittest on thy cloud!
O hero! art thou mist from Lano,
Or harmless sky-fire on the hill?
What (is) the skirt of thine airy robe?
Of what thy shadowy bow in the sky?
He is gone on a breath of wind,
Like a shadow under driving clouds.
Come down from thy wall, thou
Harp of the mighty! with thy sound

Ossian bewails his blindness, which prevented him from seeing his friend.

Conloch's ghost vanishes. Ossian seizes his harp, which speedily sheds "the light of

unheard, son of resounding Selma?

OSSIAN.—O that mine eyes could behold thee! Thou sittest dim on thy cloud! Art thou like the mist of Lano—a half-extinguished meteor of fire? Of what are the skirts of thy robe? Of what is thine airy bow? He is gone on his blast like the shade of a wandering cloud. Come from thy wall, O harp! Let me hear

Biodh solus na cuimhne air beinn
I-thonn mu-n éirich an cuan.
Faiceamsa mo chàird' 'an gnìomh.
Chi Oisian gu 'n trian na tréin,
Air Innis 'tha dùbh-ghorm fo nial;
Tha còs Thonn nan sìan ag éirigh
Air carraig chòinnich nan cròm chrann:
Tha sruth a' torman aig a bheul;
Tha Toscar a' cromadh thar 'fhuaim;
Tha Ferguth fo mhulad r'a thaobh,
Cuthonn' a' caoidh fada shuas.
Am bheil gaoth air aomadh nan tonn?
No 'n cluinn mi air chròm an guth?[a]

a On the mountain-slope; lit. *on the curve*, or *bend*.

TOSCAR.

Tha 'n oidhche fo ghaillinn nan sìan;
Thuit coille gu 'n trian o chruaich;
Tha dubh-shiubhal mara fo nial,
Tha beucail nam fiar-thonn mu 'n cuairt.
Thàinig tein-athair le beum,
'S le sealladh na fèarnaidh doi-threun,
Chunnaic mi, 'Fherguith gun bheud,
An taibhs' dona 'bha treun o'n oidhch';[b]
Gun fhocal sheas e air bruaich,
A thruscan a' cur fuaim air gaoith.

b "Whose power was on the night;" Gael. *a bha treun o'n oidhch'*. Stewart gives *dha 'n robh tréin' na h-oidhch'*—a good reading; Macpherson, in a note, has *a bha breun 's an oidhche;* the Irvine MS. a reading which is unintelligible.

thy sound. Let the light of memory rise on I-thona. Let me behold again my friends! And Ossian does behold his friends on the dark-blue isle. The cave of Thona appears, with its mossy rocks and bending trees. A stream roars at its mouth. Toscar bends over its course. Fercuth is sad by his side. Cuthona sits at a distance and weeps. Does the wind of the waves deceive me? or do I

Be light of memory upon the hill
Of Ee-hona, girt by surging sea.
Let me see my friends in their deeds.
Ossian sees the heroes clearly,
On the cloud-capped dark-blue isle;
Rises (to view) the cave of stormy waves,
In the moss-clothed rock of bending trees;
A stream is murmuring at its mouth,
Toscar leans over its sound;
Beside him is Fergu in sorrow;
Cuhona is weeping far above;—
Is it the wind over rolling waves?
Or hear I their voice on the mountain-slope?[a]

memory on the hill of Ee-hona," and reveals to him the scene where Conloch and Cuhona, as well as Toscar and Fergu, lay unburied and unsung.

TOSCAR.

The night is at the will of storm and shower;
The trees are strewn upon the hill;
The sea scuds darkly under cloud;
Abroad is the roar of writhing waves;
The sky-fire came in a flash,[1]
And in the shining from a wasted shield
I saw, O faultless Fergu!
The evil wraith, whose power was on the night;[b]
Mutely he stood upon a bank,
His robe resounding in the wind.

The spirits of Toscar and Fergu, conversing together, relate the circumstances which led to the death of the whole party.

Toscar describes a stormy night, in which he had seen the form of a feeble and

---

hear them speak?

TOSCAR.—The night was stormy. From their hills the groaning oaks came down. The sea darkly tumbled beneath the blast; the roaring waves climbed against our rocks. The lightning came often, and showed the blasted fern. Fercuth, I saw the ghost who embroiled the night. Silent he stood on that bank. His robe of mist

Chunnaic mi 'dheuran le truaigh,
Seann duine gun tuar, 'us e baoth,[a]
'S trom smaointean a' taomadh mu 'chliabh.

[a] For *seann duine*, Stewart gives *'an riochd duine.*

FERGUTH.

'S e d' athair, a Thoscair, a bh' ann;
Tha e 'faicinn a' bhàis m' a shìol:
Mar sin a bha 'choltas 's an àm
'S an d' thuit mòr Ronnan fo nial.
O Éirinn! nan cnoc a's uaine feur,
Cia annsa leam féin do ghlinn!
Tha sàmhchair mu ghorm-shruth do shléibh,
Tha grian air do raoin gun bhi mall.
Is sèimh fonn do chlàrsaich 'an Selma,
Glan guth o do shealgair 'an Cromla.
Tha sinne 'n Ithonn nan garbh thoirm,
Trom 'us duilich fo mharbh-bheuc thonn,
Na tonnan le geal cheannaibh baoth,
'Leum thairis air aomadh na tràgha;
Mise 'crith' ann am meadhon na h-oidhche.[b]

[b] Stewart adds the line "Oillt 'us uamhann 'g am shàrach;" and it is clear that a line is wanting in the text.

TOSCAR.

C'àit' 'n do shiubhail anam a' bhlàir,
'Dheagh Fherguith nan leadan liath?
Chunna' mis' thu gun eagal o bhàs,

flew on the wind. I could behold his tears. An aged man he seemed, and full of thought!

FERGUTH.—It was thy father, O Toscar! He foresees some death among his race. Such was his appearance on Crómla before the great Ma-ronnan fell. Erin of hills of grass, how pleasant are thy vales! Silence is near thy blue streams; the sun is on thy fields.

I saw him weep in misery—
An ancient man, all wan and weak;[a]
And heavy thoughts went surging o'er his breast.

sad old man, whom he regarded as the spirit of the storm.

FERGU.

Thy father it was, O Toscar!
He seeth death around his race:
Such was his likeness at the time
When fell great Ronan under cloud.
O Erin of greenest grassy hills!
How dear to me thy glens!
Silence reigns by thy blue mountain-streams;
The sun shines brightly on thy plains.
Sweet is the voice of thy harp in Selma;
Sweet the call of thy hunter on Cromla.
We are in Ee-hona of stormy sounds,[2]
Heavy and sad under death-boding waves—
Waves which, with white and raging heads,
Leap over the shelving shore:
I tremble in the midst of night.[b]

Fergu replies that it was the ghost of Toscar's father, mourning as he saw death threatening his son.

He apostrophises Erin, praises its beautiful scenery, and complains of his being confined to the stormy island of Ee-hona.

TOSCAR.

Whither has the soul of battle fled,
Brave Fergu of the hoary locks?
I have seen thee fearless of death;

Toscar reproves him for his want of fortitude;

Soft is the sound of the harp in Seláma; lovely the cry of the hunter on Crómla. But we are in dark I-thona, surrounded by the storm. The billows lift their white heads above our rocks. We tremble amidst the night.

TOSCAR.—Whither is the soul of battle fled, Fercuth with locks of age? I have seen thee undaunted in danger: thine eyes burn-

'S do shùilean dealrach 'an sòlas nan sgiath.
C'àit' 'n do shiubhail anam a' bhlàir ?
Cha robh eagal air sàraibh riamh.
Gluais, coimhead air glas lom na sàil' :
Thuit a' ghaoth le sàrachadh shìan :
Tha crith air na tonnaibh fo fhiamh
Gu-n caidil a' ghrian 'an ciabh nan stoirm.
Gluais, coimhead am mòr chuan, gu 'thrian,
Tha madàinn gu h-iar, 'us i liath.
Seallaidh solus nan speuran o ear,
Le mòr-chuis, mar fhear, m'a shoillse.
Sgaoil mise mo shiuil le sòlas
Fo thalla àrd Chonlaoich nan triath ;
Mo thurus gu Innis gun chala.
Glan Chùthonn' air tòir nan agh ciar
Chunnaic mi, mar dhearrsa na soillse,
'Teachd 'n a bhoillsge o na nialaibh ;
A leadan mar dhubh-chùl na h-oidhche,
Air geal ùrla àg éirigh gu dian.
I 'g aomadh, a' tarruing na teud,
A ruighe glan air a déigh a' dol sìos,
Mar shneachda air Cromla gun bheud.
Thig -sa gu m' anam, a làmh-gheal,
'Bhan-sealgair na sàr innis fhaoin.
Tha 'h-uairean fo dheuraibh gun àireamh ;
Tha i 'smuaineadh air Conlaoch neo-bhaoth.

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ing with joy in the fight. Whither is the soul of battle fled? Our fathers never feared. Go, view the settling sea : the stormy wind is laid. The billows still tremble on the deep ; they seem to fear the blast. Go, view the settling sea. Morning is grey on our rocks. The sun will look soon from his east in all his pride of light ! I lifted up my sails with joy before the halls of generous

Thine eyes grow bright in the joy of shields.
Whither has fled the soul of battle?
Never yet were the brave in fear,
Rouse thee! view the waste, grey ocean:
The wind has fallen, wearied by the showers;
Tremble the waves in fear
That the sun may sleep 'mid the locks of the storm.
Rouse thee! look on the great ocean far and near;
Morning travels westward, and is grey;
The light of heaven will look from east,
Exulting, as a hero, in his shining.
I spread my sails in gladness
Beneath the lofty hall of princely Conloch;
My course is by harbourless Innis.
Bright Cuhona chasing the dun hinds
I beheld, like the shining of light
Which comes in splendour from the clouds;
Her hair, like the dark locks of night,
O'er her white bosom often-heaving.
She stooped as she drew the (bow-) string,
Her arm behind her bent, as pure
As spotless snow on Cromla.
Come to my heart, thou White-hand!
Huntress of the fair and desert isle.
Her hours are spent in countless tears;
Her thoughts on Conlach renowned.

tells him to look abroad—that the wind was failing, "wearied by the showers,"

and the waves subsiding, in fear that "the sun would sleep amid the locks of the storm;" that morning was dawning.

He then tells how, in sailing past Innis, he had beheld Cu-hona hunting the deer;

loved her; asked her to accompany him. (*It appears from the remainder of the poem that he carried her off, though this is not said here.*) She was oppressed with grief, and he asks her

Conlath. My course was by a desert isle, where Cuthóna pursued the deer. I saw her like that beam of the sun that issues from the cloud. Her hair was on her heaving breast. She, bending forward, drew the bow: her white arm seemed behind her like the snow of Crómla. Come to my soul, I said, huntress of the desert isle! But she wastes her time in tears: she thinks of the generous Con-

C'àite 'm bheil do shìth-sa, 'òigh,[a]
'Chùthonn' nam mòr throma chìabh ?

CUTHONNA.

Creag chorrach tha 'g aomadh air sàil,
Liath chrannan fo aois le còinnich ;
Na tonnan a' gluasad mu thràigh ;
Air a taobh Innis bhlàth nan ruadh :
An sin tha 'g éiridh tùir mo rùin.
Òighean na seilge thill o 'n bheinn :
Chunnaic e 'n sealladh air chùl :[b]
" C'àite 'bheil nighean Rùmair nam beum ? "
Cha do fhreagair na h-òighean fo ghruaim.
Tha mo shìth-sa air cruachan Mhòra,
'Shiol innis na tìr fada shuas.

TOSCAR.

Tilleadh an òigh gu 'sìth-sa féin,
Gu talla nan teud aig Conlaoch :
Is caraid do Thoscar an treun ;
Bha fleagh do mo réir 'n a mhòr thìr.
O Éirinn éireadh osag thlàth
'Cur seòla gu tràigh na Mòra,
Air Mòra, tha sàmhchair do 'n òigh ghlain.

[a] Where is thy *peace ?*—*i.e.* thy love—an expression thus used only in this poem.

[b] Regardless he beheld their looks ; Gael. *air chùl*, " behind," " aside." *Regardless* seems to be the meaning here.

lath. Where can I find thy peace, Cuthona, lovely maid ?

CUTHONA.—A distant steep bends over the sea, with aged trees and mossy rocks ; the billow rolls at its feet. On its side is the dwelling of roes. The people call it Mora. There the towers of my love arise ; there Conlath looks over the sea for his only love. The daughters of the chase returned. He beheld their downcast

Where is thy peace, O maiden[a]—
Cuhona of the long and heavy locks?

where her love ("her peace") dwelt.

CUHONA.

A steep rock overhangs the sea;
Aged trees are hoar with moss;
The billows roll upon the shore.
By its side, the sheltered haunt of deer;
There rises the tower of my love.
The daughters of chase returned from the hill;
Regardless he beheld their looks:[b]
"Where is the daughter of warlike Rumar?"
The maidens, frowning, answered not.
My peace is on the hills of Mora,
Son of the island-country far away.

Cuhona describes Mora, the hall of Conloch, saying that there dwelt her love; and tells of his indifference to other maidens who sought to attract him.

TOSCAR.

To her own peace let the maid return—
To the hall of harps where Conloch dwells.
The hero is a friend to Toscar;
In his great land I feasted to my will.
From Erin may favouring breezes spring
To waft the sails to the shore of Mora;
On Mora is rest to the maiden bright.

Toscar says that she shall return to Mora, and speaks of Conloch as a friend with whom he had feasted, and says that he would retire to a cave, where his

eyes. "Where is the daughter of Rumar?" But they answered not. My peace dwells on Mora, son of the distant land!

TOSCAR.—Cuthona shall return to her peace, to the towers of generous Conlath. He is the friend of Toscar! I have feasted in his halls! Rise, ye gentle breezes of Erin! Stretch my sails toward Mora's shores. Cuthona shall rest on Mora; but the days of

Làì' Thoscair tha 'snàmh gu dòghruinn.
Suidhidh mise 'an còs fo dhìon
'S mi 'sealladh air grian an raoin;
Tha aiteal 's na crannaibh o nial
'S gu ciuin tha glan ainnir neo-fhaoin,
Cùthonn' nan aoidh le 'guth bròin.
Ach is fada o mo chluais an òigh
'An talla Chonlaoich nan còrn fial.

CUTHONNA.

C' è 'n nial 'tha 'tuiteam orm féin,
'Tha 'g iomrachadh mo threuna shuas?
'Tha mi 'faicinn an truscain gun fheum,
Mar liath cheò air astar mu chruaich.
C'uin a thuiteas mi, 'Rùmair thréin?
Tha mulad mo chléibh gu mo bhàs.
Nach fhaicinn-sa Conlaoch nam beum,
Mu-n tuit mi 'an tigh caol gun chàil?

OISIAN.

Chi thus', a ghlan òigh, do rùn féin;
Tha astar an tréin air a' chaol.
Bàs Thoscair a' dorchadh m'a shleagh.
Tha lot, 'us e dubh, ann a thaobh,
Gun tuar e aig tonnaibh nan uamh,

Toscar must be sad. I shall sit in my cave in the field of the sun. The blast will rustle in my trees: I shall think it is Cuthona's voice. But she is distant far in the halls of the mighty Conlath!

CUTHONA.—Ha! what cloud is that? It carries the ghosts of my fathers. I see the skirts of their robes like grey and watery

Toscar's days swim towards anguish:
I will sit in a sheltered cave,
And look at the sun on the field;
A breeze from clouds is through the trees,
Gently (in it) I hear the pure and lovely maid [3]—
The generous Cuhona's plaintive voice.
But far from my ear is the maiden,
In the hall of Conloch of festive cups.

days would pass in misery—imagining that he heard her gentle voice in the breeze while she was far away.

CUHONA.

What cloud is falling o'er me,
Which bears my heroes on high?
I see their shadowy robes,
Like hoary mist along the hill.
When shall I fall, brave Rumar?
The sorrow of my breast is unto death:
Would that I saw the warlike Conloch,
Ere, faint, I fall in the narrow house!

She continues to mourn; appeals to the spirit of her father Rumar; and longs to see Conloch before her death.

OSSIAN.

Bright maiden, thou shalt see thy love;
The hero's path is on the frith:
The death of Toscar darkens round his spear.
In his side is a wound, and it is black;
Wan, by the waves of the cave,

Ossian says that she shall soon see Conloch, who is hastening to her rescue, and will slay Toscar; but that, in vision,

mist. When shall I fall, O Rumar? Sad Cuthona foresees her death. Will not Conlath behold me before I enter the narrow house?

OSSIAN.—He shall behold thee, O maid! He comes along the heaving sea. The death of Toscar is dark on his spear: a wound is in his side. He is pale at the cave of Thona. He shows his

'Us e 'feuchainn a chruth 'us e baoth.
C'àit' am bheil thu féin le d' dheoir,
'S àrd thriath na Mòra gu bàs?
Thréig an aisling ghlas mo chliabh;
Cha-n fhaic mi na triathan na 's mò.
A bhàrda nan àm 'tha gun triall,
Cuiribh cuimhn' air Conlaoch le deoir,
Thuit an gaisgeach roimh iomall a làì';
Lìon dorcha a thalla le bròn.
Sheall a mhàthair air a sgiath air balla;
'Us bha snàmh na fala g' a còir.
B' aithne dh'ise gu-n d' thuit thu, a thréin;
Chualas a guth fo bheud 'am Mòra.
Am bheil thu, 'òigh, gun tuar, gun fheum
Air taobh gaisgich nam beum, a Chùthonn?
Tha oidhche 'tighin; tillidh grian
Gun duine gu 'n toirt sìos gu 'n uaigh;
Tha thusa 'cur eunlaith fo fhiamh;
Tha do dheuran mar shìan mu do ghruaidh;
Tha thu féin mar nial 'us e glas,
'Tha 'g éirigh gu fras o lòn.

Thàinig sìol Shelma o ear,
'Us fhuair iad Cùthonn' gun tuar;
Thog iad an uaighean gu léir;
'S bha fois d'i ri Conlaoch nam buadh.

---

ghastly wound. Where art thou with thy tears, Cuthona? The chief of Mora dies. The vision grows dim on my mind. I behold the chiefs no more! But, O ye bards of future times! remember the fall of Conlath with tears. He fell before his day. Sadness darkened in his hall. His mother looked to his shield on the wall, and it was bloody: she knew that her hero fell. Her sorrow was

He shows his form, and he distraught.
Where art thou, then, with thy tears,
When Mora's chief is nigh to death?
The grey vision forsook my breast;
I shall see the warriors no more.
Ye bards of time which has not passed,
Conloch's memory preserve with tears;
The hero fell before his day had closed;
Darkness filled his hall with sorrow.
His mother looked at his shield on the wall;
Near it was the swimming of blood.
She knew thou hadst fallen, thou hero!
Her voice was heard in grief on Mora.
Art thou, maiden, pale and feeble
By the side of the warlike hero, Cuhon?
Night comes on; the sun returns
Without a man to bear them to their graves;
Thou scarest away the fowls;[4]
Thy tears are as showers on thy cheek;
Thou art thyself as a grey cloud
That rises from the plain in shower.

he sees Conloch also receiving a mortal wound, and he calls on Cuhona to bewail his fall.

Ossian says that the vision now forsook him. He calls on bards to raise the praise of Conloch, saying that the hero had fallen before his time; that his mother, seeing his shield swimming in blood, knew of his death, and mourned for him. He addresses Cuhona, asking if she was by the side of the hero, and describes her deep grief.

The race of Selma came from east,
And found Cuhona pale;
They reared the tombs of all,
And she rested by the conquering Conloch.

He then says that some of the race of Selma found Cuhona dead, and raised tombs for all —Conloch,

heard on Mora. Art thou pale on thy rock, Cuthona, beside the fallen chiefs? Night comes, and day returns, but none appears to raise their tomb. Thou frightenest the screaming fowls away. Thy tears for ever flow. Thou art pale as a watery cloud that rises from a lake!

The sons of green Selma came: they found Cuthona cold. They

Na gluais-sa gu m' aisling, a thréin;
Fhuair Conlaoch nam beum a chliù;
Cum fada do ghuth o mo thalla;
Tuiteadh cadal fo fhaileus na h-oidhche.
Truagh! nach dì-chuimhnichinn mo chàirdean
Gus nach fhaicear air àrd mo cheum,
Gus an tiginn le sòlas 'n an gara,[a]
'An déighs mo chairis gun fheum[b]
Le beud na h-aois, 'chur 's a' chaol-tigh fhuar.

[a] Dr Ross has *tighin* in this line—evidently a mistake.

[b] *Cairis*, now written *cairbh*.

raised a tomb over the heroes. She rests at the side of Conlath. Come not to my dreams, O Conlath! Thou hast received thy fame. Be thy voice far distant from my hall, that sleep may de-

Come not to my dream, thou hero!
Warlike Conloch has received his fame;
Keep thy voice afar from my hall;
Let sleep come on with the shades of night.
Woe is me! unable to forget my friends
Till my step shall no more be seen on high—
Till with joy I come before them,[a]
After my good-for-nothing frame[b]
By stroke of age fall in the cold (and) narrow house!

Cuhona, Toscar, and Fergu; and as Conloch had now received his fame, he entreats of him not to disturb him any more —to allow him to rest. He mourns over his inability to forget his friends, but looks forward to the time when he shall meet them in joy.

scend at night. O that I could forget my friends till my footsteps should cease to be seen! till I come among them with joy, and lay my aged limbs in the narrow house!

NOTES TO CONLOCH AND CUHONA.

1 "The sky-fire came in a flash,
And in the shining from a wasted shield
I saw," &c.

This short poem, containing some passages of exquisite beauty, is very obscure throughout—evidently fragmentary. There is a copy of it in Stewart's Collection and another in the Irvine MS. Macpherson's Argument must be carefully read in order to understand its drift; but the narrative does not bear out all that is stated in that Argument. Besides the general indistinctness of the poem, there are some lines here and there which cannot be translated with any degree of exactness. The Gaelic of those before us is—

"Thàinig tein-athair le beum,
'S le sealladh na fèarnaidh doi-threun,
Chunnaic mi," &c.

The second line is very difficult. *Fèarnadh* is now universally applied to the "alder-tree;" but it cannot be that it was in the light of "alder" the vision was seen. A Gaelic proverb declares with truth—

"Dìù connaidh Fèarn' ùr."
The very worst fuel is fresh alder."

It would not ignite with the lightning. Macpherson speaks of the "blasted fern;" but he evidently regards the sound alone. *Fèarnadh* never means "fern," and his translation is objectionable on other grounds. Macfarlan gives—

"Et cum refulgentia clypei imbecilli,
Vidi," &c.

I find that *fèarnadh* of old meant "shield," and I have so translated it; but *do threun*, as it is in the Society's edition, signifies "to a brave man," or "hero," a meaning utterly inadmissible here. Stewart and the Irvine MS. have *doi-threun*, apparently a bad form of *neo-threun*;

Toscar, possibly *Tosg-fhear*, meaning a man of "cleaving" or "gashing blows;" or it may be *tosgaire*, an old word, and still used in Ireland for "ambassador." The name is familiar to every reader of Ossian as that of the father of Malvina. Here it is borne by a person of very different character.

The other names in the poem require no explanation.

EXPLANATION OF PROPER NAMES

CONLOCH AND CUHONA.

CONLOCH, *Caoin laoch*, "gentle warrior," or "hero;" or it may be *Conn-laoch*, "impetuous hero," a common Ossianic name, said by Macpherson to be here the brother of Gaul, son of Morni, and the lover of

CUHONA, *Guth thonna*, "the voice of waves," the daughter of Rumar.

EE-HONA, *I-thonn*, "island of waves," said by Macpherson to be one of the Hebrides—probably Tiree—by others identified with the far-famed Iona. Iona, however, is not a Gaelic term. The old name of the island was *Innis nan Druidhneach* (*Druidhean*), "the isle of the Druids." The modern one is *I-challuim Cille*, "the isle of Callum of the Cells" (St Columba); or simply *I*, "island"—*i. e.*, *the* island.

Dr Reeves, in his 'Adamnan's Life of St Columba,' shows that the name Iona "was suggested by an error in writing, and was confirmed by a supposed connection with one of St Columba's names," p. 262, that connection being that *iūne* in Heb. signifies "dove," Lat. "columba." The mistaking *u* for *n* produced the present name.

FERGUTH, *Fear-guth*, "voice-man," referring to orator or bard, apparently a different name from Fergus.

RONNAN is written by Macpherson Ma-ronnan, and said to be the brother of Toscar.

RUMAR, possibly from the Irish *ruamhdha*, "great," "magnificent." *Ruamh-fhear* (?), the father of Cu-hona.

but as it makes an intelligible meaning, I have inserted it, and have given what appears to be the general meaning—that, in the reflection of the lightning from a wasted or weak shield, Toscar saw the form of the aged man.

2 "We are in Ee-hona of stormy sounds,
Heavy and sad under *death-boding* waves."

"Trom 'us duilich fo *mhara-bheuc* thonn,"
"Heavy and sad under *sea-sounding* waves."

This, which is the text, appears to be a tautological expression—very different from Ossian's highly-expressive epithets. More than this, "fo *mharbh*-bheuc thonn" is pronounced exactly like the other; and as it gives a much clearer meaning, I have ventured to insert it.

3 "Gently (in it) I hear the pure and lovely maid,
The generous Cuhona's plaintive voice."

These two lines, as they are in Gaelic, are very obscure. I have added what gives them some meaning, and, I feel confident, the true meaning.

4 "Thou scarest away the fowls."
"Tha thusa 'cur eunlaith fo fhiamh."

This line, abruptly introduced as it is, presents a vivid picture of Cuhona's abiding love to Conloch, and brings to remembrance the still more touching picture of "Rizpah's kindness unto the dead" (2 Sam. xxi.) Lines 93, 94, and 144 are also very like Scriptural expressions.

THE END.

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